

THE DEVELOPMENT OF LITERATURE IN NEW
ZEALAND : A STUDY OF CULTURAL CONDITIONS
IN NEW SETTLEMENTS.

A THESIS FOR THE DEGREE OF PH.D. IN THE
UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH.

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PREFACE.

My first intention when I started this work was to write a comparative study of the literatures of the British Dominions, but this over-ambitious project, fortunately for me, was at once vetoed and the suggestion made that I should confine myself to Australia and New Zealand. Within a few months it became obvious that even this reduced task would keep me occupied for several years beyond the time allowed by the University of Edinburgh; and so a rather shorn phoenix has arisen from the ashes of the original plans. Yet the volume is probably long enough; and although it is not the only history of New Zealand literature, I hope that it will be of some use to those interested in the life and culture of that distant Dominion.

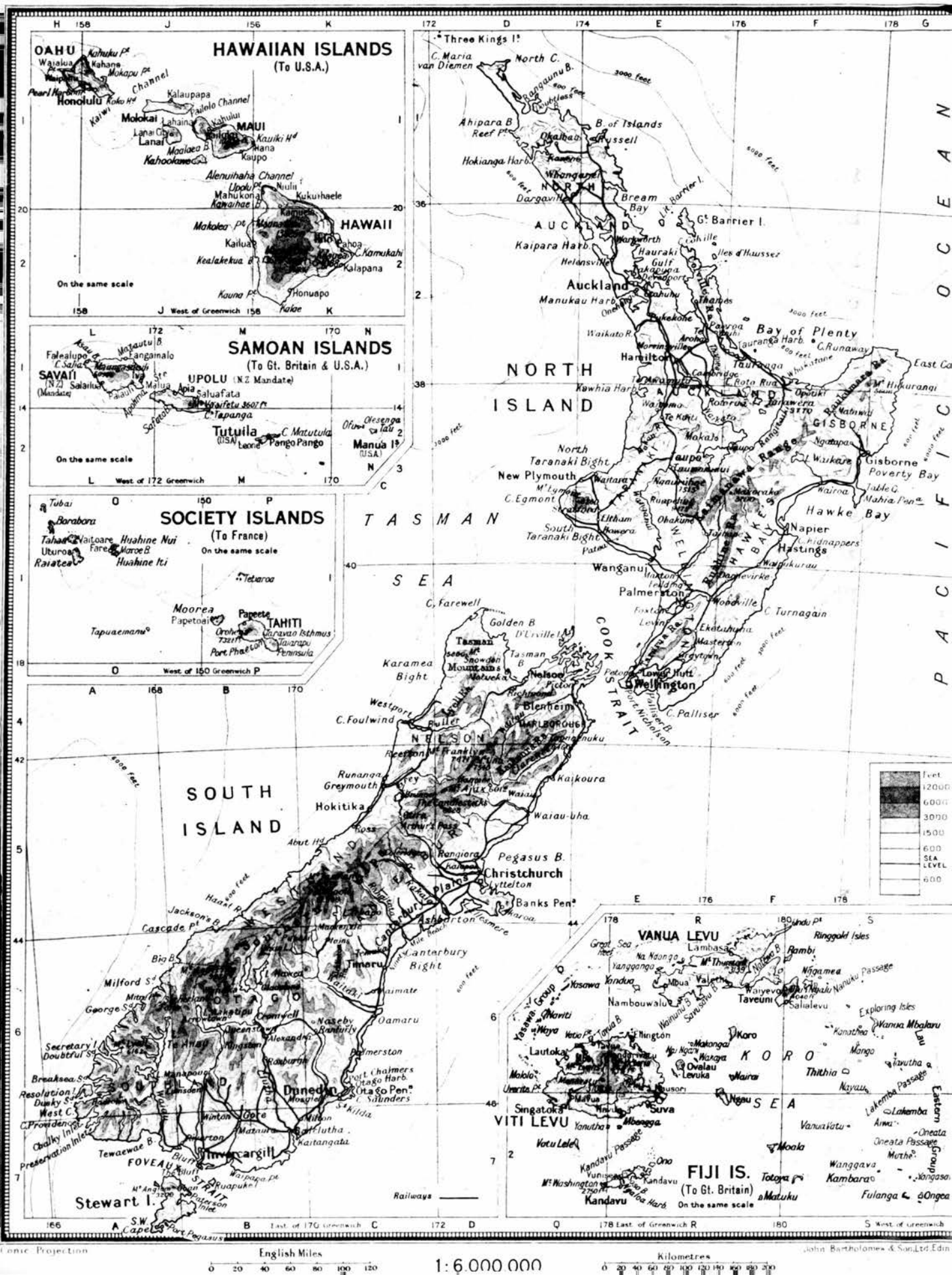
I am deeply grateful for all the help that I have received; but my thanks are especially due to Professor W.L. Renwick, of the University of Edinburgh, under whose general supervision this thesis was prepared; and to Mr. P.H. Butter, of the Department of English, and Mr. G. Shepperson, of the Department of History, in the same University, for their invaluable criticism and suggestions. I should also like to thank Dr. Jeffares, now Professor of English at the University of Adelaide, for his enthusiasm and encouragement in the early stages of my work. I am also obliged, for their courtesy and willing aid, to the Librarians and staff of the Library of the University of Edinburgh, the National Library of Scotland, the Library of the Royal Empire Society, and the Library of the New Zealand Government Offices in London.

Edinburgh,
March, 1955.

P.J.H.

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Chapter I. Pre-1840.

A study of literature must take some account of the society in which that literature was nourished, for, even if a poet or novelist is not concerned directly with social problems, he is himself a local product, born at a certain time, living in a certain place, and reflecting some of the habits of thought of his age. That is why it is necessary in this history of New Zealand literature to study the growth of civilisation in a new country - to see what happened when thousands of Victorian British settlers were put down in an almost empty land on the other side of the globe and left to fashion a brave new world for themselves. What did they make of their opportunities? Has New Zealand become the marvel and envy of the world? With minds quickened by the adventure of living in a new land, have New Zealand authors produced vital and enduring works of art? It is hoped that the answers to these questions will be found in the pages of this thesis.

In the countries of the Old World, patriotism is a deep-rooted emotion, springing from a love of the soil and a long-established way of life. When Shakespeare wrote his magnificent panegyric on his native land in Richard the Second, he knew that there would be an immediate and sympathetic response from his audience. Few New Zealand writers, however, have yet found it possible, without reservations, to express emotions similar to those which inspired John of Gaunt. Love can come only when fear is expelled; and even today the land still appears inimical to many of those who live in its mountains or break the primeval /

primeval silence of its forests. As one of our modern poets, Allen Curnow, has written, there is

no loving analysis of country,
Mountain or basin split, named, beautified,
Or noble house that a century
Stained with better than lamb's or rabbit's blood.(1)

In New Zealand it is as if Grendel were still waiting in the darkness which surrounds the bright points of light made by European and native settlement.

One of New Zealand's most thoughtful of modern essayists, M.H. Holcroft,(2) has suggested that the sinister quality of the bush(3) is implanted in the background of the nation's consciousness. Perhaps, he thinks, the early settlers absorbed the bush's powerful influence and, consciously or unconsciously, passed it on to their children; and, some day, in religion or literature, it may prove a source of inspiration.

If there is to be an "adventure of the spirit", to use Holcroft's phrase, one can only hope that it will come soon, for, as John Mulgan points out in his autobiographical Report on Experience (Oxford University Press, 1947), the isolation and remoteness of New Zealand oppresses its people, making of them wanderers, restless and unhappy men, who roam the world looking not for adventure but for satisfaction. Most of the modern poets have, one time or another, given vent/

(1) "Polar Outlook", 11. 9-12, Island and Time (Christchurch, 1941).

(2) In The Deepening Stream (Christchurch, 1940).

(3) "bush" - in New Zealand, dense forest.

vent to this feeling of frustration, even anguish, in the face of the massive indifference or active hostility and savagery of a cold land.

It would appear that there is no immediate remedy: time along can mend the wound caused by the cutting-off of a people from its spiritual heritage. But in the meantime, to lessen their impression of rootlessness and impermanence, the Europeans in New Zealand have seized upon the complex and heroic story of those other New Zealanders, the Maoris, who have occupied Aotearoa⁽¹⁾ for the last six hundred years. This, too, has had its effect upon the growing literature of the country, for in a homogeneous European society such as New Zealand's, where Victorian English, Scots, Irish, and Welsh have inbred to produce a race more British than the British, any cultural contrast must, of necessity, prove invaluable to the creative writer.

The Polynesians, Sir Peter Buck's "Vikings of the Sunrise",⁽²⁾ are said to have come from Malaya, possibly even Central Asia, into the Pacific about the beginning of the Christian era.⁽³⁾ They settled mostly in the eastern half of the Pacific, and New Zealand would appear to have been the last of the major island groups to be settled. The first European visitors/

(1) "Long White Cloud" - the name given to New Zealand by its first discoverer, Kupe.

(2) The title of his book - Vikings of the Sunrise (New York, 1938).

(3) But see also Thor Heyerdahl, The Kon-Tiki Expedition (London, 1950).

to New Zealand were told by the Maoris that their ancestors had come from Hawaiki, a homeland that has subsequently been identified as Tahiti and Raiatea in the Society Islands. It would appear that the Polynesians had known of the existence of Aotearoa ever since the voyage of Kupe from Raratonga about 950 A.D. He had landed at various parts of the two main islands, but had discovered no human inhabitants - only birds. However, on the west coast of the South Island he had found deposits of an inferior kind of jade, called pounamu, or greenstone, invaluable because of its strength and hardness for weapons and tools.

Two hundred years passed before Polynesians again visited New Zealand; but in the meantime small groups of a black-skinned and fuzzy-haired Melanesian people, called Moriori, had settled in the country. When Whatonga, followed by his grandfather Toi, arrived from the Society Islands about 1150, they had no difficulty in establishing their superiority over these tangata whenua, or "people of the land", in the Bay of Plenty. There was a good deal of inter-marriage between the two groups, and this, together with earlier miscegenation in other islands of the Pacific, accounts for the Melanesian strain in the modern Maori.

The main migration to Aotearoa occurred about 1350, when the "Great Fleet" set out from Hawaiki, where the pressure of an increasing population on the available food supplies had brought the islands to the edge of civil war. The expedition consisted of five great ocean-going canoes and three others that sailed independently about the same time; and it is from these canoes that the Maoris of New Zealand ever afterwards traced their descent. The arrival of these immigrants completed the absorption and subjugation of the /

the unfortunate Moriori, most of whom had already been forced to flee to the Chatham Islands by the descendants of Toi.

In New Zealand the Maoris found plenty of space but a much harsher climate than the one they had been accustomed to in Kawaiki. Life became harder, more laborious, the provision of food, clothing, and shelter more difficult. There were no animals except the Maori rat and the Maori dog, and so the staple diet of the natives consisted of fish and fowl, together with the kumara (sweet potato), which had been brought with the Fleet, and the roots of fern, which, with the forest, covered New Zealand hills and valleys. Thus the Maoris became a nation of fishermen, hunters, and agriculturists. Their clothes they made from the tough, fibrous leaves of the swamp flax (phormium tenax), the skins of dogs, and the feathers of the kiwi. They fashioned their canoes from the trunks of the great totara pines by means of fire and stone tools; for, intelligent though they were, they still lived in the stone age. The necessities of war made them build their villages high on the hill slopes, protected by ingeniously constructed palisades, wall within wall, of strong stakes; and these healthy sites, together with the constant physical exercise, played an important part in reducing the incidence of disease among the ancient Maori to an absolute minimum—this in spite of their ignorance of hygiene and predilection for putrid foods.

The foundation stone of Maori tribal life was the family, which generally consisted of a household of three generations. A group of families, all related, made up a hapu, or sub-tribe, and many /

many hapu went to the making of a tribe. There were three main classes: chiefs, freemen (rangatiras), and slaves. In Maori society the women held the rank of their menfolk. Marriage was generally within the tribe, though sometimes there would be marriages of convenience between tribes. At the head of the tribe was the ariki, or paramount chief, a man of high birth who was skilled in the arts of government and war. He did not rule alone, however; for all matters of policy were decided in council. It was for the ariki and his chief advisers, among whom there would be a tohunga, or priest to give a lead at these meetings, and usually, but not always, the measures favoured by the paramount chief would be adopted. In the same way, the chief of a hapu was bound to consult its members when decisions had to be made - except in time of war, when the power of the chiefs was absolute.

There was a constant state of war among the Maori tribes, but the fighting was regulated to a certain extent by the need to attend to the crops. The battles, when fought, were fierce and unrelenting, no quarter being given unless the victors required slaves. The slain were eaten, and their bones, as a final insult, made into flutes and fish-hooks.

Mana, or prestige, could be acquired in many ways: by skill in war, in hunting, in fishing, in carving, in song and dance, in tattooing, or in priestcraft; but the most potent mana of all was that of the warrior combined with that of the priest. The arikis possessed this power in the highest degree, for their education was the most strenuous, intellectually and physically, that the Maori mind could devise. The ancient Maori were in the transition stage between those two states of belief mentioned by Sir James Frazer in /

in The Golden Bough - a belief in magic, and a belief in religion. Only a select few were admitted to the secrets of the Whare Wananga, the Sacred School of Learning, where they were taught orally (the Maoris had no writing) the cult of Io, the Supreme Being, whose very name was unknown to the great majority of the tribe. The subordinate chiefs and the freemen knew of the departmental deities, such as Tu and Ra and Tangaroa; while the slaves simply obeyed the law of tapu as it was given to them from above. But even the most intelligent, who were given an insight into monotheism, still retained some belief in black magic and were made to practise that art. Rangi, for instance, in Satchell's The Greenstone Door, had to kill a man by occult means as his final ordeal in the Whare Wananga. Indeed, superstition ruled the spiritual life of the Maori, and in his secular life he sought compensation for this rule of fear by a passionate desire for prestige in the eyes of his fellow tribesmen. He would fear the spirits, but not man. Thus the Maori warrior was haughty and passionate, polite, as most peoples are who bear arms constantly about them, but ready to fly into an ungovernable fury at the least suspicion of insult.

More still remains to be told of the Maoris and of their place in New Zealand literature and society, but enough has been written to show that they occupy an important position in the cultural pattern that has been evolved in those two remote islands of the South Pacific. Pixies and fairies cannot be transplanted from Europe to the Antipodes; but in their place the New Zealanders have Maori taniwhas⁽¹⁾ demigods, and spirits of wood and stream, which they /

(1) taniwha: monster, dragon.

they feel belong peculiarly to Aotearoa. New Zealand is a country with two traditions, one Polynesian, the other Western European, and, although the former has been almost swamped by the latter, the white man, with psychological difficulties of his own in a raw new land, has begun to feel that certain elements in the culture of the older New Zealand race may be worthy of respect, even of imitation.

The first human being to discover New Zealand was a Polynesian; the first white man to do so was a Dutchman. "On the 13th December (1642)", notes Abel Janszoon Tasman in his Log,⁽¹⁾ "I discovered an high mountainous country which is at present marked in the charts under the name of New Zealand". His two small ships, the "Heemskerck" and "Zeehaen", then sailed north-north-east along the coast of the South Island until the 18th, when they rounded a long sandspit to come to anchor in "a fine bay" where they found "abundance of inhabitants". Tasman wished to obtain food and water, but the natives were suspicious and hostile. On the 19th, four⁽²⁾ out of seven sailors in a long boat were killed in the course of an unprovoked attack by natives in canoes. Guns were fired from the ships, and the aggressors fled, rough weather hindering the Dutch from taking "a severe revenge". As it was evident that refreshment would be difficult to obtain, they bore away east, giving the name "Murderers' Bay" to what is now known as "Golden Bay". /

(1) Vide John Pinkerton's Collection of Voyages and Travels (London, 1812), Vol. XI, pp. 442-3.

(2) Three were killed immediately and one died of his wounds later.

"Golden Bay".

For six days they beat about in Cook Strait, but in the face of a strong gale from the west abandoned the attempt to sail further into what they believed to be a bight. Accordingly, Tasman sailed north, still in rough weather until he came to a cape where the land fell away to the east. A few miles to the north lay a group of small islands which he named "Three Kings". There they intended to refresh themselves; but on perceiving some persons "of very large size", loud-voiced, and armed with clubs, the ships' council decided to run east to 220° of longitude and then north and west to the Cocos and Hoorn (Futuna) islands. Eventually, on June 14th, 1643, Tasman came to anchor once more in the harbour of Batavia from which he had set out the preceding August. "And, as for New Zealand," he remarks, "we never set foot on it." (1)

From the point of view of the Dutch East India Company, Tasman's voyage had not been very successful, for the governor-general of Batavia, Anton Van Diemen, had sent him out with an eye to trade as well as discovery. Dutch skippers had already charted the northern, western, and part of the southern coasts of New Holland (Australia), but nobody had as yet mapped the whole of the Southland, which was supposed to be an enormous continent - Terra Australis Incognita - stretching across most /

(1) *ibid.*, p. 443.

**TASMAN'S EXPEDITIONS
1642 and 1644**

Java
Ceram
From Java 1644

Madura
To Java 1644

Santa Cruz.

Fiji I.

Friendly Islands

Three Kings or Koningen I.

Maria van Bommel

Starten I.
(New Zealand)
C. Pieter Burvel
B. des Assassins

Dec 13 1642

Vander Lijn

Marie I.
Frederick Henry
Storm
Tasman I.

G. of Sunda

G. of Macassar

G. of Witzland

St. Pierre

St. Francois

St. Pierre

From Mauritius 1642 Abel Tasman

discovered by Capt. Abel Tasman Nov 24, 1642

ANthon van DIEMEN L^d

From Mauritius 1642 Abel Tasman

most of the southern Pacific, and replete with riches greater than those of El Dorado. Tasman had discovered Van Diemen's Land (Tasmania) before proceeding east to New Zealand, but he had not gone far enough south to prove or disprove the existence of a great southern continent. After his voyage, a ragged line marked the position of New Zealand on the maps and two place names in the north commemorated his discovery - the Three Kings and Cape Maria van Diemen. He had named the new country "Staten Landt" since, he said, it was quite possible that it was part of the great Staten Landt (that is, Staten Island, off the coast of Tierra del Fuego), though that was not certain. In 1643, the original Staten Landt was proved to be an island and Tasman's country was renamed Nieuw Zeeland, after the Netherlands province on the North Sea. It was not until Cook had made his second voyage, 1772-5, that the legend of the Southern Continent, which had begun with the Greek philosopher, Theopompus, in the 4th century B.C., was finally disproved.

From 1642 until the arrival of Captain Cook in 1769 no European visit to New Zealand has been reliably recorded; the Abbé Prevost has mentioned a second visit by the Dutch in 1644, but without giving the name of the captain or any extract from a journal to support his contention.⁽¹⁾

New Zealand literature may be said to begin with Tasman's Log/

(1) Vide "Introductory Observations" (Australasia), Pinkerton's Collection, Vol.XI, p. 424.

Log in 1642, bare record though that may be. A century and a quarter then passed before Cook wrote his account of the first of his three amazing voyages of discovery in the Pacific.⁽¹⁾ In all, he paid five visits to New Zealand, and the details of those visits are described factually and unemotionally. The story of his passage up and down the New Zealand coast and of his contacts with the "Indians", his descriptions of the natives and of the physical features of the country, belong more to the province of the historian than to the literary critic; for Cook's style is scientific to the point of aridity. Any excitement to be derived from the Journal lies with the incidents themselves rather than with the manner of telling; but it must be admitted that Cook's account is not lacking in this picaresque kind of excitement. The attitude of the Maoris whenever he landed was nearly always unpredictable, and, though Cook was a humane and understanding man, he was continually forced to take violent action against the natives, frequently with fatal results to the latter. As with Tasman, the first encounter was marked by bloodshed, only on this occasion it was the Maoris who suffered loss. At 2 p.m. on Saturday the 7th October, 1769, the "Endeavour" came within sight of the east coast of the North Island./

(1) An Account of a Voyage round the World in the years 1768-71 by Lieutenant James Cook. Vols. II and III of Hawkesworth's Voyages (London, 1773).

North Island:

About five o'clock we saw the opening of a bay which seemed to run pretty far inland, upon which we hauled our wind and stood in for it; we also saw smoke ascending from different places on shore. When night came on, however, we kept plying off and on till day-light, when we found ourselves to the leeward of the bay, the wind being at north; we could now perceive that the hills were cloathed with wood, and that some of the trees in the valleys were very large.(1)

When they landed in the evening the whites were attacked, and one of the natives was shot in the act of hurling his spear.

When he fell, the other three stood motionless for some minutes, as if petrified with astonishment; as soon as they recovered, they went back, dragging after them the dead body, which however they soon left, that it might not incumber their flight.(2)

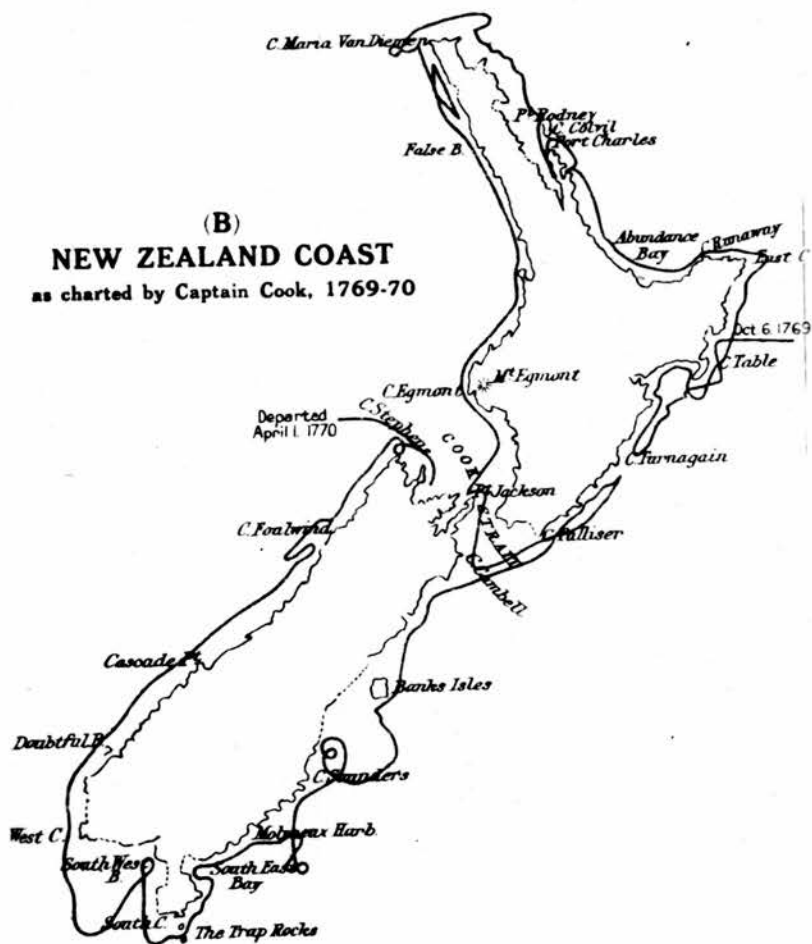
Thus the musket was brought to New Zealand; later, in the hands of the Maoris themselves, it was to prove the chief instrument in the decimation of their race.

Cook made strenuous efforts to come to friendly terms with the Maoris, and in certain districts, usually those with richer soil and warmer climate, such as the Bay of Plenty and the Bay of Islands, he was very successful. Reeves quotes amusingly from the story told by Horeta Taniwha of his encounter, when a little boy of eight, with the redoubted Kapene Kuku; and there is no doubt that one little Maori at least was completely /

(1) Hawkesworth's Voyages, Vol.II, p. 284.

(2) ibid., p.285.

(B)
NEW ZEALAND COAST
 as charted by Captain Cook, 1769-70



completely captivated by the Yorkshireman's manner.(1)

Cook was indeed a great man: he, more than any other navigator who had entered the Pacific, was responsible for exploring its length and breadth; he charted the coasts of New Zealand so accurately that the outlines of that country on the charts of the eighteenth century after his voyages differ little from those of modern times;(2) he banished scurvy from his ships; and, in an age when naval captains were not always noted for their humanitarian behaviour, he inspired devotion in his crew and left behind him in New Zealand a reputation for fair dealing and benevolence that did much to ensure a less suspicious reception for later Englishmen. As for his Journal, if it is too impersonal and matter-of-fact, some will prefer his detachment to, say, the querulousness of George Forster.(3)

The French were not so fortunate in the character of their first ambassador to Aotearoa, for Jean-François-Marie de Surville was responsible for an outrage that made the name of the French detested for many years to come among the Maoris of the north./

(1) William Pember Reeves, The Long White Cloud, 4th edition, (London, 1950), p.79.

(2) Crozet, a few years later, said of Cook's chart: "I found it of an exactitude and of a thoroughness of detail which astonished me beyond all powers of expression, and I doubt much whether the charts of our own French coasts are laid down with greater precision." Crozet's Voyage to Tasmania, New Zealand, etc., 1771-2. (London 1891), p.22. This is a translation by H.Ling Roth of Un Nouveau Voyage a la Mer du Sud (Paris, 1783), edited by the Abbé Rochon.

(3) George Forster, A Voyage round the World in H.B.M.'s Sloop Resolution, 1772-5. (London, 1777), 2 vols.

north. When Cook, in 1769, was exploring the Bay of Islands and Doubtless Bay, de Surville was on the opposite side of the island, near Hokianga. The Frenchman sailed round North Cape and entered Doubtless Bay not long after Cook had left it; but the two captains missed each other completely. The Maori chief in Doubtless Bay welcomed the newcomers, and, when a storm broke over the area, gave aid to some of de Surville's men who had fallen sick. In that same storm one of the Frenchman's longboats disappeared: it may have been stolen, but that was not certain. De Surville then burnt the village and the canoes, on the assumption that the Maoris had taken his longboat, and sailed away with the chief, who died at sea eighty days later. However, the French captain did not survive him long, for, eleven days afterwards, he was drowned in the surf while landing at Callao in Peru.

The Maoris were a revengeful race, and the Abbé Rochon, who edited Crozet's Nouveau Voyage,⁽¹⁾ was probably right in assigning to de Surville the blame for the massacre in 1772 of Marion du Fresne and twenty-six of his men, seemingly without cause, on the thirty-fourth day of their stay in the Bay of Islands, a little to the south of Doubtless Bay.⁽²⁾ The story is graphically told by Crozet, who took charge with commendable coolness /

(1) Crozet: See footnote, p.13 supra.

(2) Dr. Thomson, who made enquiries in 1851, quotes the natives as saying that the French had violated sacred places, cooked food with tapued wood, and clapped two chiefs in irons. Arthur S. Thomson, The Story of New Zealand: Past and Present - Savage and Civilised, 2 vols., (London, 1859), Vol.I, pp.233-8. The "revenge" theory - that is, revenge for the deeds of de Surville - seems, however, to be the most likely explanation, and has been accepted by most historians.

commendable coolness upon discovering what had happened to Marion's shore party. Both the original journal and the translation have some pretensions to literary merit and are valuable as a psychological study of Maori behaviour.

In January, 1827, Dumont d'Urville brought his corvette the "Astrolabe", into the waters of Tasman Bay, at the northern end of the South Island. His intention was to clear up some of the points left doubtful by Cook, for whose work he had the highest admiration. This navigator paid, in all, three visits to New Zealand, the first with Duperrey in 1824, another in 1827, and the third in 1840. The published records⁽¹⁾ of the two voyages he made on his own account are, with their atlases, charts, and engravings both plain coloured, truly magnificent specimens of the publishing art, and are, in connection with New Zealand alone, the most detailed since Cook. His struggle to get through the narrow strait, French Pass, between D'Urville Island and the mainland, where the tide reaches a speed of some thirteen knots, makes exciting reading unconnected, for once, with the Maoris. During the 1827 voyage D'Urville thoroughly explored the Hauraki Gulf on the Coromandel side and entered the Bay of Islands, which he made his headquarters for some time.

Whereas Cook had estimated the Maori population to be about /

(1) Dumont d'Urville, *Voyage de la Corvette l'Astrolabe pendant les années 1826-29.* (Paris, 1830-35), 24 vols, (bound in 19). Vols. 2 and 3 deal with New Zealand. Vol. 3. is a valuable compilation of "Pièces Justificatives", including extracts from the journals of Tasman, Cook, Surville, Marion, the missionaries, Cruise, Duperrey, Savage, and Dillon.
Dumont d'Urville, *Voyage au Pôle sud et dans l'Océanie, 1837-40.* (Paris, 1841-54), 30 vols. (bound in 16). Vols. 8 and 9 deal with New Zealand.

about one hundred thousand, D'Urville put it at a quarter of a million; but Cook's figure was probably more correct. Both D'Urville and Cook were extremely accurate navigators, and by the time the Frenchman had repaired some of Cook's few omissions, the outline of the New Zealand coast on the charts of the south Pacific was pretty much what it is to-day. In one respect, in its spelling of Maori names, D'Urville's account is a great improvement on Cook's. In the second half of Volume Two of the Voyage de la Corvette l'Astrolabe, among all the detailed reports on the tribal customs of the natives there is a section on the language of the Maoris, which D'Urville found "nullement dure ni désagréable; dans la bouche des femmes, elle a une douceur particulière" (p.563); certainly, the Maori language appears much less barbarous in the French publication than in the English.

In spite of their cannibalism, the primitive Maoris had many virtues, though both Cook and Crozet, to name but two, had found little to prove the truth of the Rousseauist legend of the noble savage. But whereas in 1827 D'Urville had been able to predict a glorious future for New Zealand, at the conclusion of the third voyage his tone is much more melancholy. In the Bay of Islands, the natives had been degraded by their contact with white desperadoes, and it seemed to the Frenchman that ultimately the Maoris would suffer the same fate as that of the/

the North American Indians.⁽¹⁾ Had he penetrated further into the interior of the North Island, some of his former faith in the vigour of the Maori tribes might have been restored; but time has proved him right to lament the prospective dissolution of the old Maori way of life, though not the disappearance of the Maoris.

Spanish and Russian navigators, as well as French, paid visits to New Zealand at this time in the course of extensive voyages in the Pacific. Malaspina and Bustamente in the "Descubierta" and "Atrevida" sailed from Cadiz in 1789 on a five years' tour of the world. They reached New Zealand in 1793, where a "new softness in the air, longer days, and the brilliancy of the stars made these climates much more convenient for navigation than the tropics".⁽²⁾ They found, however, like Cook and Vancouver⁽³⁾ before them, and D'Urville after them, that the west coast of the South Island was dangerous and stormy, and/

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- (1) Comme les hordes américaines, les tribus zélandaises rétrograderont vers l'intérieur: là le sol pourra longtemps encore fournir à leurs besoins; mais ensuite ces peuples, pressés de plus en plus, seront écrasés par la concurrence de leurs voisins; leur misère, déjà si grande, croîtra de jour en jour; la population indigène diminuera alors rapidement, et finira par faire place à un peuple tout européen. Voyage au Pôle Sud, 1837-40, Vol. 9. (Paris, 1846), p. 494.
- (2) Robert McNab, Murihiku (London & N.Z. 1909) p. 104. This book is a history of the South Island from 1642 - 1835, and contains translations of the relevant portions of Malaspina's and (see below) Bellingshausen's journals.
- (3) George Vancouver had served with Cook on board the "Resolution". He returned to New Zealand in 1791, in charge of his own ship, the "Discovery".

and, although a boat's crew entered Doubtful Sound, Malaspina decided not to risk taking the ships into Dusky Sound. Shortly afterwards they sailed away to Sydney.

The Russians, Bellingshausen and Lasarew, in the "Vostok" and "Mirny", reached Cook Strait, which Bellingshausen calls "the Sound of Captain Cook",⁽¹⁾ in May, 1820, and soon entered Queen Charlotte Sound. They "sailed on boldly, relying upon the private map of the Sound of Queen Charlotte, made by Captain Cook during his first voyage".⁽²⁾ Bellingshausen made friends with the Maoris who came on board, giving their chief presents which he was quick to appreciate - the gift of a "beautifully polished hatchet"⁽³⁾ sent him rushing from the dinner table, transported with joy. They penetrated deeper into the Sound, made trips ashore, and were entertained in friendly fashion by the Maoris, though Bellingshausen, remembering what had happened to Marion du Fresne, took no risks. When the Russians finally departed, the regret of the Maori chief who had received Bellingshausen's valuable presents was obviously sincere.

Between the arrival of Captain Cook in 1769 and the landing of the Wakefield settlers in 1840, there came to New Zealand a steady influx of Europeans - sealers and whalers, both British and American, escaped convicts, deserters from ships, traders, beachcombers, bush-sawyers, globe-trotters, and missionaries./

(1) Murihiku, p. 236.

(2) ibid., p. 239.

(3) ibid., p. 242.

missionaries. The sealers and whalers established their shore stations on all parts of the New Zealand coast, but the rest settled for the most part in Kororareka in the Bay of Islands, which became the main port of call, as well as being a whaling base. With such a mixed population it is, perhaps, little wonder that Kororareka soon earned for itself a considerable notoriety in the Pacific; and the more law-abiding groups, such as the missionaries, were forced to hold themselves somewhat aloof from the rest of the community, as Earle found to his annoyance in 1827. But from this vigorous and colourful medley there emerged a number of "Narratives" and "Journals", all of historical, and some of literary, value. In these pages the "Indians" held pride of place, their cannibalism, marriage customs, morals (especially sexual), ferocity in warfare, nobility (or rascality) all being commented on with a wealth of sensational detail. Sections were devoted to the practices of "moko" (tattooing), "muru" (legalised plundering), "tapu" (rendering sacred or untouchable), and "karakia" (incantation), and Maori vocabularies were frequently added in the distorted spelling of the time.⁽¹⁾ Horror was usually expressed at the uncleanness of the natives, which, however, provided occasion for anecdotes, more or less humorous, concerning the insects, /

(1) e.g. Shunghee (Hongi); Rungateeda (Rangatira); Diggowaghagh (Piwakawaka).

insects, offensive even to name, which inevitably assailed the unhappy occupant of a Maori hut. An account of the "Boyd" massacre was generally given (the natives of Whangaroa had, in 1809, murdered and eaten all but four of the ship's crew and passengers), together with an assurance that such incidents were extremely rare, and unlikely to be repeated if the natives were treated justly. Religion and mythology were popular subjects, and so also were reflections on the population of New Zealand. In fact, one can only wonder at the enormous industry of these nineteenth century travellers, who thought nothing of producing two volumes of memoirs after a residence of perhaps a year in the country. Nothing was too small to escape their attention, and everything they saw was noted down for the attention of a European public insatiably interested in foreign travel.

Although the material was fairly uniform, the approach varied widely. One of the very earliest of these Narratives took the form of an inferior satire on the lines of Gulliver's Travels. Written anonymously, it opens with a long title page announcing "The Travels of Hildebrand Bowman, Esquire", and concluding with a couplet:

An Ape, and Savage (cavil all you can),
Differ not more, than Man compared with Man.

Hildebrand arrives in New Zealand, in 1773, on board the "Adventure". He is soon the only survivor of a shore-party in Queen Charlotte Sound, his companions having been killed/

killed and eaten by savages. Fleeing into the bush, Hildebrand allows his resentment to be softened by the reflection that he himself would have been a cannibal if he had been born a New Zealander; but "I was firmly resolved to keep out of their hands."⁽¹⁾ After stealing a canoe, he paddles across to the North Island, where he is welcomed by the Taupinierans, creatures that are half-human, half-swine. He next visits the neighbouring country of Olfactaria, whose people, higher in the scale of civilisation than those of Taupiniera, depend upon their keen sense of smell to aid them in their hunting. After a brief residence, he departs for Auditante, where the inhabitants are gifted with hypersensitive ears and are, as a consequence, intensely musical. He reaches the peak of all civilized communities when he arrives in Bonhomica, but finds everything running to extremes in Luxo-Volupto on the Great Southern Continent.

This fanciful plot is subordinated to the main purpose of the book, which is to provide a wealth of political and social comment. It has some of Swift's deep disgust of mankind, but is weakened by an implicit recognition of the superiority of the Englishman over the rest of the world. While some of the descriptions of manners are entertaining, the book is dated and much of the satire makes dry reading.

One of the journals derived from Cook's voyages to New Zealand was written by Sydney Parkinson, draughtsman to the/

(1) The Travels of Hildebrand Bowman (London, 1778), p.25.

the naturalist, Joseph Banks, on board the "Endeavour". Parkinson, who was an Edinburgh Scot, and the son of a Quaker, was also an artist of considerable ability, and his drawings were used by Dr. Hawkesworth to illustrate his compilation of voyages of discovery.⁽¹⁾ In Part II of his Journal (edited by his brother),⁽²⁾ Parkinson recounts lucidly and unemotionally the story of Cook's discovery and exploration of New Zealand. He quickly makes up his mind about the suitability of the land for colonisation:

From the view which we had of the coast, and the observations made, we might judge that the country is well situated, naturally fertile, and capable of great improvement by cultivation, especially as the climate is distinguishably mild and favourable.⁽³⁾

Later, when a "handsome young native" was shot and perhaps mortally wounded in the act of making his escape with a stolen piece of cloth, Parkinson cannot help humanely reflecting: "What a severe punishment of a crime committed, perhaps, ignorantly!"⁽⁴⁾ He was one of the first to be struck by the similarity in appearance and language between the natives of New Zealand and those of Tahiti; and he assumed - wrongly - that the migration was from New Zealand to Tahiti.

His account is rounded off by the usual Vocabulary, in which he shows that the languages of Tahiti and New Zealand/

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- (1) John Hawkesworth, An Account of the Voyages undertaken.... for making Discoveries in the Southern Hemisphere....by Commodore Byron, Captain Wallis, Captain Carteret, and Captain Cook, (London, 1773). 3 Vols.
 (2) A Journal of a Voyage to the South Seas, (London, 1773), edited by Stanfield Parkinson.
 (3) ibid., p.99.
 (4) ibid., p.104.

New Zealand are different dialects of the same mother-tongue. His efforts at transliteration are only equalled in barbarity by those of his more famous captain.

The Journal of a Ten Months' Residence in New Zealand (London, 1823) by Richard A. Cruise, an officer on board H.M.S. "Dromedary", was the result of a spar-gathering expedition in the Kauri forests of the North Island. Cruise describes in quick succession the quaint Maori ceremony of greeting, a war-dance, the gory self-mutilation of grieving relatives of a dead man, head-preserving, the "Boyd" massacre, cannibalism, and tattooing. But he did not find everything horrifying or astonishing in the day-to-day life of the natives. He was favourably impressed by the fine character of many of the Maoris, being particularly struck by their affection for their children. He quotes, with apparent approval, a Maori's comment on comparative methods of punishment:

If a man steals, kill him, and he cannot steal again; and if he is to be killed, knock him on the head the moment he commits the crime; but do not keep him a week to brood over the fate that awaits him.(1)

In the summer of 1814 there occurred an important event in the history of New Zealand. This was the landing in North Auckland of the first Church of England missionaries, led by the Rev. Samuel Marsden, the principal chaplain of the convict settlement at Sydney. Until the latter's own writings were/

(1) Richard Cruise, Journal, Notes (No.17), p.320.

were collected and published in a scholarly edition by Dr. Elder in 1932, the chief source of reference had been the Narrative of J.L. Nicholas, a business man and traveller who accompanied Marsden in the rôle of friend and observer. Although pompous and sententious, this leisurely account succeeds in giving a very complete picture of life in North Auckland in the early years of the nineteenth century. Nicholas was greatly given to moralising and he treats the reader to many a little lecture. After a night in the open, for example, he says:

This is the practice which Nature prescribes, and I could sincerely wish it were more generally followed; but while the rich continue to be luxurious voluptuaries, frequenters of "midnight revels and the public show," the poor, corrupted by their example, are often led to turn night into day, and both invert that order which was established for their health as well as for their happiness. But (he adds charitably) it is time I should conclude this chapter, lest my readers should suppose that I am going to trouble them with a dissertation on ethics.(1)

Trouble them again, he does, however, and that not before very long. We are reminded too, by one passage at least, that the age of sensibility was not long past. Neither Marsden nor Nicholas could withhold the "tear of feeling" upon witnessing the re-union of the chief Koro-Koro with his relatives. And as for one of the actors in the scene, "she was so affected that the mat she wore was literally soaked through with her tears".(2)

(1) John Liddiard Nicholas, Narrative of a Voyage to New Zealand, 2 Vols., (London, 1817), Vol.1, pp. 155-6.
 (2) *ibid.*, Vol.1, p.118.

tears". How this would have delighted Mackenzie's Man of Feeling! (1) The ponderous style of Nicholas should not, however, be a deterrent to the reading of his Journal. He plays a faithful Boswell to Marsden's Johnson, and succeeds in shedding a sympathetic light on the efforts of the missionaries that is lacking in the journals of too many other observers. It is true that Kendall, Hall, and King were, in the language of the day, three "mechanics", and it is probable that their lower social status laid them open to sharper criticism from gentlemen travellers than they deserved. But, as Nicholas pointed out, they exiled themselves of their own free will in the service of humanity; and to go to New Zealand in those days to live among cannibals who had, only five years previously, killed and eaten a large number of Europeans, took considerable courage.

For Marsden himself there can be nothing but praise. In all, he made seven voyages to New Zealand from New South Wales inspired by a two-fold purpose: to convey the benefits of Christianity, and of civilisation, to a savage and primitive race. The Church Missionary Society preferred to lay the emphasis on the first, but Marsden saw that by supplying the Maoris with tools to cultivate their ground, he was paving the way for the cultivation of their souls. It was not easy to/

(1) Even he, however, might have suspected, after witnessing a few Maori tangis, that the tears were of the crocodile variety.

to get permission to establish a mission station in New Zealand at that time, because of the savagery of the natives, but at last, after many delays, the brig "Active" sailed in 1814 and Marsden landed to spend his first night among the very savages who had perpetrated the "Boyd" massacre. He describes the scene:

As the evening advanced the people began to retire to rest in different groups. About 11 o'clock Mr. Nicholas and myself wrapped ourselves up in our great-coats and prepared for rest also. George⁽¹⁾ directed me to lie by his side; his wife and child lay upon the right hand and Mr. Nicholas close by. The night was clear, the stars shone brightly, and the sea in our front was smooth. Around us were numerous spears stuck upright in the ground and groups of natives lying in all directions like a flock of sheep upon the grass, as there were neither tents nor huts to cover them.

I viewed our present situation with new sensations and feelings that I cannot express. Surrounded by cannibals, who had massacred and devoured our countrymen, I wondered much at the mysteries of Providence, and how these things could be. Never did I behold the blessed advantages of civilization in a more grateful light than now. I did not sleep much during the night; my mind was too seriously occupied by the present scene and the new and strange ideas it naturally excited.⁽²⁾

No less moving was the scene on Christmas Day, a few days later, when Marsden preached his first sermon, "Behold I bring you glad tidings of great joy", on New Zealand soil. Not only did Marsden bring tidings of Christ, but, true to his purpose, /

(1) The chief who was responsible for the "Boyd" massacre.

(2) J.R. Elder, edit., The Letters and Journals of Samuel Marsden (Dunedin, 1932), p. 89.

purpose, he lost no time in unloading cows and horses, hoes and spades and axes, and a blacksmith, for the material benefit of the natives. As Marsden said later, on viewing the head wife of a great chief labouring on hard land with a wooden spade:

Their temporal situation must be improved by agriculture and the simple arts in order to lay a permanent foundation for the introduction of Christianity. It may be reasonably expected that their moral and religious advancement will keep pace with the increase of their temporal comforts.(1)

In the Letters and Journals every stage of the drama is related, from the early delays and obstacles, overcome only after a journey from Sydney to England, to the establishing of mission station, workshop, and school. One of the most valuable actions the missionaries performed for the Maoris was to aid in the preparation of a Maori vocabulary and grammar. For this purpose, the schoolmaster, Kendall, took Hongi and Waikato, two important chiefs, to England, where in 1820 Professor Lee of Cambridge assigned printed characters to the language, preserving its euphony and eradicating the barbarous approximations used by the British in their journals up to that time. The mispronunciations of Maori words have remained, but the words are easy to spell and should be easy to pronounce. In New Zealand, in 1835, William Colenso established a printing press at Paihia, and no time was lost in printing the Bible in Maori, the first complete New Testament appearing in 1837, a translation by the/

(1) *ibid.*, p.167.

the missionary William Williams, assisted by Puckey and Shepherd. Like John Bunyan, the Maoris were educated on the Bible and religious tracts; and their eagerness to learn to read and write was equalled only by their desire to use the new agricultural implements.

It is ironical that two of the most interesting of the journals written before 1840 should be written, one by a missionary, the other by a man deeply antagonistic to the mission work as he saw it in the North Island. Augustus Earle had been educated as an artist, but "a love of roving and adventure"⁽¹⁾ tempted him at an early age to sea. He travelled widely, keeping a journal of his experiences, and making innumerable sketches in the countries he visited. He was gifted with a keen eye for the picturesque and blessed with a considerable sense of humour. Finding himself in Sydney in 1827, he made up his mind to proceed to New Zealand, which he did towards the end of October. He differed from contemporary visitors to New Zealand in one important respect: as he himself said, he looked at the Maoris "with the critical eye of an artist".⁽²⁾ His descriptions of various scenes were also written from the point of view of a painter, with a sense of dramatic arrangement - the description, for example, of a visit paid by Hongi to Kororareka. Like the ancient Greeks he held the human body in the highest respect, and he exclaimed/

(1) A.Earle, Narrative of a Nine Months' Residence in New Zealand in 1827 (London, 1832), p.iv, Introduction.

(2) ibid., p.8.

exclaimed indignantly against the missionaries for clothing the natives in "the most uncouth dress imaginable" - the "finest human forms" had been obscured under seamen's "huge and rough clothing", while, final desecration, "each head was crammed into a close Scotch bonnet!"⁽¹⁾ Earle did not usually object to things Scottish. On the contrary, he could not praise too highly the beneficent work of the "laborious and useful Scotchmen"⁽²⁾ who had established a sawmill at Kororareka.

It was not long before he had his first brush with the missionaries. "The missionaries of 'Marsden Vale' very soon gave us to understand that they did not wish for our acquaintance".⁽³⁾ The "coldness and inhospitality" of the missionaries is frequently mentioned in his Journal:

What causes much disapprobation here, is the contemptuous manner in which they treat their own countrymen, as they receive most of them on the outside of their stockade fence.⁽⁴⁾

He acknowledges that the object of the mission as first planned might have been attained and might have proved beneficial....

but as it is now, no good result can be expected from it. Any man of common sense must agree with me, that a savage can receive but little benefit from having the abstruse points of the Gospel preached to him, if his mind is not prepared to receive them.⁽⁵⁾

(1) *ibid.*, p.39.

(2) *ibid.*, p.52.

(3) *ibid.*, p.58.

(4) *ibid.*, p.60.

(5) *ibid.*, p.59.

And later he adds:

I once saw a sturdy blacksmith in the prime of life, sitting in the midst of a group of savages, attempting to expound to them the mysteries of our holy redemption - perplexing his own brains, as well as those of his auditors, with the most incomprehensible and absurd opinions. How much better would he have been employed in teaching them how to weld a piece of iron, or to make a nail!(1)

However, he tries to be just. "When I can relate anything favourable to the missionaries, I invariably intend to do so"; (2) and he does occasionally find an opportunity to carry out his intention.

Like other travellers before him he was deeply disgusted by the cannibalism of the Maoris, and he disliked, too, the "cruel custom" of muru (the legalised plundering of one who has suffered misfortune). He remarks upon the drastic punishment meted out to adulterers and their lovers, but notes that the death penalty did not seem to deter the women from indulging in an intrigue. With the same passion for giving advice about colonisation that is to be found in the writings of other visitors, he makes use of every chance to extol the natural advantages of New Zealand. Hopefully he writes that the climate is "infinitely superior" to Sydney's and that the natives would prove "hardy and willing assistants". His Journal is eminently readable and unpretentious, and even in its most unfair moments is still informative and thought-provoking.

(1) *ibid.*, p.61.

(2) *ibid.*, p.125.

Much less refined was Joel Samuel Polack, who, in his two-volume Narrative,⁽¹⁾ is by turn serious, pompous, and coarsely jocular. He has managed to pack more anecdotes, puns, and sensational descriptions into his book than any of his contemporaries. With a fine ability to coin words at will he crashes from incident to incident, jibbing at nothing, whether it be a short history of the exploration of the Pacific or a string of personal reminiscences. When he is humorous he has the light touch of a falling skyscraper. Of the dogs in a native village he writes:

These animals were a disgrace to the kaingá, or village, of which they formed part and parcel; being without the slightest pretensions to obesity, had the entire thirty-four, which I counted of them, been reduced by a culinary process, they could not have rendered an ounce of unctuous matter.⁽²⁾

With the loving care of a Sir Thomas Browne, but with something less than his skill, he rolls his tongue round such sonorous polysyllables and abstruse circumlocutions as "sudatious nose", "unctuosity", "oscivorous masters", and "subtile composition". But even he can be touched by the beauty of a scene; like Cook and Parkinson and Forster of the eighteenth century this robust adventurer has a taste for the wild and exotic:

Below us, at the foot of this elevated hill, was a fertile valley; in the bosom of which was situated a romantic native village.⁽³⁾

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- (1) New Zealand: being a Narrative of Travels and Adventures during a residence in that country between the years 1831 and 1837, (London, 1838), 2 vols.
 (2) J.S. Polack, Narrative, Vol.1, pp.66-7.
 (3) ibid., Vol.1, p.65.

Polack's advice, gratuitously offered to the British Government, was that New Zealand should be placed under the protection of the Crown and be colonised forthwith, as it had immense possibilities for trade. Reluctantly and slowly the Home Government did indeed at last come to the conclusion that one more addition must be made to the British colonial empire. Its decision was hastened by the fact that the French were showing unmistakable signs of an increasing interest in the prospect of adding parts of New Zealand to their own Pacific possessions. Indeed, an urgent petition had been addressed by the chiefs of the Bay of Islands to "King William the Gracious, Chief of England", beseeching him to prevent "the tribe of Marion" from taking away their lands. Finally, the newly-formed Wakefield Company forced the issue by sending out a ship-load of colonists in the year 1839. The British Government instantly appointed a Consul for New Zealand. The "Tory", containing the colonists, sailed into Wellington Harbour on the 22nd. January, 1840; and a week later the new Lieutenant - Governor, Captain Hobson, arrived at the Bay of Islands, where he issued a proclamation extending the sovereignty of the British colony of New South Wales to include any parts of New Zealand whose dominion he might acquire from the Maoris.

Chapter II. 1840 - 1860.

On January 22nd, 1840, the first group of settlers sent out from Britain by Wakefield's New Zealand Company landed at Port Nicholson, Wellington. Seven days later, on January 29th, Captain Hobson of the Royal Navy stepped on shore at Kororareka, Bay of Islands, armed with a commission authorizing him to annex all or part of New Zealand, and to govern it in the name of Her Majesty, Queen Victoria.

Although Hobson's mission had been to a small extent inspired by the British Government's fear that the French might seize control of the country, and by the appearance on the scene of "land-sharks" - shrewd land-grabbers from Sydney and elsewhere - it owed its origin mainly to the purposeful activities of Edward Gibbon Wakefield and his "systematic colonisers". Wakefield and his associates had had to overcome not only the apathy of a Government to whom the word "colonies" signified discontented, rebellious, or convict settlers, but also the active and persistent opposition of the Church Missionary Society, which feared that the influence of the white man might contaminate its charges. Aided by Lord Glenelg, Colonial Secretary until 1839, the Society turned Minister after Minister from friends of the colonizers into enemies. Even Gladstone spoke against the bill of constitution that the Company was trying to get through Parliament and expressed the gloomiest apprehensions of the fate the Maoris might expect if their country were colonized. To be sure, the missionaries /

missionaries in New Zealand had already seen certain ill effects of white occupation on the habits of the natives; and many of them appeared to think that the settlers selected by the Wakefield Company would be no better than the desperadoes of the Bay of Islands.⁽¹⁾

However, there was a world of difference between the typical inhabitant of Kororareka and the industrious "mechanic" sponsored by Wakefield's association. The latter was neither a desperado nor an escapee, neither a roving beachcomber nor a deserting sailor. He was a law-abiding British citizen, possessed of/

(1) One of the earliest post-1840 writers on New Zealand was to record the following classification current among the Maoris in the Taupo district:

According to the notions they have acquired from the missionaries, the Europeans are divided into -

1. Mihaneres (missionaries).
2. Hohios (soldiers).
3. Revera (devils).
4. Cookies (slaves).

The devils comprise all who are neither missionaries, soldiers, cookies, as the captains of vessels, merchants, or gentlemen, with which latter subdivision they have but lately become acquainted. To the cookies belong the artisans, sailors, and so on; and they are, according to a New Zealander's notion, the slaves of the captains, missionaries or gentlemen. The Protestant natives regard their Roman Catholic brethren as belonging to the devils...

Ernest Dieffenbach, M.D., Travels in New Zealand, 2 Vols., (London, 1843), Vol.1, p. 369.

of visible means of support and considerable grit, determined to establish a newer and somewhat better Britain in a country on the other side of the world. He had had to pay a "sufficient price" for his land, and this, while by no means exorbitant, ensured that only settlers with capital would own the land. However, there was nothing to prevent the industrious New Zealand labourer from saving his wages and in the course of time buying a few acres on which to settle himself and his family; indeed he was encouraged to do so. In short, New Zealand was to have all the excellences of rural England - "everything of England but the soil", to quote the prospectuses of the time - with none of its stultifying deficiencies. There was to be opportunity for all to rise to independence, the only condition being a willingness to work with the hands as well as the brain. It was Wakefield's special merit that his schemes did not stop with the landing of settlers on the shores of New Zealand, for he planned the establishment of communities (six were planted altogether) in which the individual would be saved from the brutalising effects of solitary pioneering. Wakefield was the real founder of New Zealand, although his scheme of systematic colonisation did not turn out altogether as expected: for in the South Island the settlers soon turned from agricultural farming to pastoral, and in the North Island they made use of paid Maori labour for much of the heavy work of bush-clearing and road-making./

road-making.

Wakefield and his associates had, then, forced the hand of the Government, and New Zealand was placed under the protection of the British Crown. But the Company's settlers soon began to think that they might have been better off without a Governor at all; for Captain Hobson's first important action after hoisting the British flag at Kororareka was to conclude a treaty with the North Island chiefs which deprived the Wakefield pioneers of all title to the land which they had bought in London. The Treaty of Waitangi, for so it was called, after the place where it was signed, contained the following articles:

- (1) The chiefs...of New Zealand...cede to Her Majesty the Queen of England, absolutely and without reservation, all the rights and powers of sovereignty which the said.... chiefs respectively exercise or possess....
- (2) Her Majesty the Queen of England confirms and guarantees to the chiefs and tribes of New Zealand...the full exclusive and undisputed possession of their lands and estates, forests, fisheries, and other properties...; but the chiefs...yield to Her Majesty the exclusive right of pre-emption over such lands as the proprietors hereof may be disposed to alienate, at such prices as may be agreed upon....
- (3) In consideration thereof, Her Majesty the Queen extends to the natives of New Zealand her royal protection, and imparts to them all the rights and privileges of British Subjects.(1)

This Treaty has been called the Magna Charta of the Maoris and with good reason, for, as one of the native signatories observed, "The shadow passes to the Queen, the substance stays with us." It was a serious blow to the/

(1) The Cambridge History of the British Empire (Cambridge, 1933), Vol. II, Part II, p. 74.

the hopes of the settlers in Wellington as it rendered void the fantastic purchases which Colonel Wakefield claimed to have made on behalf of the Company. The Governor turned a deaf ear to the protests of the colonists. His first duty was to protect the natives against land-sharks who had swarmed across from Sydney as soon as news of the impending annexation had reached them. He succeeded, and the adventurers retired baffled. But in the meantime much needless suffering was caused among the legitimate colonists, who were still being hurried out in ship after ship by the enthusiastic Directors in London. Clearly this was a case that demanded speedy compromise. The settlers were manifestly entitled to some land, for Colonel Wakefield had paid to fifty-eight chiefs goods valued at nearly £9,000; yet they now found themselves without title to the land they thought they had purchased, and at the same time debarred from buying any more except from the Crown. As the Governor had little or no funds, and therefore could not buy from the natives, there was a deadlock. A Commissioner was appointed to investigate the claims of the colonists, but he did not arrive until two years after the Governor, and his final decision was not given until several months later. Meanwhile, the settlers at Port Nicholson were cooped up on a narrow strip of land by the shore, and denied access by hostile natives to the farms for which they had paid £1 an acre.

The Wakefield Company was not altogether blameless for this state of affairs. Had proper enquiry been made, the/

the flood of colonists could have been immediately diverted to the South Island, where the Maori population was an inconsiderable minority. Almost a decade was to pass before this course was taken, a course justified over and over again by subsequent developments in both Islands. The treeless plains of Canterbury lay wide open, inviting the pastoralist, standing in marked contrast to the bush-clad hills of Wellington and Taranaki. In the eighteen-sixties, while the North Island was vexed by bitter, protracted Maori wars, the South Island provinces of Canterbury and Otago were destined to make steady progress, untroubled by problems of native land ownership, and aided by discoveries of rich gold deposits in the valleys of Otago. In 1846 Earl Grey came to the Colonial Office, secured for the Wakefield Company a loan of £250,000, and granted it large blocks of land in the South Island which were in process of purchase from a handful of Maori owners. The Company was thus given a new lease of life, and two new settlements were formed, both of a semi-religious kind: Otago, in 1848, and Canterbury in 1880.

The pioneers of Otago were a band of Free Kirk Presbyterians led by Captain Cargill and the Rev. Thomas Burns, a nephew of the poet. The settlers of Canterbury were English and Episcopalian, led by John Robert Godley, afterwards Under-Secretary at the British War Office. Dunedin was planned as the capital of Otago, Christchurch as the capital of Canterbury; and in both centres the immigrants thought with nostalgia of the country/

country they had left. Dunedin very soon had its Port Chalmers, Water of Leith, Musselburgh and Portobello, and the Scots lost no time in clearing the bush, to endow their kirk with land, and to found the Colony's first University College - one which later was to acquire the monopoly of medical teaching in the Dominion. Christchurch, meanwhile, the city of the plains, named its streets after Anglican Bishoprics, called its river the "Avon", and laid the foundations of a Cathedral. It even had its Earl and Bishop but unfortunately these soon fled from the harsh realities of pioneering life.

In 1852, the Wakefield Land Company was wound up, the Colony having paid it £200,000 cash in satisfaction of its land lien. It had made mistakes, some of them grievous, such as the hurried buying of immense tracts of land from chiefs who, under tribal law, had no right to sell without gaining the consent of every member of the tribe; and, again, the unconsidered planting of defenceless settlers among warlike and irritable natives; but its high aims and positive achievements are now remembered gratefully in New Zealand. The Company had brought from Great Britain carefully selected colonists who were gathered into settlements where were to be found professional men who were afforded every opportunity, at the Company's expense, to make expeditions into the interior and/

and record what they saw.⁽¹⁾ Up to 1852 the settlers everywhere, except in Auckland, had had to deal, not with the Crown, but with the Company, if they had wanted to purchase land. However, by the time of the Wakefield Company's disappearance from the scene, the Governor of New Zealand, Sir George Grey, had bought from the Maoris the whole of the South Island, and, at last, some millions of acres in the North. This had opened the way for real progress, while posing a new problem in land affairs: on what terms was this territory to be sold or leased to the settlers? Grey finally drafted the code of 1853 whose main feature was the reduction of the price of land from £2 to ten shillings an acre, a decision which was to have lasting and mischievous effects on the future of the country, as no check on the amount of land purchased by any one man was imposed until immense areas had been disposed of to individual pastoralists, who thus locked them up against close settlement. It is only fair to Grey to add that, had he remained in New Zealand to see the disastrous results of his land legislation, he would almost certainly have imposed prompt and drastic controls. Unfortunately, his successors in office were not of the same calibre, and implemented his policy without proper safeguards./

(1) For example:

Ernest Dieffenbach, naturalist to N.Z. Company. (See below pp.45-49.)

Thomas Brunner, one of the N.Z. Company's surveyors.

Charles Heaphy, V.C., draftsman to the Company.

William Fox, barrister, who in 1848 became the Company's principal agent.

The last three explored the N.W. of the South Island.

safeguards.

It was against this restless background that the literature of the colony's first two decades of organised settlement came to be written. The most considerable of the prose works that have survived were written by men who were not engaged in the actual business of pioneering; that is, they were not among those who broke in new land, cleared forests, erected fences, planted grass and established permanent homes for themselves and their children. After a few years in New Zealand they returned to Europe, where they published their books and, we may believe, dreamt somewhat nostalgically of their adventures under the Southern Cross. They had enjoyed professional standing in the country they had just left: Dieffenbach was a scientist, Thomson a military surgeon, Taylor a missionary, Grey an administrator not only in New Zealand but also in Australia and South Africa, Wakefield a Company official, and Shortland a Civil Servant. But although all, except Grey, belonged to the same class in New Zealand society, they have presented widely differing opinions of the rivalries and dissensions of the three main factions of the time: government, missionary, and company. When the same event is recorded by Wakefield who, naturally, was pro-Company and anti-Missionary; by Taylor, who was pro-Missionary and anti-Company; by Thomson who, being a soldier, was perhaps pro-Government, though he makes a very fair attempt at impartiality; and finally by Dieffenbach, who was coldly critical of all/

all three parties; then we may find it possible to arrive at the truth of the matter, at the same time finding a mild amusement in noting the difference made by each writer's point of view. There was, however, one to whom the political squabbles of early New Zealand were only of secondary importance. This was Charlotte Godley, whose letters give an incomparable picture of the social life of two of the six settlements, in one of which she was the First Lady. It is refreshing to remember, as we read Jerningham Wakefield's own self-praise for the manner in which he handled delicate situations, that Mrs. Godley has told her mother that "he has so little tact that he does sometimes offend people".⁽¹⁾

The colonising years of a newly opened country are not usually productive of major works of literature. In the hurry and confusion of colonial life, when everything is new and homes have to be built in forest and plain, men have but little leisure to sit down in a quiet hour and think things out. There is, therefore, little reason to feel dissatisfied with the moderate literary achievement of early New Zealand. Even a span of fifty years is too short a time in which to produce anything of note, as Reeves pointed out in 1898, when summing up his study of the New Zealanders:/

(1) Charlotte Godley, - Letters from Early New Zealand, (2nd edit., Christchurch and London, 1951), p. 240.

Zealanders:

Industrious, moral, strong, it is far too soon to complain of this race because it has not in half a century produced a genius from amongst its scanty numbers. Its mission has not been to do that, but to lay the foundations of a true civilization in two wild and lonely, though beautiful, islands. This has been a work calling for solid rather than brilliant qualities - for a people morally and physically sound and wholesome, and gifted with "grit" and concentration. There is such a thing as collective ability. The men who will carve statues, paint pictures, and write books will come, no doubt, in good time. The business of the pioneer generations has been to turn a bloodstained or silent wilderness into a busy and interesting, a happy, if not yet a splendid, state.⁽¹⁾

Even in 1859, however, Thomson's criticism, "Ditchers are more esteemed than poets, and those sciences alone are thought worth attention which confer immediate benefit",⁽²⁾ was only a half-truth. A fair proportion of the early settlers were, as we have seen, well-educated men, who certainly did not lose their taste for old manners and old books, amidst the distractions of their new environment. The Victorian habit of versifying still flourished, though transplanted. In Otago, John Barr of Craigielea composed his homely Scottish verses lauding the pleasures of the hearth, Martin's "Locals" were sung in township halls, and Maori poetry was the object of zealous scrutiny by missionary and settler alike. The Wakefield settlements were founded in an/

(1) W.P. Reeves, The Long White Cloud, (London, 1898), p.414.

(2) A.S. Thomson, The Story of New Zealand, (London 1859), Vol.II, p.314.

an atmosphere of idealism, and with men like Fitzgerald, Domett, Godley and Selwyn at their head, it was little wonder that protests against "colonialism", defined by Charlotte Godley as being "much too fond...of making a good bargain",⁽¹⁾ should be articulate and energetic both in verse and prose. Moreover, although notable works of literature might not yet be produced in New Zealand, the hundreds of ships that entered her harbours in the years 1840 to 1880 brought new books and magazines as well as colonists from the home country. Charlotte Godley informs her mother that Pendennis is "quite an acquisition in the colony"⁽²⁾ and frequently acknowledges with delight the receipt of British magazines and newspapers.⁽³⁾ There was just as eager a public in New Zealand as in Britain for the novels of Dickens, Thackeray and the Brontës, the poetry of Tennyson, Browning, and Arnold, for the Origin of the Species of Darwin, Carlyle's Past and Present, Macaulay's History of England, and the essays of John Stuart Mill. The cultural background of those who went was the same as those who stayed. A very large part of the wanderer's interest in life was connected with Britain and made all the more piquant/

(1) Charlotte Godley, Letters from Early New Zealand, (Christchurch, 1951), p.328.

(2) Ibid., p.182.

(3) For example:

"Then to-day, we have received...a packet of newspapers, eight Spectators, a Guardian, Morning Post and some Times, etc., more than I can read in a week..."
(ibid., p.80).

piquant by separation. If he wrote a book it was for a British reading public. After a hundred years, this feeling is still to be found among New Zealand authors.

The New Zealand Company's vessel, "Tory", which arrived off the coast of New Zealand in 1839, had on board Colonel William Wakefield, his nephew, Edward Jerningham Wakefield, and the naturalist, Dr. Ernest Dieffenbach. The two latter stayed in the country for a few years, keenly interested in all that they saw, and then returned to England to publish their memoirs. Their books differ, not so much in material as in treatment. The one was a scientist, who permitted himself few enthusiasms; the other was a reporter of genius, whose eye never failed to be attracted by the dramatic or picturesque.

Dieffenbach's Travels in New Zealand; (London, 1843), is a sober, detailed record of conditions in the colony in the first years of its foundation. Although employed by the Company, he held himself aloof from its contentions with missionaries and government, being more interested in the natives than in the political wranglings of the whites. Not that he abstained altogether from criticism; sometimes he thought it justified. The whole of his thoughtful chapter, "How to Legislate for the Natives of New Zealand?" is, in fact, an implied criticism of the government's handling of the problem of a dying race. But the government was well-intentioned and had its uses for, after remarking acidly on the "spirit of intolerance in which the/

the natives are confirmed by the missionaries of both religions", he adds:

It is very fortunate for the New Zealanders that a third estate has been established in their country by the introduction of Her Majesty's Government, of which missionaries, soldiers, and devils are equally beloved children, owing to it equal obedience, and enjoying equal rights.(1)

He observes everything, and records his observations with meticulous care.

The totara pine is a very stately tree: its stem is generally five or six feet in diameter, and is without branches for about sixty feet above the ground. The branches spring from the stem at an acute angle, and form several crowns at some distance from each other. The bark is thin, of a reddish colour, and generally peels off in longitudinal strips. Its leaves are lanceolate and short: they are of a dark-green colour on the upper surface, and of a sea-green on the lower...(2)

Intrepidly he ascended to the summit of Mt. Egmont with one European companion. Their Maori attendants had been left behind at the limit of perpetual snow; for, to the native, the mountains were

peopled with mysterious and misshapen animals; the black points, which he sees from afar in the dazzling snow, are fierce and monstrous birds; a supernatural spirit breathes on him in the evening breeze, or is heard in the rolling of a loose stone. It is this imaginative superstition which gives birth to the poetry of infant nations, as we see in the old tales of the Germans, which evidently have their origin in the/

(1) Travels in New Zealand, Vol.I, p.370. And see above, p.34.

(2) ibid., Vol.I, p.79.

the earliest ages of the race, and bear the impress of the ethics and religion of a people not yet emerged from barbarism; but with the Polynesians these fears lead to gross superstition, withcraft, and the worship of demons.."(1)

A page later we have a matter-of-fact disquisition on his method of measuring the height of Mt. Egmont:

Whilst waiting in the hope that the fog would disperse, I tried the temperature of boiling-water with one of Newman's thermometers, and found it to be 197° , the temperature of the air being 49° , which, taking 55° as the mean of the temperatures at the summit and the base, would give 8839 feet as the height of Mt. Egmont; the whole calculated according to the tables given in an article published in the London "Geographical Journal", vol.viii, and communicated by Lieutenant-Colonel W.H. Sykes, F.R.S.(2)

His travels ranged over much of the North Island but, although his adventures were many and various, he owns to "a great disinclination to describe personal incidents", (3) preferring to give what he conceived to be more useful - in this case, a "topographical description of the different parts of the country".(4) His account of the activities of the whalers in Cook Strait is factual and unexciting, but none the less /

(1) *ibid.*, Vol.I, p.156.

(2) *ibid.*, Vol.I, p.157.

His measurement was fairly accurate, for the height of Egmont is 8,260 feet. Lazarew, who accompanied Bellingshausen in 1820, was even closer, for he fixed the height at 8,232 feet. Forster had estimated it at 14,760 feet and Cook had guessed it to be "not lower than the famous Cape Teneriffe" (12,199 feet). See R. McNab, *Murihiku*, (London and N.Z., 1909), pp.238-9.

(3) *ibid.*, Vol.I. p.198.

(4) *ibid.*, Vol.I. p.198.

less interesting. He describes the 'trying-out' of the blubber - the stench from whale-oil was disregarded, "so great was the interest felt in the whole process"(1) - the whalers' dwellings and their Maori wives, conditions of employment and means of subsistence. He then examines "that interesting and valuable animal - the whale", (2) and concludes with a warning that the whaling-ground would in a few years be entirely depleted because of the indiscriminate manner in which the killing was carried on.

Part One of the second volume is given over to "an account of the aboriginal inhabitants of New Zealand", (3) their physical characteristics, diseases, customs, divisions of tribes, religious observances, grades of society, and intellectual powers. The gravest and most urgent problem for those interested in the welfare of the Maori nation was the elimination of those causes which were bringing about its rapid destruction. In a sixteen-point programme (4) he indicates how the evil might be counteracted, but few seem to have been concerned to follow his advice. Half a century was to pass before the Maoris themselves, seriously alarmed by the imminent prospect of extinction, roused themselves from their suicidal lethargy, and made an almost miraculous recovery. It had nearly been too late; in the course of the 19th century their numbers had been reduced from approximately one hundred thousand to less than fifty thousand, and this/

(1) *ibid.*, Vol.I, p.37.

(2) *ibid.*, Vol.I. pp.41-2.

(3) *ibid.*, Vol.II, p.1.

(4) A summary is given Vol.II, pp.171-172.

this process of destruction had been gathering momentum when the final, hopeful effort was made. Meanwhile, Dieffenbach had returned to England, and was not present to witness the near fulfilment of the pessimistic prognostications of his time.

In 1845, Edward Jerningham Wakefield, the son of the founder of the New Zealand Company, published his account of the first years of settlement in the North Island.⁽¹⁾ When but a youth of nineteen, he had joined the "Tory" expedition as secretary to his uncle, Colonel William Wakefield, who had been instructed to buy land for the Company from the natives, and to select the most suitable site for the planting of a colony. "Such a voyage," the author remarks, "seemed to offer much novelty and adventure."⁽²⁾ At first his intention had been to see the landing of the first settlers and then to return to England; but he explains: "So interesting, however, did it become to watch the first steps of the infant colony, and so exciting to march among the ranks of its hardy founders, that I was tempted to postpone my return for four years after their arrival"⁽³⁾.

Adventure in New Zealand is an animated, colourful account of the events of the early eighteen-forties. At first, the/

(1) E.J. Wakefield, Adventure in New Zealand, from 1839 to 1844, 2 vols. (London, 1845). Illustrations, lithographed from original drawings by Charles Heaphy and others, were published in a separate volume (London, 1845).

(2) Ibid., Vol. I, p. 17.

(3) Ibid., Vol. I, p. 18.

the predominant note is one of hope and excitement, but later, as difficulties crop up in the path of the New Zealand Company, the youthful writer cannot prevent a tone of bitterness from entering his narration - disappointment with the Government, contempt for the results of missionary education, horror at the news of the Wairau massacre, where his uncle lost his life in conflict with the Maoris, and resentment of the Governor's mishandling of the culprits. In these pages we are introduced to most of the noteworthy characters of the transition period. There is an interesting study of Te Rauparaha, the man whom Jerningham believed to be the evil genius of Cook Strait, a cunning, ferocious old chief whose name was a byword for treachery and ruthless cruelty throughout the length and breadth of New Zealand. Jerningham saw him for the first time just after a battle, instigated by Rauparaha, had taken place between Maori tribes at Waikanae.

As we leaped from our boat he advanced to meet us, and, with looks of evident fear and distrust, eagerly sought our hands to exchange the missionary greeting....

His features are aquiline and striking; but an overhanging upper lip, and a retreating forehead, on which his eyebrows wrinkled back when he lifted his deep-sunken eyelids and penetrating eyes, produced a fatal effect on the good prestige arising from his first appearance. The great chieftain, the man able to lead others, and habituated to wield authority, was clear at first sight; but the savage ferocity of the tiger, who would not scruple to use any means for the attainment of that power, the destructive ambition of a selfish despot, was plainly discernible on a nearer view./

view.

The life of this remarkable savage forms an ~~era~~ era in the history of New Zealand.⁽¹⁾

His dislike of Te Rauparaha did not prejudice Wakefield against other Maori chieftains, for some of whom he had the greatest admiration, notably the pagan Te Heu Heu. One suspects that Jerningham did not like him any the less because he remained steadfastly opposed to the doctrines of the missionaries and always exhibited the utmost contempt for their converts. In a book which is full of dramatic scenes, this description of a tribal conference is especially vivid.

Above six feet in stature, but so Herculean in limb as to disguise his height, he (Te Heu Heu) rose proudly from a spot of elevated ground where he had been sitting among a knot of his wives and children, shook his mate from his right arm, and began his speech with slow and distinct articulation. The most perfect silence prevailed among the hundreds assembled. Children who had been playing on the edge of the crowd; young men and women who had been renewing old acquaintances and exchanging the latest gossip; warriors who had been examining each other's arms en connoisseur while the great number of chiefs spoke; all were now hushed and still. Stragglers might be seen pressing close to the scene of conference; whispers might be heard that "the kau matua, or 'patriarch,' was going to speak;" and then the whole audience held its breath. This was evidently the great speech - the lion of the day.⁽²⁾

But it was not only in his portrayal of native chiefs that Wakefield showed his flair for the picturesque. He describes with gusto the lives of the Cook Strait whalers, their domestic arrangements, recreations, argot, and equipment; /

(1) Ibid., Vol.I, p.113.

(2) Ibid., Vol.I, pp.463-4.



equipment; there is a graphic account of the chase, when boats from rival stations converged furiously on the menaced whale, a description of the final attack and "kill", followed by the beaching and cutting up of the carcass. He gives it as his opinion that the whalers were "the first rough and unconscious pioneers of civilisation" in the more southern parts of New Zealand, as they had braved

the first dangers of the intercourse between the savage and the civilized man; - they had explored the coast and seaboard country, and had introduced new wants as well as new vices, and a considerable degree of respect for the physical qualities of the pakeka (sic) among the aboriginal population.⁽¹⁾

Wakefield's account of the quarrels between the New Zealand Company and the British Government is more than a little biassed, but, once we know his prejudices, allowances can be made for them. It is probable, too, that his judgments of the missionaries were to some extent conditioned by the attitude of the Church Missionary Society in Great Britain. Still, even among the missionaries, he could find somebody to admire.⁽²⁾ This is more than can be said for his opinion of the Governors of New Zealand, who, from Hobson onwards, never failed to antagonise the majority of the settlers; and after undergoing the mortification of a public and apparently undeserved rebuke by Governor Fitzroy in Wellington, he felt he had no alternative but to quit the colony. He carried with him the sympathy of most of the settlers in Wellington, who despised a Governor/

(1) Ibid., Vol.I, p.336.

(2) The Rev. Octavius Hadfield. See Vol.II, p.287.

Governor whose policy, or lack of one, had done so much to aggravate their already difficult situation on the shores of Port Nicholson. Fitzroy had come in the majesty of Government to punish the murderers of Captain Wakefield and his companions at Wairau; he had ended by merely dismissing those hardened sinners, Te Rauparaha and Rangihaeata, with a reprimand. They returned jubilant to their tribes. Indeed, it was a pitiful anti-climax to an affair which had been regarded by the Maoris as a test case. The white man's leniency was felt to be weakness, or worse. His native allies were dismayed, while his enemies became openly contemptuous and overbearing in their conduct. True, they reasoned as children, but they were dangerous children. It was no wonder, therefore, that though he left Cook's Strait with a firm expectation of its ultimate prosperity, Wakefield could not help predicting an immediate future of "harassing delays, doubts, and torments, under the tread of a ruler who seemed well inclined to adopt, as far as regarded the delicate native question, the whole determination of the intolerant portion of the missionaries to 'thwart them by every means in their power'".(1)

Appreciation of Wakefield will depend to some extent upon his reader's point of view. If Adventure in New Zealand is read in the hope of finding a factual, unbiassed account of the early colonising period, then the result will be disappointment./

(1) *ibid.*, Vol.II, p.530.

disappointment. Wakefield was not a patient seeker after historical truth; he was a youthful reporter with a gift for portraying dramatic scenes. His exuberance led him to overdraw some of his pictures, but few of the early New Zealand writers of serious prose, or of fiction either, have managed to convey an impression of vigorous life and movement as successfully as he.

In 1855, Sir George Grey, late Governor of New Zealand, published his Polynesian Mythology, a translation of the greater part of a work he had published in Maori the previous year.⁽¹⁾ In the preface he explains that he had, soon after his arrival in New Zealand, felt the necessity to learn, with the least possible delay, the language, manners, customs, religion and modes of thought of the Maoris. Not only should he be able to speak their language; he should also have a thorough knowledge of their mythology, for the aged and influential chiefs, with whom he had to deal,

frequently quoted, in explanation of their views and intentions, fragments of ancient poems or proverbs, or made allusions which rested on an ancient system of mythology; and although it was clear that the most important parts of their communications were embodied in these figurative forms, the interpreters were quite at fault, they could then rarely (if ever) translate the poems or explain the allusions, and there was no publication in existence which threw any light upon these subjects, or which gave the meaning of the great mass of the/

(1) Mythology and Traditions of the New Zealanders, (London, 1854).

the words which the natives upon such occasions made use of.⁽¹⁾

Accordingly for more than eight years, he devoted a great part of his available time to those pursuits, continuing his research in every part of the country he traversed, until he had amassed a great quantity of materials requiring arrangement and translation. He had already published "one large volume in the native language,⁽²⁾ containing a very extensive collection of the ancient traditional poems, religious chants and songs of the Maori race", and he was now anxious to make the European reader acquainted with the "principal portions of their ancient mythology, and... some of their most interesting legends".⁽³⁾

This publication would help future administrators and would preserve in written form much that might otherwise be lost, especially as many of the chiefs who had aided him had since died. He apologises for the style of his translation for he had had no leisure to revise it carefully; also, as the translation had been "close and faithful", he had insensibly fallen into the idiom and construction of the language and he was afraid these might prove unpleasant to the European ear and mind.

Far from proving unpleasant, however, Grey's close translation of the native tongue is better adapted to the purpose of acquainting the reader with the Maori speech rhythms, as well as/

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- (1) Sir George Grey, Polynesian Mythology, and Ancient Traditional History of the New Zealand Race, (London, 1855), Preface, p.vii.
 (2) Poems, Traditions and Chants of the Maoris, (London, 1853).
 (3) Polynesian Mythology, Pref. p.x.

as mythology, which supply so valuable a clue to the Maori character, than would a free translation into standard English prose.

The traditions recorded by Grey are those of a vigorous and by no means unintelligent people. Some of the heroes and demi-gods - Maui, for instance - may seem to European eyes immoral tricksters, whose only redeeming features are courage and nimbleness of wit; but it would be a mistake to condemn a race or nation simply because of the moral standards of its legendary heroes. After all, the philanderings of Zeus have not deterred Europe from admiring the Greeks; and the poetry and humanity of some of these Polynesian legends have the same universal appeal as their Greek counterparts.

The story of Hinemoa and Tutanekai has become almost as widely known among the Europeans in New Zealand as among the Maoris; and as it provides a good example of the style of Grey's translation, preserving admirably the poetic language of the original, one or two long quotations may perhaps be permitted.

After describing in true fairy-tale style the rank and beauty of Hinemoa, the Maori whose narration Grey is supposed to be reporting continues:

"In those great assemblies of the people Hine-Moa had seen Tutanekai, and as they often glanced each at the other, to the heart of each of them the other appeared pleasing, and worthy of love, so that in the breast of each there grew up a secret passion for the other. Nevertheless, Tutanekai could not tell whether he might venture to approach Hine-Moa to take her hand, to see would she press his in return, because, said he, 'Perhaps I may be by no means agreeable to her;' on the other hand, Hine-Moa's heart said to her, 'If you send one of /

of your female friends to tell him of your love, perchance he will not be pleased with you." (1)

However, as was to be expected, they did find an opportunity to declare their mutual love and to arrange an elopement. Hinemoa was to take a canoe and paddle across from the mainland to Mokoia, the island in the centre of Lake Rotorua, where Tutanekai's tribe dwelt. But Hinemoa's people were suspicious and hauled the canoes out of the water every night; so in the end she decided to swim, guided in the blackness by the sound of Tutanekai's flute, and floating when weary, with the help of six large gourds. She reached Mokoia, exhausted but safe, and rested in a hot spring. Meanwhile, Tutanekai, not knowing she was on the island, sent his slave to fetch water from a spot close to where Hine-Moa was bathing. Frightened herself, Hine-Moa spoke gruffly like a man and broke the calabashes of the equally scared servant. This performance was repeated two or three times.

At last the slave went again to Tutanekai, who said to him, 'Where is the water for me?' and his servant answered, 'It is all gone, your calabashes have been broken.' 'By whom?' said his master. 'Didn't I tell you that there is a man in the bath?' answered the servant. 'Who is the fellow?' said Tutanekai. 'How can I tell?' replied the slave; 'Why, he's a stranger.' 'Didn't he know the water was for me?' said Tutanekai; 'how did the rascal dare to break my calabashes? why I shall die from rage.'

Then Tutanekai threw on some clothes, and caught hold of his club, and away he went, and came to the bath, and called out, 'Where's that fellow who broke my calabashes?' And Hine-Moa knew the voice,

(1) Polynesian Mythology, p.237.

voice, that the sound of it was that of the beloved of her heart; and she hid herself under the overhanging rocks of the hot-spring; but her hiding was hardly a real hiding, but rather a bashful concealing of herself from Tutanekai, that he might not find her at once, but only after trouble and careful searching for her; so he went feeling about along the banks of the hot-spring, searching everywhere, whilst she lay coyly hid under the ledges of the rock, peeping out, wondering when she would be found. At last he caught hold of a hand, and cried out, 'Hello, who's this?' And Hine-Moa answered, 'It's I, Tutanekai.' And he said, 'But who are you?' - 'who's I?' Then she spoke louder, and said, 'It's I, 'tis Hine-Moa.' And he said, 'Ho! ho! ho! can such in very truth be the case? let us ~~two~~ go then to my house.' And she answered, 'Yes,' and she rose up in the water as beautiful as the wild white hawk, and stepped upon the edge of the bath as graceful as the shy white crane; and he threw garments over her and took her, and they proceeded to his house, and reposed there; and thenceforth, according to the ancient laws of the Maori, they were man and wife.(1)

This tale is perhaps the best of the collection, though it is rivalled in interest by the exploits of the demi-gods Maui and Tawhaki which have been told for children by such writers as Edith Howes and Johannes Andersen. In Grey's collection there are also the myths of the Creation: "Rangi and Papa, or Heaven and Earth, were the source from which in the beginning, all things originated"(2) followed by the legends of the demigods, and of the heroes who left Hawaiki to range the Pacific in quest of a new home, with the words/

(1) *ibid.*, pp.242-3.

(2) *ibid.*, p.1.

words of Houmai-ta-whiti in their ears:

Now do you, my dear children, depart in peace, and when you reach the place you are going to, do not follow after the deeds of Tu', the god of war; if you do you will perish, as if swept off by the winds, but rather follow quiet and useful occupations, then you will die tranquilly a natural death. Depart, and dwell in peace with all, leave war and strife behind you here.⁽¹⁾

The fortunes of the various canoes are followed until the tribes have established themselves in New Zealand.

Finally, we have the entertaining legends of the two sorcerers, Kiki and Tamure, of the magical wooden head, and of the fairies, who are "a very numerous people; merry, cheerful, and always singing, like the cricket".⁽²⁾ Polynesian fairies are fair-skinned and fair-haired, and do not harm human beings, though they may play tricks on them. The equivalent of the Scandinavian troll is the taniwha, which is found in caves, or by lakes and rivers in the bush, and is, as a rule, inimical to man, a kind of Maori Grendel.

Grey has thus assembled, translated, and written down a number of legendary and traditional tales hitherto transmitted solely by oral means. As he admits, his language is at times a little careless, but he has done New Zealand literature a great service in making these legends available to the European inhabitants of the country. So much have they become part of normal New Zealand life that the modern writer can refer to such/

(1) *ibid.*, pp.159-160.

(2) *ibid.*, p.295.

such figures as Maui, Ra, Hinemoa and the taniwha without any appearance of straining for effect. True, the adult European, and probably the adult Maori, has now no fear of taniwhas and no expectation of meeting fairy folk in the bush; but it takes from the loneliness of the forest-clad mountains to know that such and such a spot used to be the lurking place of a monster until it was killed by a local hero not long before the white man came.

Grey's last work in connection with Maori lore, Proverbial and Popular Sayings of the Ancestors of the New Zealand Race (Cape Town, 1857), was published during his term of office as Governor of the colony of the Cape of Good Hope, and consists simply of proverb and translation, with an explanation if necessary. For example:

Na te moa i takahi, te rata.
The moa trampled down the rata tree
when it was young; how can you expect
it to grow straight now? it is difficult
to overcome early influences.(1)

Ko te uhi a Tonga.
Why, it is the chisel of Tonga: (said to an
expert carver).(2)

He wahine, he oneone i ngaro ai te tangata.
Women and land are the causes which destroy men.(3)

One of the few(4) missionaries who professed an interest/

(1) Proverbial and Popular Sayings, p. 74.

(2) ibid., p.61.

(3) ibid., p.29.

(4) Edward Shortland, in the preface to his own Traditions and Superstitions of the New Zealanders (London, 1854) (see below, p.63), remarks:

The missionaries, who from their knowledge of the language, alone had it in their power for many years to converse freely with the native race, seem to have avoided all inquiries on such subjects. They came to teach a religion/

interest in Maori mythology, the Rev. Richard Taylor, has aimed "to rescue from that oblivion into which they were fast hastening"⁽¹⁾ the customs and traditions of the Maori race. He adds much to what Sir George Grey had already contributed and, like him, points out that few could have collected the information unless they were on terms of intimacy with both language and people. In a valuable chapter on the institution of Tapu, the author defines it as "a religious observance, established for political purposes"⁽²⁾-a succinct definition of a complicated observance. He puts forward the suggestion that the Maoris are descendants of one of the lost tribes of Israel,⁽³⁾ but this theory has not been adopted by subsequent historians. Politicians, too, have ignored his suggestion that New Zealand be re-named "Austral-Britain" or "Australbion".⁽⁴⁾ He has set down, with translations, many songs and incantations, a task which Grey more wisely abjured, for the English versions have none of the poetry and charm of the originals. In translation the repetitions of Maori verse become pointless, the hyperboles bombastic and the imagery either trite or incomprehensible. A large field has been covered, for there are also chapters on the history, geology, botany, and ornithology of New Zealand, together with notes on Samuel Marsden and prominent chiefs. He probably/

religion, and not to learn the principles of superstitions, which, however valuable in reference to matters of ethnological interest, they regarded as having for their author the great enemy of mankind. (p.v.).

(1) Te Ika a Maui, or New Zealand and its Inhabitants (London, 1855). Preface P.vi.

(2) *ibid.*, p.55.

(3) *ibid.*, pp.8, 190-2.

(4) *ibid.*, Preface p.vi.

probably goes near the truth of the matter when he points out that the white man has much to blush for in his contacts with native races, but that in New Zealand they received better treatment, not because of a change of heart, but because the Maoris were "too numerous, too warlike, and too intelligent"(1) to be roughly handled. He has avoided that patronising tone with which Europeans usually discuss their coloured brethren, because he feels sure that the Maoris, although degraded at the time, only required similar advantages to those of the white man to "rise to their former standing, and rank with the most favored sections of the human family".(2) It is perhaps some criterion of his impartiality, that he could praise Te Heu Heu for his many fine qualities, though that confirmed heathen remained obdurate to all missionary blandishments until his death in a landslide which overwhelmed his village.

In comparison with Grey, Taylor has failed to capture the spirit of poetry and grace which lies behind much of the Maori mythology, but his aim was different. Wishing to give as complete a picture as possible of "the Fish of Maui", (3) he has written one of those compendious treatises (4) with which the early literature of New Zealand abounds. His readers would want facts and plenty of them. He had so much to write about that it was not necessary to cultivate an elaborate prose style. The /

(1) *ibid.*, p.2.

(2) *ibid.*, p.2.

(3) Te Ika a Maui.

(4) For example, Dieffenbach's New Zealand and the Narrative of Nicholas, *op. cit.*

The inevitable "Hints to intended Emigrants" conclude a dull but useful encyclopaedia of New Zealand life.

In 1854 Edward Shortland published the first edition of his Traditions and Superstitions of the New Zealanders, and a second edition, revised and slightly enlarged, was issued in 1856. Of the fourteen chapters, only half are devoted to Maori superstitions and traditions, the other seven being concerned with the social conditions of the people, their education, means of agriculture, marriage, warfare, tribal divisions and land problems. His official life⁽¹⁾ had given Shortland a very good opportunity of studying the Maori way of life. Referring to the recently published works of Grey and Taylor he comments, in his preface to the second edition: "When it is borne in mind that the matter contained in each of these works must have been collected independently, at different times, and in different parts of New Zealand, one cannot but be struck with the agreement in the historical traditions thus obtained from various sources".⁽²⁾ These traditions he divides into three classes: (1) those which relate to the origin of the world and of man; (2) those respecting heroes and demigods of very remote ages; (3) those which date from the age of the migration to New Zealand, and which concern the ancestors of the present inhabitants of that country.

Knowledge of traditions in the first category was very /

(1) He was a Protector of the Aborigines employed by the Colonial Government.

(2) Edward Shortland, Traditions and Superstitions of the New Zealanders, (2nd edit., London, 1856), p.vii.

very hard to obtain as they were held "so sacred that even after Christianity had weakened the dread of trespassing on sacred subjects, those best instructed had a great objection to communicate their knowledge to foreigners".⁽¹⁾ Those in the second category were not considered sacred, being mere fables. Those in the third were "looked on by the natives themselves... as tales founded on facts, however disfigured they may be by the marvellous".⁽²⁾

This book is a useful introduction to the study of Maori traditions and customs, though its author does not seem to have grasped the full significance of such an important observation as the Tapu; nor in the light of modern research, is he correct in placing the Hawaiki of the Maoris in the Sandwich Islands; but he must have been one of the very earliest observers to rate their intellectual ability on a par with that of Europeans, though it must be doubted whether his criterion was sufficiently comprehensive, for he founded his conclusions on the Maoris' extraordinary skill at draughts, a game which they had played from the most ancient times.

With the Traditions and Superstitions and his earlier Southern Districts of New Zealand (London, 1851), Shortland has given a sober, analytical survey of the whole range of Maori activities and beliefs; but, for a proper understanding/

(1) *ibid.*, p.1.

(2) *ibid.*, p.2.

understanding of the native problem in New Zealand, modern historical works should be read,⁽¹⁾ as they are wider in scope and more philosophical in content, relating the Maoris as a people to the whole of the human race. It is one of the chief faults of the early journalists that they supply an inexhaustible fund of travellers' tales, and little else. Of their kind, these works are good enough; but they are generally neither good literature nor sound history.

In 1936,⁽²⁾ the Bowering Press, Plymouth, published for private circulation the letters of Charlotte Godley, wife of John Robert Godley,⁽⁴⁾ the founder of Canterbury Province. They give an intimate picture of the life of the "upper classes" in Wellington and Canterbury during the years 1850 to 1852: interesting, gossipy letters, not so much about politics and the material progress of the settlement as about the "little things that go on every day"⁽³⁾ and the social life of the people who have become famous in the history of the colony. There is the unfortunate Lieutenant-Governor, Mr. Eyre, who is periodically snubbed by his chief, Sir George Grey, and whose /

(1) For example, I.L.G. Sutherland's article, "Maori and Pakeha", in *New Zealand* (London, 1947), U.N. series; Felix M. Keesing, *The Changing Maori*, (New Plymouth, 1928); and Elsdon Best, *The Maori As He Was* (Wellington, 1925).

(2) A second edition was printed in Christchurch, 1951.

(3) Charlotte Godley, *Letters from Early New Zealand*, (2nd. edit., Christchurch and London, 1951), p.298.

(4) For a full account of the aims of J.R. Godley and his relations with the Canterbury Association, see C.E. Carrington, *John Robert Godley of Canterbury* (London, 1950). This book contains also a very useful bibliography of material relating to Godley and Canterbury.

whose youthful fiancée refuses to marry him when she first comes out to New Zealand; there is the delight of meeting an old friend, James Edward Fitzgerald, who steps on shore, very much altered by "a sailor's dress, an immense straw hat, very hollow cheeks, a ferocious moustache, and I am sorry to say a lame leg"; (1) and there is the longing for the sight of anything that will remind one of the home country: "It is wonderful," she remarks, "how completely the look of anything at all like home and its ways carries it here (and with nearly everyone) above novelty and even actual beauty. In one of our first walks about Wellington we almost shed tears of sentimental admiration at coming suddenly in sight of bits of flat, well-macadamized road!" (2)

The exile's delight in mail is very evident; her mother is exhorted to write regularly and often, but she is not to show her daughter's letters about too much to friends in England, especially not to those who might be emigrating themselves. "You cannot think how foolish one feels, at such a distance, facing one's own private opinions of many months before... But," she adds, "a sort of presentiment which I had, has often put a strong check upon my pen." (3)

There is little of the seamy side of pioneering life to be found in Charlotte Godley's letters. An excursion into the bush or a few weeks' living in a two-roomed shack are/

(1) *ibid.*, p.151.

(2) *ibid.*, pp.44-5.

(3) *ibid.*, p.256.

are carried out in a picnic spirit, the participants secure in the knowledge that their hardships are only temporary and able to be terminated at will. Wellington and Christchurch are transplanted English provincial towns, with their naval and military officers, clergymen and landowners. One is reminded of Jane Austen. The labouring population is there, of course, but it is kept, with the servants, in the background. However, the value to a new colony of such a woman as Charlotte Godley cannot be too highly rated, for she and her acquaintances maintained a standard of social behaviour which had its effect on all, and did much to prevent that degradation of civilised man which is the usual concomitant of bush pioneering. Her grand-daughter, Eveline, affirmed that "the civilizing effect of her personality was of more service to the Colony than the manual work that she, or any one woman, could have achieved".⁽¹⁾

The Letters are not intimately personal documents, for they are written to her mother, not to a lover. To the social historian of Canterbury settlement they are indispensable; but their author has retained that privacy of her inner thoughts that she so much valued. Here, there is no study of human passions, though an occasional glimpse is given of the workings of greed and vanity in the colony. Not many of the thousands of letters that were written from early New Zealand have survived, and one must be thankful for the rescue of these voluminous and/

(1) *ibid.*, p. xviii.

and witty chronicles of an epoch.

By the end of her second decade of colonisation New Zealand was a much documented country, as may be seen by the bibliography which Thomson has appended to his Story of New Zealand. It mentions, he says in his preface, the existence of "ninety volumes, two hundred pamphlets, and nearly a hundred-weight of parliamentary papers".⁽¹⁾ As surgeon to the 58th Regiment he had resided in the colony for eleven years, during which period he had amassed sufficient material to write a general history of the country. His aims were comprehensive enough :

I have endeavoured to sketch the natural history of the country; to narrate the story of its people, their spiritual conquest, and the dawn of civilisation amongst them; to show how a few Anglo-Saxons planted and managed a colony in the midst of cannibals; and to describe their bygone dangers and difficulties, their present efforts to render a theoretical constitution practically useful, and the progress they have made in developing the resources of England's most distant colony. ⁽²⁾

He has noted down all that should be known in connection with New Zealand, but the Story of New Zealand is no mere catalogue of events. Everything, from the chapter on Natural History to his assessment of the progress of European civilisation among the Maoris, bears the stamp of a logical, orderly mind, not without humour. For example, commenting on the opening of the Supreme Court of Justice in 1842, in a colony noted for its absence of crime/

(1) Arthur S. Thomson, The Story of New Zealand: Past and Present - Savage and Civilised, 2 vols. (London 1889), Preface p.iii.

(2) *ibid.*, p.iv.

crime, he writes:

When the secretary of state appointed a judge and an attorney-general for New Zealand, he sent out one hundred Parkhurst boys as emigrants; and these reformed prisoners, in one year after their arrival, doubled the felony cases in the colony, and gave the Supreme Court some occupation.(1)

Of George Selwyn, first Bishop of New Zealand, he remarks:

"His activity soon made him known among the natives, and as he surpassed them in walking and fording dangerous rivers, they believed these qualities were the gifts of God for his special work".(2)

There are very few aspects of life in New Zealand upon which he has not touched, and as he has brought his survey right up to his own time, it is possible to find trivial events treated with the same attention to detail as those of a more important nature. But though his perspective may be sometimes at fault, his prognostications are often surprisingly accurate. There were not many men in New Zealand in 1860 who would be prepared to advocate publicly the legal union, by marriage, of white man and Maori. This, Thomson claimed, would be the salvation of the native race. In a speech made not long after his election to office, in 1880, the Minister for native affairs in New Zealand stated that one of his primary aims was to see the merging of the two races successfully carried out./

(1) *ibid.*, Vol.II, p.65.

(2) *ibid.*, Vol.II, p.65.

out.

In writing the history and examining the habits of both races in New Zealand, Thomson has garnered many stray items of information. In 1842, for instance, he notes that there were nine newspapers published in the colony: two at Wellington, two at the Bay of Islands, four at Auckland and one at Nelson.⁽¹⁾ Each cost sixpence and had a local circulation of about 200 copies. About half were published weekly, the others twice a week. In 1859, the only survivors of this original group were the Nelson Examiner and the Wellington Spectator.

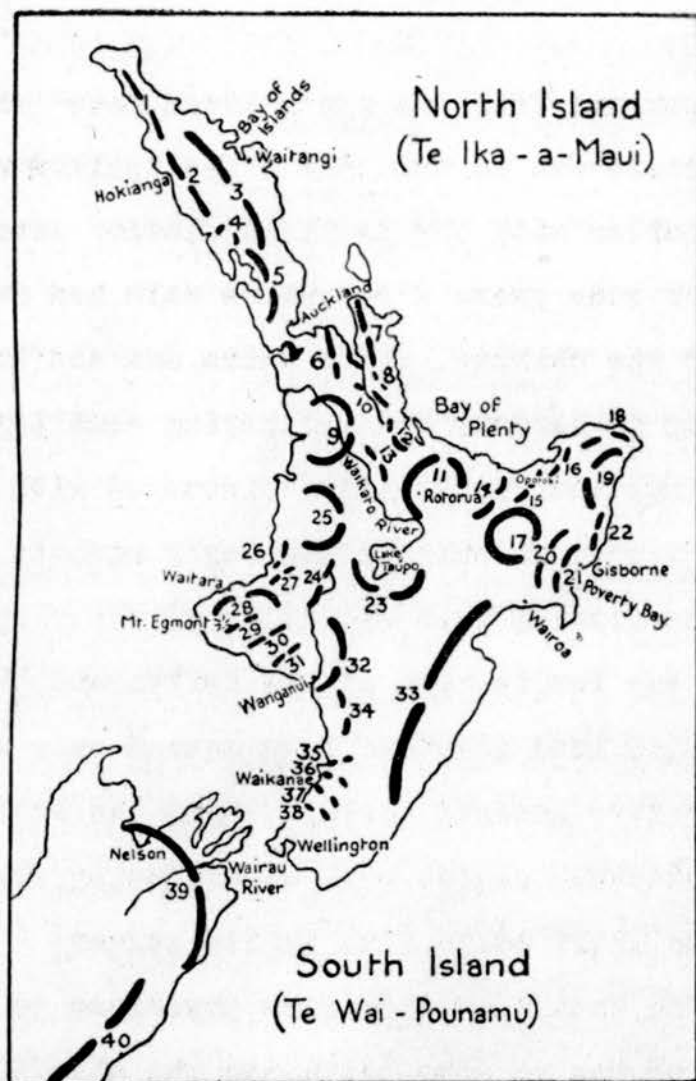
All the papers were in the habit of using strong language; indeed, savage scurrility supplied the place of wit and harshness of expression the want of keenness. Many articles were actuated by personal feelings, but, as some excuse for this state of things, it is to be remembered that the press was the only check the people had on their rulers.⁽²⁾

3/ Thomson's History finishes in the fifties, when the Maoris were becoming more and more restive as the ownership of their lands slipped away from them. As far as the whites were concerned the period just past had been one of steady development as the country was opened up for settlement in Auckland and the six Wakefield colonies of Wellington, New Plymouth, Wanganui, Nelson, Christchurch, and Dunedin. New Zealand had not been settled in any scrambling, haphazard way. An attempt had been made to preserve equality in the numbers/

(1) *ibid.*, Vol.II, p.67. And see below, pp. 420-1.

(2) *ibid.*, Vol.II, p.68.

numbers of the sexes; convicts had been excluded, and there was a reasonable balance between landowners and labourers. Where the Wakefield system had been given the fairest trial, as in the Church colonies of Christchurch and Dunedin, the English and the Scots had managed to preserve most recognisably their national institutions and characteristics; and it was in the South Island, untroubled by Maori disturbances, that the most rapid progress was made. But in the North Island the Maoris were beginning to feel that they were losing, after all, the substance as well as the shadow; they suspected that the colonists, who had taken the government of the country into their own hands in 1854, were not so likely to be impartial over the vexed questions of land sales as the Colonial Office in London. The missionaries, who had foreseen trouble in 1840, now had the gloomy satisfaction of being proved right.



PRINCIPAL MAORI TRIBES OF TO-DAY

1. Te Aupouri; 2. Te Rarawa; 3. Ngāpuhi; 4. Uriohau; 5. Ngāti-whātua; 6. Ngāti-paoa; 7. Ngāti-whānaunga; 8. Ngāti-maru; 9. Waikato; 10. Ngāti-tāmatera; 11. Te Arawa; 12. Ngātierangi; 13. Ngāti-hāua; 14. Ngāti-awa; 15. Whakatohea; 16. Ngaitai; 17. Urewera; 18. Whānau-a-apanui; 19. Ngāti-porou; 20. Rongowhākata; 21. Aitanga-a-mahaki; 22. Hāuiti; 23. Ngāti-tuwāharetoa; 24. Ngāti-hau; 25. Ngāti-maniapoto; 26. Ngāti-tama; 27. Ngāti-mutunga; 28. Taranaki; 29. Te Atiawa; 30. Ngāti-ruanui; 31. Ngāruru; 32. Whanganui; 33. Ngāti-kahungunu; 34. Ngāti-apa; 35. Māupoko; 36. Ngāti-raukawa; 37. Ngāti-toa; 38. Ngāti-awa; 39. Ngāti-awa, Ngāti-kuia, Ngāti-rarua, Ngai-Tahu; 40. Ngāti-Tahu (scattered through the south island).

[After Keesing, *The Changing Maori*.]

Chapter III.1860-1890History and Non-Fiction.

1

"By women and land are men's lives lost" runs a Maori proverb. There was no need for a New Zealand Helen in 1860, when the troubles with the Maori population over land came to a head. For some years a deceptive calm had reigned in Taranaki and the Waikato, where white man and brown appeared to be working in harmony and prospering equally;⁽¹⁾ but in their tribal meetings the Maori elders discussed with increasing anxiety the manner in which a seemingly endless stream of Europeans was flowing into the country, creeping deeper and deeper into the territories of the tribes and subjugating to its own purpose land that had been roamed over freely by Maori warriors for five hundred years. When the white man bought land he immediately set to work constructing fences to enclose it so that no Maori could fish in its streams or hunt in its forests. The fact that they were powerless to stop the tide of immigration was no consolation to the chiefs. Very evidently their heritage was slipping away from them and the White Queen was acquiring the substance as well as the shadow. Furthermore, the Maoris were beginning to feel very keenly about their social position in the new order, for the settlers took little trouble to disguise their view that the natives were their social inferiors.⁽²⁾

(1) See J. Cowan, Settlers and Pioneers, (Wellington, 1940), p.49.

(2) cf. J.E.Gorst, The Maori King, (London, 1864), p.73. - "The
(cont.)

inferiors. This kind of conduct was unlikely to conciliate an independent and savage people who were not yet convinced that the colonists, as distinct from the soldiers and sailors of the queen, were capable of supporting their claims by force. In other words they saw the colonists as a people who had to be protected by others from the consequences of their own injurious actions. The minds of the tribal chiefs reverted to the glorious exploits of Hone Heke who, in the course of his private war against the white man, had sacked and looted Kororarereka in the Bay of Islands and had only been stopped in his promising career by the combined efforts of British troops and native tribes friendly to the Government. So far as the chiefs could make out, the settlers had been able to do very little either to defend themselves/

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"The chief cause of the younger and less thoughtful Maories joining the 'King Movement' was the consciousness that they were regarded by a large majority of their white neighbours as an inferior and degraded race. Even men like Tamihana, who had other and more sober grounds for their disaffection, were powerfully influenced in their conduct by this mortifying reflection".

And p.74. - "They were still more painfully conscious of their social than of their political inferiority. To view men whose skin differs in colour from our own as 'damned niggers', is a weakness of our Anglo-Saxon character, which proves our civilisation and Christianity far from perfect. It destroys all chance of our gaining the affections of our native subjects in any part of the world; for uncivilized man will forgive any amount or kind of wrong sooner than a single personal insult. The Maories are exceedingly sensitive of any appearance of personal slight".

themselves or punish aggression. (1)

The Maoris' political and legal disabilities were no less pernicious than their social ones. They were allowed no representation in parliament, though this did not prevent their being heavily taxed. Evidently the colonists had not learnt the lesson so forcibly taught to George III; or perhaps they believed that the maxim "No taxation without representation" applied only to peoples of the same colour. The natives were subject to English laws, but these were written in a language they could not read and in many cases had been interpreted only when they had been contravened. Other laws, which should have benefited the tribes, had been passed by parliament, but not put into force. (2) Again, it was no doubt highly convenient that the Land Purchase Commissioner and the Minister for Native Affairs should be one and the same person; but it must have seemed to the Maoris that one man in his time was playing too many parts; indeed, it was not long before it was observed that the Native Department was interested mainly in those districts where land was desired by the white settlers./

(1) *ibid.* p.74. After pointing out that the Maoris were never unwilling to accept guidance and instruction, Gorst adds: "but to become a subject race, and accept the whites as dominant over them, was felt to be a degradation to which their savage independence could not stoop. They will never submit to the Colonial Government of New Zealand until the colonists alone, without help from England or Australia, shall prove themselves masters in the field".

(2) H. Miller, New Zealand, (London, 1950), p.61: "The Constitution Act provided for the setting apart of native districts, where Maori custom should have the force of law, but no such district was ever proclaimed; as early as 1844 an ordinance had provided for native trial by jury, but no jury had ever been summoned".

settlers.

It was little wonder, therefore, that when economic difficulties were added to their other troubles (the price of wheat that Maori farmers had been growing for sale to Europeans in Australia and New Zealand suddenly fell in 1856 from twelve to three or four shillings per bushel), the vigorous and independent tribes of the Waikato and Taranaki decided to take action on their own behalf. The Taranaki Maoris originated the idea of a Land League pledged to sell no more territory to the whites. The Waikatos, headed by Wiremu Tamihana and Rewi Maniapoto (later famed for his defence of Orakau), were quick to back them up and to suggest the immediate election of a King to weld the League more solidly together. The British, they argued, had a monarch who was at the head of the state, a kind but powerful being who made wise laws and saw that they were obeyed. Unfortunately, these laws, though doubtless very good for the white men in New Zealand, did not appear to be of equal benefit to the Queen's brown-skinned subjects. That being so, perhaps it would be better if the latter had a King of their own, who, with the help of his advisers (the Waikato chiefs were emphatic about the value and importance to be attached to the King's advisers), would make laws more suitable for the Maori race, while, of course, preserving amicable relations with the British Queen. Surely New Zealand was large enough for Maori and Pakeha to live side by/

by side in a partnership of equals? But in the meantime one point was clear: no more land was to be sold unless the great Runanga, or council of the tribes, gave assent. After much discussion a King was elected in 1858; but, owing to jealousies, personal and tribal, the mistake was made of choosing an old warrior whose day was long past. Te Whero Whero's prestige was still high, but he was ailing and enfeebled, and could not be relied upon to give a determined lead. Then, when he died in 1860, the council approved the succession of his son, Tawhiao, who was fitted neither by his brains nor by his temperament to hold high office. It was not a particularly auspicious beginning for the new dynasty, but the Maoris were not unlike Europeans in that they knew how to honour the position if not the man.

Neither of these two actions - the formation of a Land League and the election of a King - was intended by the majority of the Maoris to lead to war. They were seen merely as protective measures necessary for the safeguarding of their rights. But it was these actions, nevertheless, that led the Maori race to disaster. When the colonists found that they were to be debarred from the rich areas they coveted, they reacted violently, especially in Taranaki, where the Maoris controlled so much good land while the settlers were confined to so little. Had all the tribes of the North Island been members of the League and united under the one King, they might have presented so formidable an aspect that the settlers might have been constrained to engage /

engage in negotiations for an agreement satisfactory to both sides. But, as Reeves has pointed out,⁽¹⁾ New Zealand was, as she still is, "the land of jealousies, local and personal". Pacts of friendship between Maori tribes were traditionally temporary affairs, liable always to abrupt and savage termination as soon as one party felt itself sufficiently well-armed to assail the other with any chance of success. Moreover, the authority of the chiefs, and consequently that of the highest chief, had been to some extent weakened by the new religion which the missionaries had introduced. The doctrine that all men were equal in the sight of God made a strong appeal to warriors who were only too ready to act according to their own desires rather than those of their chief, and who had hitherto been kept under control mainly by the latter's strong arm and superior knowledge.⁽²⁾

(1) W.P. Reeves, The Long White Cloud, (London, 1898), p.263.

(2) cf. F.E. Maning, Old New Zealand, (1st pub. 1863, 5th imp. N.Z., 1949), p.35. - "This command was instantly obeyed by all the women, boys, and slaves. Melons also, being in disgrace, disappeared; but I observed that 'the whole of you' did not seem to be understood as including the stout, able-bodied, tattooed part of the population, the strength of the tribe - the warriors, in fact, many of whom counted themselves to be very much about as good as the chief. They were his nearest relations, without whose support he could do nothing, and were entirely beyond his control.

"I found afterwards that it was only during actual war that the chief was perfectly absolute, which arose from the confidence the tribe had in him, both as a general and a fighting man, and the obvious necessity that in war implicit obedience be given to one head. I have, however, observed in other tribes that in war they would elect a chief for the occasion - a war chief - and have been surprised to see the obedience they gave him, even when his conduct was very open to criticism. I say with surprise, for the natives are so self-possessed, opinionated, and republican, that the chiefs

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knowledge. Unfortunately there was no correspondingly firm belief in the Christian virtues, or for that matter in the Christian God. Thus it came about that there was dissension among the King Maoris and they split into two main parties, one, led by Rewi Maniapoto, in favour of declaring war and the other, led by Wiremu Tamihana, in favour of keeping the peace.

It was during this uneasy state of affairs, when the settlers were pressing angrily for more land in Taranaki and some of the most powerful Maori chiefs were insisting in council that they should be swept into the sea, that the Government chose to commit three far-reaching blunders. First, Tamihana, perhaps the most influential chief in the Waikato and certainly the possessor of the coolest brains in the King Country, was refused an interview with the Governor, Colonel Gore-Browne, in Auckland. He returned to the tribes in a state of grave doubt concerning Colonel Gore-Browne's intentions. Secondly the Government, finding difficulty in enforcing the laws against sale of fire-arms to the natives, insanely relaxed all control and permitted the Maoris to acquire as many weapons as they could pay for. Naturally, the disaffected tribes made the most of their opportunity. Finally, the Native Department bought land at Waitara in Taranaki from a minor chief to whom it did not belong and who/

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chiefs have at ordinary times but little control over them, except in very rare cases, where the chief happens to possess a singular vigour of character, or some other unusual advantage, to enable him to keep them under."

who was acting in defiance of the express commands of the head of his tribe. When the Ngatiawas, the tribe concerned, announced that they would resist surveyors by force, Governor Browne sent soldiers to Waitara,⁽¹⁾ and full-scale hostilities commenced (February, 1860).

It is not my purpose to enter into a detailed account of the Maori War, which dragged on for over ten years, sowing seeds of animosity and suspicion whose harvest has not even yet been fully gathered. Looked at in one way it was but a combat of frogs and mice; seen from another angle it was a struggle that gave New Zealand "the soul that a land wins only by grievous stress and strife and the evocation of poignant human emotions."⁽²⁾ It has been responsible for some interesting histories⁽³⁾ and what is perhaps New Zealand's finest historical novel.⁽⁴⁾ In its first stages there was little bitterness, and the Waikatos descended light-heartedly on Taranaki when they had sown their crops, to shoot pakehas⁽⁵⁾ in the open season. But soon it/

(1) For a full account of the Waitara purchase, the event which precipitated the war, see G.W. Rusden, History of New Zealand, 3 vols. (London, 1883), Vol. II, pp. 114-122.

(2) J. Cowan, Settlers and Pioneers, (Wellington, 1940), Preface, p. vi.

(3) J.E. Gorst, The Maori King, London, 1864.
T.W. Gudgeon, Reminiscences of the War in New Zealand, London, 1879.

G.W. Rusden, History of New Zealand, London, 1883, Vol. II. - and chaps. XVI-XVII of Reeves' Long White Cloud.

These four combined give a fairly complete picture of the War from different points of view.

(4) W. Satchell, The Greenstone Door, (London, 1914).

(5) Europeans.

it became evident to the Maori that he was not going to push the white man into the sea very easily and that, in fact, he was fighting for his own survival. On one side at least the combatants began to fight with desperation. It was never a serious crisis for the whites as a whole, though it was real enough for those settlers who were in the areas of conflict. In the end their superior numbers and equipment were bound to tell. From the very outset the imperial troops in New Zealand alone outnumbered all the warriors the Maoris could put into the field; and in 1865 there were estimated to be twenty thousand men - troops, militia and friendly natives - in arms against two or three thousand insurgents. The wonder is that the latter were able to hold out so long. The answer lay in the difficulty of the terrain, which consisted of mountain and forest; the courage and intelligence of the natives; and the lack of adaptability shown by certain of the imperial generals, though, to do them justice, the Regulars had little heart for the task of driving the Maoris off their lands. With the colonial militia it was a different proposition. They too were fighting for their future, for a stake in the country for which they had quitted the old world with such high hopes. Many of them had seen their farms go up in smoke; others had been fretting in New Plymouth or in Wellington, unable to occupy the land which they had bought from the Wakefield Company. To them it seemed unreasonable that the Maoris should insist on,

on locking away so many thousands of acres that they did not use for agriculture; and if war was the only means of obtaining the land, then let there be war. Perhaps, after all, that was the quickest and simplest way of settling the whole Maori Problem.

The friendly natives had various motives for fighting on the side of the Europeans. Some, who lived near the coast and had seen the ships arriving week after week and month after month, had realised the inevitable. "Who can stay the surf on Wanganui shore?" said one old chief, quoting a Maori proverb. Others would not join the King Maoris because of long-standing feuds that forbade any sort of alliance. Others again had received benefits from the pakeha that bound them firmly to his side from gratitude and interest. The East Coast tribes remained neutral at first, but some, such as the Ngatiporou, threw in their lot wholeheartedly with the whites after they had been attacked by insurgents with whom they had refused to join. The Urewera tribes, Elsdon Best's "Children of the Mist", the wildest and most primitive of all the Maori peoples, wished to ally themselves with no one and were interested only in keeping their mountain fastnesses inviolate; though they gave shelter to Te Kooti and Kereopa and their bands of marauders when they were fleeing from Ropata's Ngatiporou and Colonel McDonnell's militia. In the far north, the numerous and powerful Ngapuhi held themselves neutral, much to the relief of the citizens of Auckland.

Auckland.

Deeds of heroism will always be performed in wartime, not less in minor frontier skirmishes than in the more celebrated battles of history. In the Maori War British soldiers and sailors (the latter fighting on land), native allies, and native foes, all at times reached the heights; and perhaps one could not do better than to instance two or three of those episodes on which both peoples of the New Zealand race look back with some pride.

Take, for example, the battle of Moutua. In the summer of 1864 the friendly Wanganuis were guarding the lower reaches of their river against attack by a large war-party of Hau Haus.⁽¹⁾ At last, tired of waiting, they challenged the assembled raiders to a fair fight on the island of Moutua between selected bands whose numbers were to be approximately equal. The Hau Haus agreed and landed a hundred men at one end of the island while the Wanganuis did the same at the other. A fierce hand-to-hand struggle then took place, in the course of which both sides/

(1) The hau-Haus were a sect whose religion - Pai-Marire- was a hybrid form of Christianity. Whereas the Maori was usually a chivalrous and even generous foe, no excesses became too repulsive for the Hau-Haus. Rising in Taranaki in 1864 from the inspiration of the mad prophet Te Ua, and spreading to the East Coast a year later, the new "religion" was responsible for such events as the revival of cannibalism, the murder of a harmless missionary named Volckner at Opotiki, and the cold-blooded massacre of thirty-three white men, women and children, and thirty-seven natives, at Poverty Bay. The Hau-Haus believed that if they performed their ritual before battle and barked like dogs (hence their name) as they fought, they would be immune to their enemies' fire. When, as frequently happened, their foes' bullets did take effect, the priests /

sides continually discharged their muskets at each other at point-blank range. Finally, the Hau Hau's broke off the engagement and fled: there were few survivors. The remaining Wanganuis picked up their dead and marched back to the township while the white settlers whom they had saved lined the road to do them honour.

A second incident of note took place at Orakau in the Waikato. There the war-chief Rewi Maniapoto had retreated into a stockaded pa with a following of about three hundred which included women and children. Outnumbered four to one, without food or water, and completely surrounded, they held out for two days against continual assaults and a barrage of fire from artillery weapons that had been hauled through the bush. On the third day General Cameron called on them to surrender. Back came the reply, worthy of Byrhtnoth at Maldon: "Heoi ano! Ka whawhai tonu, ake, ake, ake!" ("Enough! We fight right on, for ever and ever and ever!"). To an offer of safe conduct for/

(cont.)

priests explained to the faithful that the dead men had not properly performed the necessary ritual or had offended Jehovah. The cult of Pai-Marire practically came to an end when one of its most violent priests, Kereopa, was caught and hanged in the Urewera country in 1871. Its barbarity and excesses were repugnant to the great majority of the Maori people. Its seed had been sowed in the bitterness and fury of war and it did not survive military defeat.

The following description of a Hau-Hau rite is taken from James Cowan's Adventures of Kimble Bent (London, 1911), pp. 81-2:

'The priest shouted, "Porini, hoia!" ("Fall in, soldiers!"); then "Teihana!" ("Attention!"), and they stood waiting. Then they chanted, as they got the order to march:

(cont.)

(cont.)

Translation.

Kira	Kill		
Wana	One		
Tu	Two		
Tiri	Three		
Wha	Four		
Teihana!	Attention.!		
'Round the sacred flag-staff they went - men, women, and children - chanting:			
Rewa	River	Rori	Road
Piki rewa	Big river	Piki rori	Big road
Rongo rewa	Long river	Rongo rori	Long road
Tone	Stone	Puihi	Bush
Piki tone	Big stone	Piki puihi	Big bush
Teihana!	Attention!	Teihana!	Attention!
Rongo puihi	Long bush	Mauteni	Mountain
Rongo tone	Long stone	Piki mauteni	Big mountain
Hira	Hill	Rongo mauteni	Long mountain
Piki hira	Big hill	Piki niu	Big staff
Rongo hira	Long hill	Rongo niu	Long staff
Teihana!	Attention!	Teihana!	Attention!
Nota	North	Hai!	Hi!
No te pihi	North by East	Kamu te ti	Come to tea
No te hihi	North North- east.	Oro te mens	All the men
Norito mino	N.E. by North.	Rauna	Round
Noriti	North-east	Te Niu	The Niu
Koroni	Colony	Teihana!	Attention!
Teihana!	Attention!		
Hema	Shem		
Rurawini	Rule the wind		
Tu mate wini	Too much wind		
Kamu te ti	Come to tea		
Teihana!	Attention!		

'And so on, a marvellous farrago of Maorified English words and phrases. It was Te Ua's "Gift of tongues.", they imagined, that had descended upon them.'

for the women they answered that the women would fight with the men. That afternoon the beleaguered garrison suddenly burst out of the pa in a solid mass, with the women, children and great chiefs in the centre, broke through the lines of the startled besiegers and headed for the bush. They had almost escaped with very little loss, when they ran into a column of rangers and cavalry which suddenly appeared out of the bush, took in the situation, and managed to cut down half their number before the others escaped, Rewi among them. Their daring had deserved greater success.

But perhaps the most fascinating tale of all is the story of the duel in the mountains of the East Coast between Te Kooti's Hau-Hau bands and McDonnell's forest rangers powerfully aided by Ropata and his Ngatiporou. After escaping in a borrowed schooner from the Chatham Islands, four hundred miles off the east coast of New Zealand, Te Kooti landed at Whare-onga-onga, near Poverty Bay, repulsed the hurried efforts made to recapture him, and rallied the disaffected tribes in the district. Three months later he and his Hau-Haus massacred the Poverty Bay settlers and then he took to the hills to plot further deeds of violence; but Ropata caught up with him at Makaretu, killed thirty-seven of his band, and pursued him to his mountain fortress of Ngatapa. Ngatapa fell together with one hundred and thirty-six Hau-Haus; but Te Kooti escaped to the Urewera from where he continued his raids. Colonel McDonnell defeated him in three engagements, but failed to capture him. For three years Ropata and Kepa/

Kepa pursued him among the bush-clad ranges of the Urewera, the wildest country in the North Island; they were on his heels many a time, but, although they broke up every band he formed, they never succeeded in laying hands on him. He finally took refuge in the King Country, where he was granted a pardon and died in peace some twenty years later. It was fortunate indeed for the East Coast settlers that the Hau-Haus had made an enemy of the most resourceful Maori soldier on that side of the island; otherwise, it is safe to predict that Te Kooti would have made his name even more terrible than he did.

By 1870, at the cost of much bloodshed and a war debt of three million pounds, the "fire in the fern" (1) had been almost completely extinguished. There were to be further isolated "incidents" along the aukati (2) of the King Country and at Parihaka in Taranaki, but no more pitched battles. The Maoris had put their cause to the arbitrement of arms and had failed. It did not matter that they had fought bravely and that Rewi's "Ake, ake, ake!" was written imperishably in the histories of the Colony; they knew only that they were beaten, that their land was to be confiscated and that their mana (3) had departed from them. The Maoris will take tremendous risks - one has only to instance those long ocean voyages, guided only by the stars and the homing instinct of a godwit - but they must see the way clear to some sort of happiness in this life./

(1) Reeves's phrase. Vide The Long White Cloud (London, 1898), Chap. XVII.

(2) frontier, border.

(3) mana: prestige.

life. Otherwise they lose the will to survive. Without a sincere belief in the Christian religion to give them the moral strength to endure all things, and with their faith in their old pagan gods shaken, if not utterly destroyed, what was there to give them hope? The white man was supremely powerful but there was no justice in him - Parihaka proved that; their old war-chiefs were either dead or in captivity or lurking in the fastnesses of the King Country, their mana diminished. For the Maori people there was no leadership, no mana, no hope - only defeat.

At the end of the eighteenth century the Maori population was estimated at one hundred thousand; by the end of the nineteenth century there were only forty thousand Maoris in New Zealand. It is little wonder that visitors to the country in the last quarter of the century wrote them off as a race doomed to extinction.⁽¹⁾

2.

A year after the outbreak of war in the north there occurred in the South Island an event destined to affect the lives of many thousands of men who had never heard of New Zealand. This was/

(1) Their defeat in the Maori War was not of course the only cause of native depopulation. This process had been going on ever since the first white settlers drifted to the Bay of Islands towards the end of the 18th century, bringing with them infectious epidemic diseases hitherto unknown to the Maoris, and introducing alcohol and firearms. The following table, which shows various estimates of native population, is reproduced from a paper by Dr. P.H. Buck, "The Passing of the Maori", in Transactions of the New Zealand Institute, Vol. 55

was the discovery of substantial quantities of gold by a prospector named Gabriel Read in a gully near Tuapeka in the mountains of central Otago. Read immediately communicated the news of his find to the Superintendent of the Province, with the result that half Dunedin rushed to Tuapeka. Diggers poured in from California and Australia, whole townships of wooden huts and tents sprang up from the rocks of bleak valleys (for it was soon discovered that the whole mountain area was rich in alluvial gold), and the banks of the rivers were dotted with the black figures of men panning frantically for the precious metal. Some, called "hatters", preferred to work on their own, and built their crazy huts miles from any other human habitation, in a spot where they need share their expected fortune with none; /

(cont.)

and is quoted by Dr. J.B. Condliffe in his New Zealand in the Making, (London 1930-), p.481. - (The interpolations are Dr.Buck's).

<u>Authority.</u>	<u>Year.</u>	<u>Population.</u>
Captain Cook.	1769-74.	100,000 (400,000).
Nicholas.	1814.	150,000.
Rev.W. Williams.	1835.	200,000.(120,000).
Sir George Grey.	1849.	120,000.
Sir Donald McLean.	1855.	60,000.
Judge Fenton.	1858.	55,970.
Official Estimate.	1867.	38,540.
Official Estimate.	1871.	37,520.
Colonial Government.	1874.	45,470.
Colonial Government.	1891.	41,993.
Colonial Government.	1896.	39,854.

none; some dispensed even with the company of animals, but these were unwise for the mountain solitudes can play strange tricks with a man's mind, causing him to doubt his own identity and turning his brain with alarming fancies. Drownings were frequent, as there were few bridges, and the rivers were swift and deep after rain. In dry weather their beds were frequently a quarter of a mile across, shingle mostly, with a few clear streams running independently towards the nearest bend; but when they were in flood a muddy torrent stretched from bank to bank. In a land where there were few old people deaths by drowning outnumbered deaths from all other causes. Whether they dwelt alone or in camps the diggers had a hard time of it and they bought their gold dearly. Wooden walls, corrugated iron roofs, and canvas, were poor protection against the elements in a winter like that of the Scottish Highlands, and to add to the difficulties fuel was scarce and food was fantastically expensive. The cost of transport - £120 a ton from Dunedin to Tuapeka - had to be added to prices that even in Dunedin were exorbitant: flour, £52. per ton; butter, 2/6 per lb.; meat 1/1 per lb.. It is not astonishing that few emerged from the goldfields with their fortunes made, even though great quantities of gold were discovered.

In 1864 fresh discoveries were made on the west coast of the South Island and the stream of prospectors was diverted to rock-bound coasts and dripping bush. Almost overnight Hokitika /

Hokitika became New Zealand's largest town, a place where the smallest coin in use was a shilling and miners lit their pipes with the proverbial five pound note.

3.

But New Zealand's chief gain in the period 1861 - 1870 was not from the gold she produced, though that was substantial. It lay rather in the flood of unplanned immigration and the capital that accompanied it. In ten years the population grew from 99,021 to 248,400, while imports increased from one and a half to seven million pounds in value. These phenomena were, however, contemplated with mixed feelings by the citizens of Christchurch and Dunedin. When the twelve thousand selected Presbyterians of Otago found themselves swamped by sixty thousand hard-bitten diggers from every station of life and professing all religions or none, they realised it was going to be difficult to retain their original plans for the settlement of the province. For a time the flow of wealth into the treasury from gold-duties and the sale of land compensated for any upset in their way of life; but by 1870, when the production of gold had almost completely fallen off, the flow of unemployed miners returning to Dunedin and other New Zealand cities was beginning to constitute a serious problem for the provincial legislators. It was at this moment that the Colonial Treasurer, Julius Vogel, proposed to the Central Government a scheme that /

that seemed as if it would provide the answer to all their difficulties. His idea was simple enough: that the Government should use the credit of the colony to borrow ten million pounds from overseas to finance public works, encourage more immigration, and aid farmers to settle on the land that had been confiscated from the Maoris. The plan was approved and enthusiastically carried into effect, though without certain safeguards which Vogel had considered necessary.⁽¹⁾ Land values boomed and speculators batten on the hundreds of immigrants who poured into the country; but thousands of acres were quickly taken up by genuine farmers who in a very short time were adding their quota to the bales of wool and wheat that were fetching attractive prices in the overseas market. Encouraged by the success of their Public Works policy the Government pushed blithely forward, getting and spending. A fall in prices in 1874 should have provided a warning, but if it did it passed unheeded. In 1875 the Treasury began to look around for money with which to pay the interest on the mounting public debt. Vogel remembered his grudge against the Provinces and decided the time had come for their overthrow and the centralisation of the revenue of the colony. He succeeded, but not without a bitter/

(1) The wisest of these proposed safeguards was the setting aside of some six million acres of crown lands from which the cost of railways and roads might be recouped. But the Provincial Governments, very foolishly as it turned out, unanimously refused to surrender a single acre to the Central legislature.

bitter fight, remarkable for the emergence of Sir George Grey from his comfortable retirement in Auckland. The old patrician did battle on behalf of his beloved Provinces with a demagogic eloquence that was none the less effective in that it was unexpected. In vain, however: the Provinces fell in 1876 and their control of the land was handed over to Wellington. Henceforth, all major decisions were to be made by the House of Representatives, whose procedure was based on that of the British House of Commons; purely local business was transacted by town councils and a bewildering multiplicity of rural boards, whose chief feature was an almost complete lack of progressive ideas.

In 1878 world prices fell and New Zealand's façade of prosperity collapsed. There was nothing fundamentally wrong with her policy of borrowing - indeed, a young country can scarcely make headway without borrowed capital and New Zealand had already incurred a debt of seven million pounds before Vogel's scheme had been heard of - but the Central Government had borrowed too much (nearly twenty millions instead of Vogel's original ten millions) and had spent it recklessly. At that time New Zealand had only one permanent and important source of revenue from overseas markets: her export of wool, which was a slender basis for prosperity. The country was at the mercy of price fluctuations beyond her control and possessed a frail security for the load of debt which she so cheerfully undertook to bear. As the author of the Public Works Policy,/

Policy, Vogel has incurred most of the blame for the woes of the eighties, but not all the faults of administration can be laid at his door; and in other directions he had proved his statesmanship - he had, for example, created the Public Trust Office and the Government Life Insurance, both of which have since developed into solid, trustworthy organisations. But, whoever was to blame, the country was faced with the bleak prospect of economic depression and the need for retrenchment. It was a bitter experience to find recurring in this new land of hope such Old World misfortunes as unemployment and bankruptcy; but it led the politicians to think very seriously indeed about the extent of New Zealand's dependence on the produce of her farmers.

However, there occurred in the worst years of the depression an event that was to lift the colony on to firmer economic foundations. This was the arrival in Britain in 1882 of the first successful shipment of frozen mutton from New Zealand. Not only did refrigeration mean new markets for the squatter but it also meant the development of the small dairy farm, which would find eager customers for its butter and cheese in a newly industrialised Great Britain. It looked at last as if the Wakefield dream of a sturdy peasantry, their country's pride, was to be fulfilled. In the North Island, and most of the South, with their warm climate and sheltered green valleys, it was unnecessary to build costly barns to house cattle during the winter. Thus costs were reduced, enabling the New Zealand/

Zealand farmer to send his butter and cheese, twelve thousand miles and then sell at competitive prices. Wool prices might fluctuate, but dairy products and meat were staple foods which would always command a sale. From the British point of view, New Zealand was a good investment, for it was like having a large farm which could be trusted to produce ever-increasing quantities of food. International complications might upset the flow of trade with foreign lands; but New Zealand was the most loyal of the dominions, bound both by sentiment and interest to maintain the closest and friendliest relations with the Mother Country.

But dairy farms are not created in a day; and as New Zealand slowly emerged from her economic depression the problem of land sales raised a Medusa head which had never lain very low. The wealthy squatters, who owned tens of thousands of acres on the eastern sides of both Islands, had for many years been most unwilling to part with any of the land on which their huge flocks of sheep were pasturing. And as these men were usually the most influential figures in the Central Government, and in the Provinces before they were abolished, it was extremely difficult to make them surrender part of their holdings so that the man of limited means might acquire his farm of fifty or a hundred acres. The name "squatter" began to acquire an odium which it had not hitherto possessed, /

possessed, for the big landowners were the men who had taken all the risks in opening up new territory, driving sheep over mountains, burning off fern, sowing grass and learning through bitter experience the catastrophic effect produced by the introduction of overseas birds and plants into a land where the balance of nature had been undisturbed for centuries. Only a new and strong Government could break their power and give the small man his chance. The Liberal-Labour party, which was elected to office in 1891, was to provide just such a Government; and in that year New Zealand entered on a programme of social and industrial reform that was the beginning of a new era in her history.

It might be thought that the men and women who emigrated to New Zealand in the second half of the nineteenth century would have been too deeply engaged in the business of keeping alive or making a fortune to give much consideration to the proposition that man does not live by bread alone. After all, pioneering is not romantic to the pioneer who is contending with floods and gales in the Rakaia Valley, uprooting tree stumps in the King Country, or simply minding sheep. The English pastoral poets had more pleasant objects to contemplate than Canterbury lamb, wind and tussock. But in spite of the unpropitious surroundings and prevailing materialistic tone of society, a great deal of verse and prose was produced during this period, much of it competently written and interesting to read, some of it, like Maning's Old New Zealand, almost perfect of its kind, most of it dull and pedestrian prose, and light-hearted or sentimental verse, read and soon forgotten. Perhaps it is not surprising that so many of the novels and journals of station life were written by women, for the wife of the owner of a large sheep-farm probably had as much leisure as anybody in the colony, and a good deal more than most people. Lady Barker's Station Life is gossip and amusing, and it has one great advantage - it was written by a woman, who, besides being well educated and intelligent, was a born raconteuse./

raconteuse. The goldfields did not figure very prominently in the literature of the period: there were a few melodramatic novels, the picaresque journal of W.J. Barry, the slangy Adventures of George Washington Pratt, and some references in verse.⁽¹⁾ The Maori received his meed of attention in all forms of writing (except drama - no noteworthy⁽²⁾ plays have ever been written in New Zealand, mainly because of the lack of a professional company to perform them), but war novels did not come until later, the finest of these being Satchell's Greenstone Door, published in 1914.

Most of the fiction of the pioneering years was loose in structure, sketchy in character portrayal, and uncertain in dialogue, the latter being either too stilted or too colloquial to be quite natural. There were too many "types" - the wastrel, the new chum, the noble chief or his still nobler daughter, the Irish bullock-driver and the Welsh shepherd - and too few living human beings. Only occasionally does a figure step out from behind the footlights and take on an individuality of his own: Palmer, for instance, hot-blooded and argumentative, in Clara Cheeseman's A Rolling Stone, the serious, philosophising Richard Raleigh of George Chamier, and, in verse, the rollicking, piratical squatters of Crosbie Werd. /

(1) No New Zealand writer has produced anything to compare with the Australian H.H. Richardson's full-scale tragedy, The Fortunes of Richard Mahoney, (London, 1930).

(2) Except, perhaps, Douglas Stewart's two radio plays in verse, Fire on the Snow and The Golden Lover (both Sydney, 1944), and his stage play in verse and prose, Ned Kelly (Sydney, 1945), but these were written by a New Zealander living in Australia.

Ward.

In language, too the writers of the seventies and eighties show up badly, but there was some excuse for them here, for the English language was in process of suffering a sea-change in its transplantation from Great Britain to the Antipodes. In the day to day life of the colonist the beautiful vocabulary descriptive of an intimate countryside was giving way to a harsher, rough and ready form of speech, in which "clearing" replaced "glade", and a copse became a patch of bush. This uncertainty over "correct" and "incorrect" forms of written speech was complicated by the fact that all the settlers suffered more or less from a mild form of schizophrenia. They were in New Zealand but not entirely of it; they might be working in Weka Gully, but when they shut their eyes they saw Dingley Dell. They wrote their letters "home" to relatives and friends twelve thousand miles away; and if they wrote a book the readers they visualised lived in Britain, not New Zealand. Underlying everything was a nostalgia for the scenes of one's youth, a forlornness that was genuine and pathetic, commanding the sympathy of a generation which, even in nineteen fifty-four, still lives in two worlds.

There was one form of literature, however, that was remarkably successful at this time: the journal or memoir, the best examples of which were written by men and women who/

who were permanent settlers in the country or who paid it more than a fleeting visit, earning a living as colonials over a period of years. Most of these journals conform to a fairly simple pattern: the voyage, the first impact of New Zealand life and scenes, the daily round of the settler, and descriptions of snow-storms, floods, bush-fires and other violent breaks in routine. Advice to the intending emigrant is a favourite conclusion. Maori life and customs are an important element in the North Island journals but they receive little mention in the works of South Island settlers, which is not surprising when it is remembered how difficult communications were between the two islands and how few Maoris were ever seen by the settlers of Canterbury and Otago. Samuel Butler's A First Year in Canterbury Settlement, F.E. Maning's Old New Zealand, and Sir John Logan Campbell's Poenamo, are all touched by that creative imagination which alone can call into being a work of art. In these works the style counts for more than the subject.

5.

Although Samuel Butler (1835-1902) really belongs to English literature his A First Year in Canterbury Settlement (London 1863) is so exclusively New Zealand in its contents and character that more than a passing reference is justified. Butler was only twenty-four when he sailed for Canterbury, but he possessed several considerable assets, not the least of which were good health, an inquiring mind, and four thousand pounds. Upon arrival in January, 1860, after a three months' voyage, he immediately cast about him for ways of investing his capital to the greatest possible advantage. After

After some preliminary debate he took up a sheep run of eight thousand acres, which he called "Mesopotamia", in the foothills of the Southern Alps, in the Rangitata district, and there he succeeded in doubling his capital before he returned to England in 1864. During his stay in Canterbury Butler wrote various articles for the Christchurch Press, one of which, "Darwin Among the Machines", he used later in Erewhon. For the same book he drew considerably on his sheep-farming experiences and on his explorations of the upper Rangitata valley. In 1863, his father, after severely editing his letters home, published them under the title, A First Year in Canterbury Settlement. Although the sparkle and exuberance of this journal can be matched in the writings of other young men who went out to New Zealand to make a fortune or to gain experience of life for the good of their souls, it is soon evident that here is a young man who possesses a natural talent for spinning a tale, and a gift for words that has its basis in a sound education. Stock-riders and shepherds can tell a good story round a camp-fire, but their limited vocabularies keep their "yarns" within the realms of folk-literature. Only once or twice in a generation, if then, does the "outback" find an interpreter whose appeal is the same to city man and country man alike. New Zealand has yet to produce such artists as Henry Lawson and Joseph Furphy;⁽¹⁾ but she is fortunate that a man of Butler's calibre was able to pay her a visit and do more than merely jot down his impressions./

(1) Henry Lawson's reputation has been established these fifty years, but I doubt whether Joseph Furphy (Tom Collins) is as well known as he deserves to be. There are many critics in Australia who say that his Such is Life (Sydney, 1903) is the finest novel that country has yet produced.

impressions.

It is a characteristic of the New Zealander (as of all small-town or rural people, whether they inhabit the Main Street of Sinclair Lewis's middle-west or one of Henry Lawson's bush settlements) that he is incurably inquisitive about people, not, however, with any scandal-mongering intentions, but simply because human beings are almost always the most interesting objects on the landscape. In a small provincial town a strange face is a gift from the gods; and as for the lonely sheep-country of Hawke's Bay and Otago, no Arab looks more earnestly for a water-hole in the Sahara, no ship-wrecked mariner scans more wistfully the heaving ocean for a sail, than does the shepherd straining his eyes over the tussock grass in the hope that some far-wandering traveller will appear, to share his billy-tea and to listen to the thousands of words that have been bottled up within him. Not even the most reserved of Scotsmen are proof against the fascinations of ~~the~~pany after a month's sojourn in the hills.⁽¹⁾ Butler on board the emigrant ship at Gravesend had not yet reached that desperate condition in which the sufferer must find out everything about everyone in sight, but he was observant and he had the novelist's habit of writing down notes of what he saw, for future reference./

(1) There is a convincing description of the baneful effects of solitude in George Chamier's Philosopher Dick (London, 1891).

Butler, too, was to feel its effects.

reference. His journal of the voyage follows the usual pattern of those kept by emigrants to Australia and New Zealand in the nineteenth century. There is a description of fellow-passengers, of the departure, of calms, of storms, of ship-board diversions, of heat in the tropics and of biting cold in the higher latitudes; all rounded off by advice concerning one's comfort on board - a question of some importance when it is remembered that the voyage generally lasted three months. Butler's most impressive injunction was that no one should travel second class if he could afford to travel first.

It is a habit of historians of a new country, to cast a halo round its pioneers. This is an amiable custom, which does harm to nobody, though it has put a heavy strain upon Australian scholars. No English speaking community has attempted in modern times to trace its ancestry back to the gods, like the Romans or the Japanese, but in their modest way the New Zealanders have indulged themselves in a mild glorification of the Wakefield settlers, especially the Canterbury Pilgrims and the Otago Presbyterians. There is no doubt that stringent methods of selection were employed by the Wakefield Company; but there is equally little doubt that they were not fool-proof and that many a bleating lamb turned into a wolf - or, what was worse, many a working bee changed into a drone - as soon as the shores of England had faded from/

from view. One, at least, of the emigrants at Gravesend on October 1st, 1859, was of this kind:

By and by a couple of policemen made their appearance and arrested one of the party, a London cabman, for debt. He had a large family, and a subscription was soon started to pay the sum he owed. Subsequently, a much larger subscription would have been made in order to have him taken away by anybody or anything.⁽¹⁾

A slightly astringent quality is already noticeable in Butler's humour; his irony bears a resemblance to Thackeray's or Jane Austen's, with some of the former's tolerance, but more of the latter's sharpness and penetration. But he has not yet become the enfant terrible of Victorian society who wrote The Way of All Flesh. In A First Year he is merely trying his 'prentice hand and there is frequently a note of amusement in his thrusts:

Sailors generally estimate a gale of wind by the amount of damage it does; if they don't lose a mast or get their bulwarks washed away, or at any rate carry away a few sails, they don't call it a gale, but a stiff breeze; if, however, they are caught even by comparatively a very inferior squall, and lose something, they call it a gale.⁽²⁾

On his first evening in Christchurch, the principal township of the New Canterbury province, he settles down to listen respectfully to the conversation of the men in his hotel, /

(1) S. Butler, A First Year in Canterbury Settlement (London, 1863) p.2.

(2) *ibid.*, pp.14-15.

hotel, and is soon made aware of two salient features of the colonial - his materialism and his dialect:

The all engrossing topics seemed to be sheep, horses, dogs, cattle, English grasses, paddocks, bush, and so forth. From about seven o'clock in the evening till about twelve at night I cannot say that I heard much else. These were the exact things I wanted to hear about, and I listened till they had been repeated so many times over that I almost grew tired of the subject, and wished the conversation would turn to something else. A few expressions were not familiar to me. When we should say in England "Certainly not," it is here "No fear," or "Don't you believe it." When they want to answer in the affirmative they say "It is so," "It does so." The word "hum," too, without pronouncing the u, is an amusing requisition. I perceived that this stood either for assent, or doubt, or wonder, or a general expression of comprehension without compromising the hummer's own opinion, and indeed for a great many more things than these; in fact, if a man did not want to say anything at all he said "hum hum." It is a very good expression, and saves much trouble when its familiar use has been acquired. Beyond these trifles I noticed no Yankeeism, and the conversation was English in point of expression. I was rather startled at hearing one gentleman ask another whether he meant to wash this year, and receive the answer "No." I soon discovered that a person's sheep are himself. If his sheep are clean, he is clean. He does not wash his sheep before shearing, but he washes; and, most marvellous of all, it is not his sheep which lamb, but he "lams down" himself. (1)

And later, after relating an anecdote concerning an erudite Oxonian sheep-herding in Otago, he writes:

This man must certainly be considered a rare exception. New Zealand seems far better adapted to develop and maintain in health the physical than the intellectual nature. The fact is, people here/

(1) *ibid.*, pp.31-2.

here are busy making money; that is the inducement which led them to come in the first instance, and they show their sense by devoting their energies to the work. Yet, after all, it may be questioned whether the intellect is not as well schooled here as at home, though in a very different manner. Men are as shrewd and sensible, as alive to the humorous, and as hard-headed. Moreover, there is much nonsense in the old country from which people here are free. There is little conventionalism, little formality, and much liberality of sentiment; very little sectarianism, and, as a general rule, a healthy, sensible tone in conversation, which I like much. But it does not do to speak about John Sebastian Bach's Fugues, or pre-Raphaelite pictures.⁽¹⁾

There speaks the man of common-sense, the Butler who turned four thousand pounds into eight thousand in four years. As for the atmosphere of materialism in 1860 it was certainly very noticeable, but the same complaint has been made in other countries, and there is every excuse for materialism in a frontier society. The church settlements of Canterbury and Otago were founded by idealists like John Robert Godley, who combined spiritual powers with practical ability in administration and strove to reproduce conditions which they had known in the old world and in which religion and the arts could flourish. Religious workers achieved a good measure of success, but it was an uphill struggle with the arts, especially in districts outside the main centres. People had very little time to attend to the cultivation of mind or manners: this was left to a few of the wealthier station-owners and to some town-dwellers whose /

(1) *ibid.*, p.51.

whose birth and influential position entitled them to set the tone of society. Meanwhile, the rank and file got on with the job of earning a living and building a home. "To better oneself" meant to increase one's spending power.

An emigrant from one country to another has a problem of adaptation that is all the more irksome the less he is prepared for it. This unpreparedness is especially common in the case of New Zealand, a country that from its earliest days of colonisation has considered it the highest praise to be known as "the most British of all the Dominions.". In 1860 she was not foreign, in the sense that Spain or Turkey were foreign, or even the U.S.A. for that matter: the language was English, with only a few technical or slang variations, and its accents were still those of the British Isles; the food and cooking were British; the colonists had nearly all been educated in British schools; Christchurch was deliberately planned to look like an English cathedral city; and Dunedin was as staunchly Scottish as Edinburgh itself. As he stepped ashore at Lyttelton or Port Chalmers the new arrival would find comfort in the reflection that he would soon be surrounded by the kinds of people and institutions he had known in his native land. It was at that stage that his re-education would begin. He would learn that the nature of British institutions and people had been subtly modified by the change of environment. For one thing, the /

the "lower classes" were more independent. The maxim, "The labourer is worthy of his hire", had assumed a new significance in a land where labour was at a premium and a reliable man, or woman, could choose among a dozen employers.⁽¹⁾ Under such conditions the differences between the social classes were not so great. The frontier is one of the breeding-grounds of democracy, as De Tocqueville and Turner⁽²⁾ have pointed out with reference to the U.S.A.; and, on the frontier, man's dignity depends more on his possession of certain basic virtues, such as strength, courage, and endurance, than on his noble birth. If he has inherited these qualities, he will prosper; if he has not, he would do better to stay at home.

Thus, as Butler found during his visit, there was little subservience, and a farmhand tended to address his employer rather as an English yeoman would the squire of his parish. This alteration in demeanour was not necessarily unpleasant; but there was another colonial mannerism that was less likely to please. This was the custom of treating all newcomers, no matter what their age or reputation, as the most helpless of "new-chums", as "green" in the ways of colonial life as Oliver Twist was in those of Charlie Bates and the Artful Dodger. His innocence would be a source of amusement to all/

(1) cf. W.D. Hay, Brighter Britain, 2 vols., (London, 1882), Vol. I, pp. 48-51.

(2) Charles Clérel de Tocqueville, Democracy in America (World's Classics, 1946).

Frederick Jackson Turner, The Frontier in American Society, (New York, 1948).

all around; beardless youths who had preceded him by a mere six months would patronise him as a matter of right, in a way that could be infuriating to the highest degree. Time would no doubt mend his deplorable state, but he would have to strive hard to overcome his defects, the while observing a proper humility in the company of those whose ignorance of colonial customs was not as gross as his own. If he were sensible he would conform to this usage, fortified by the knowledge that he had only to wait for the next ship from Britain in order to regain some of his lost self-esteem. If he were so unwise as to inform the world that he was not as helpless as he was on the day he was born his protestations were laughed to scorn and he was subjected to rather more ridicule than was strictly necessary. There is every evidence that the young Samuel Butler chose the easier way, aided by tolerant friends and his own good sense; but that he did not find sheep-farming all plain sailing is indicated by a reference of a fellow-colonist to "the fits of rage that he could only disguise by riding abruptly away into the bush."⁽¹⁾ Occasionally he found relief for his feelings in a little good-natured criticism of New Zealand Philistinism:

I am forgetting myself into admiring a mountain which is of no use for sheep. This is wrong. A mountain here is only beautiful if it has good grass on it.⁽²⁾ Scenery is not scenery - it is/

(1) Vide P.N. Furbank, Samuel Butler, (Cambridge Univ. Press, 1948) p.42, where this remark is quoted. The name of the settler is not given.

(2) The same thought was in the mind of a contemporary poet, who wrote: (cont.)

is 'country,' [^]subaudita voce 'sheep.' If it is good for sheep, it is beautiful, magnificent, and all the rest of it; if not, it is not worth looking at. I am cultivating this tone of mind with considerable success, but you must pardon me for an occasional outbreak of the Old Adam.(1)

There were other times, when Butler threw caution to the winds and wholeheartedly admired scenery for its own sake, but this is not to be wondered at in a man who subsequently set out to make Art his career, however unsuccessful he proved to be. The camp-fire scene in the mountains, when he was making his way up the headwaters of the Harpur River in the Southern Alps, is strongly reminiscent of one of Stevenson's nights in the Cevennes:

The night was warm and quiet, the silence only interrupted by the occasional sharp cry of a wood-hen and the rushing of the river, whilst the ruddy glow of the fire, the sombre forest, and the immediate foreground of our saddles and blankets, formed a picture to me entirely new and rather impressive.(2) /

(cont.)

If you see a man solemnly gazing alone
At some kingly old totara, splendidly grown,
And uprearing its head till the skies it can kiss,
You may safely conclude the subject is this,
Of the deep meditation in which he is sunk,
Not the glorious beauty he's inwardly drunk,
But the number of feet he can cut from its trunk.

"A Globe-trotter's Views on New Zealand", ll. 102-8, Colonial Couplets, by G.P. Williams and W.P. Reeves (Christchurch, 1889).

(1) A First Year in Canterbury Settlement, pp. 70-1.

(2) ibid., p.54.

But then he adds, as reason comes to his aid, what Stevenson would never have dreamt of adding:

Probably after another year or two I shall regard camping out as the nuisance which it really is, instead of writing about sombre forests and so forth. Well, well, that night I thought it very fine, and so in good truth it was.(1)

(1) *ibid.*, pp.54-5.

The passages just quoted are almost certainly the original of a similar description in Erewhon, though in the latter it has lost its half-apologetic tone:

When we had done supper it was quite dark. The silence and freshness of the night, the occasional sharp cry of the wood-hen, the ruddy glow of the fire, the subdued rushing of the river, the sombre forest, and the immediate foreground of our saddles, packs, and blankets made a picture worthy of a Salvator Rosa or a Nicolas Poussin. I call it to mind and delight in it now, but I did not notice it at the time. We next to never know when we are well off: but this cuts two ways, - for if we did, we should perhaps know better when we are ill off also; and I have sometimes thought that there are as many ignorant of the one as of the other. (p.35, 1931 edition).

Other examples of this correspondence may easily be found; indeed, nearly all the best parts of the opening chapters of Erewhon describing the sheep-country in the mountains and life on an up-country station have originally been written in A First Year, only in the later book they have usually been condensed. For instance, in A First Year Butler mentions the difficulty he had in going to sleep on the occasion of one of his first nights in the open, owing to his not providing himself with a hollow for the hip-bone. He remedied this the following evening and slept soundly. In Erewhon he speaks as an experienced traveller:

We found as soft a piece of ground as we could - though it was all stony - and having collected grass and so disposed of ourselves that we had a little hollow for our hip-bones, we strapped our blankets around us and went to sleep. (p.36).

However, it must be admitted that there was another side to the picture. The landscape did not always awaken enthusiasm, even in an artist. Speaking of the plains which figured so prominently in the lives of the Canterbury settlers, Butler wrote:

They are, in clear weather, monotonous and dazzling; in cloudy weather monotonous and sad; and they have little to recommend them but the facility they afford for travelling, and the grass which grows upon them.⁽¹⁾

This is a view unanimously endorsed by North Island visitors to Canterbury. As an Australian writer once said of his own country, the land was not unlovable, it was merely unloved.⁽²⁾ With regard to his sheep, Butler has adopted the only possible outlook (notwithstanding the pastoral poets) of the man who counts them in thousands; that is, one of distant and unaffectionate solicitude. Shepherding, he states, is

one of the most prosaic professions you could have adopted. Sheep will be the one idea in your mind, and as for poetry, nothing will be farther from your thoughts. Your eye will ever be straining after a distant sheep - your ears listening for a bleat - in fact, your whole attention will be directed, the whole day long, to nothing but your flock. Were you to shepherd too long your wits would certainly go wool-gathering, even if you were not tempted to bleat. It is, however, a gloriously healthy employment.⁽³⁾

In 1864 Samuel Butler returned to England and to English literature. He had every reason to be pleased with his visit to the other side of the world, for he had made a success of

(1) *ibid.*, p.45.

(2) Brian Penton, Advance Australia - Where? (London, 1943), p.47.

(3) A First-Year, op. cit., p.161.

of his venture in farming and had in addition gathered materials for the book that was to bring him his first measure of literary fame. Meanwhile he had left to the embryo literature of New Zealand a brightly written journal of colonial life, given at times to caricature but conveying on the whole a favourable impression of the country to any intending emigrant who might happen to read it. Anyone who expected to find in it the philosophical spirit of the later Butler would be disappointed, but it possesses virtues of its own - a shrewdness of observation, a diversity of incident, and cheerfulness of presentation - that make it one of the most readable of the journals of the pioneers.

6.

When Frederick Edward Maning (1811-1883) arrived at Hokianga, North Auckland, in 1833, the Treaty of Waitangi had not yet been signed, and formal possession of the country had not yet been taken by the British government. These were the "good old times" of Maning's classic, Old New Zealand (Auckland, 1863),⁽¹⁾ when a man's success depended upon his courage and strength as much as upon his wits, and "when everyone did as he liked, except/

(1) Old New Zealand: A Tale of the Good Old Times, by a Pakeha Maori (1st edit. Auckland, 1863). A second edition was brought out in the same year, as well as a British edition. In 1876 it was again published in London, but this time with the addition of the History of the War in the North of New Zealand against the Chief Heke in the Year 1845 as told by an Old Chief of the Ngapuhi Tribe. The Maori Traditions were added to a New Zealand edition in 1906. The latest edition is one by Whitcombe and Tombs (N.Z. and London), 1949.

except when his neighbours would not let him (the more shame for them); when there were no taxes, or duties, or public works, or public to require them";⁽¹⁾ when, in fact, the sovereign law in the North Island of New Zealand was the law of force, one that appealed to Maning as much as it did to his Ngapuhi friends.

It was the love of adventure that had led Maning to live with the Ngapuhi. He was born in Dublin, a grandson on his mother's side of the Reverend John Barrett, D.D., vice-provost of Trinity College. His father emigrated to Tasmania with his family in 1824 and later became a chief clerk in the Customs Service. Not much is known of their life in Hobart, but it would appear probable that the children were given as good an education as their parents and the young colony could offer. Old New Zealand and The War in the North were written by a man who had sufficient education to cultivate quite deliberately a style very well suited to the nature of his subject. A true Pakeha-Maori,⁽²⁾ he rambles and digresses as much as any native story-teller; but the digressions in Old New Zealand are intended to take the place of the plot in a novel. In the first paragraph of Chapter Six Maning states:

I never yet could get the proper knack of telling a story. Here I am now, a good forty years ahead of where I ought to be, talking of title deeds and land commissioners, things belonging to the new and deplorable state of affairs which began when this country became a British colony/

(1) p.5, 1949 edition.

(2) A pakeha Maori is a white man who lives with the Maoris, more or less adopting their way of life.

colony and possession, and also 'one of the brightest jewels in the British crown.' I must go back. (1)

This sort of thing could be maddening if one were looking for a story; but once the reader has reconciled himself to the fact that here is a book as inconsequential as, say, Tristram Shandy, or A Sentimental Journey, then he is in the mood to appreciate Old New Zealand. There is just as much delay in getting Maning ashore at Hokianga as there is in getting Tristram born. There is no consistency in the plot; but there is considerable consistency in the mood.

The first and most obvious approach to Old New Zealand is to treat it as a mine of information concerning Maori life and customs in the first half of the nineteenth century, before the white man's culture had had time to make much impression. Within his fairly limited range, Maning gives what is probably the most accurate, certainly the most vivid, account of the Maori customs to be found in New Zealand literature. The Maori laws concerning the acquisition of 'property', the many shades of meaning attaching to the word mana, the influence of tapu on the Maori mind, the process known as murū (which was simply legalised robbery), the correct reception to give a visiting war-party whose intentions may or may not be strictly honourable, are all described with gusto and a wealth of anecdote that pays/

(1) p.79, 1949 edition.

pays particular attention to the more ferocious and blood-thirsty side of the Maori character. Given two or three accounts, by different authors, Maning's is the one most likely to be remembered, because almost certainly it would be the most vivacious.

His chief interest is in fighting and bloodshed and so, unconsciously perhaps, he gives prominence to those aspects of Maori life, omitting much that other people would consider of greater importance. A foreigner who read Old New Zealand and nothing else would receive the impression that the Maori spent all his time at war or preparing for war.⁽¹⁾ Maning has been blamed for this one-sidedness; but it seems to me that such criticism has no valid foundation. Old New Zealand is a journal and does not pretend to be an encyclopedia or a history./

(1) For example, this passage on p.184 (1949):
 The natives attribute their decrease in numbers before the arrival of the Europeans to war and sickness, disease possibly arising from destruction of food and the forced neglect of cultivation caused by the constant and furious wars which devastated the country for a long period before the arrival of the Europeans, in such a manner that the natives at last believed that a constant state of warfare was the natural condition of life, and their sentiments, feelings, and maxims became gradually formed on this belief. Nothing was so valuable or respectable as strength and courage, and to acquire property by war and plunder was more honourable and also more desirable than by labour. Cannibalism was glorious. The island was a pandemonium.

history. Excitement and adventure were what appealed to Maning most, and his narrative style is a reflection of his erratic, strenuous nature. Every writer has his limitations and it is the wise writer who observes them. If Maning had set himself conscientiously to chronicle all the arts of the Maori he would probably have made a very dull job of it. Indeed, the few "Maori Traditions" which he wrote down for friends and which have been appended to the 1949 edition add nothing to his reputation.

The second noteworthy characteristic of Maning's prose is its humour. This is a trait which Lord David Cecil has observed in the writings of some of the great Victorian novelists, forming, in fact, part of their greatness. Old New Zealand abounds in comic scenes. One of the best is that in which a chief berates his tribe for allowing Maning to be tipped into the sea between his ship and the beach. "Eater of Melons" was the special culprit. The chief begins his oration:

He is really vexed, and wishes to appear to me more vexed than he really is. He runs, gesticulating and flourishing his mere,⁽¹⁾ about ten steps in one direction, in the course of which ten steps he delivers a sentence. He then turns and runs back the same distance, giving vent to his wrath in another sentence, and so back and forward, forward and back, till he has exhausted the subject and tired his legs. The Englishmen were beside me, and gave a running translation of what he said:

'Pretty work this,' he began - 'good work, killing my pakeha; look at him!' (Here a flourish in my direction with the mere.) 'I won't stand this - not at all! not at all! not at all!' (The last sentence took three jumps, a step, and a turn round to keep correct time.) 'Who killed the pakeha? It was Melons. You are a nice man are you not?' (This with a sneer.) 'Killing my pakeha!'

(1) Greenstone club.

pakeha!' (In a voice like thunder, and rushing savagely, mere in hand, at poor Melons, but turning exactly at the end of ten steps and coming back again.) 'It will be heard of all over the country; we shall be called the "pakeha killers". I shall be sick with shame. The pakeha will run away, and take all his taonga⁽¹⁾ along with him. What if you had killed him dead, or broken his bones? - his relations would be coming across the sea for utu⁽²⁾.' (Great sensation, and I try to look as though I would say 'Of course they would.') 'What did I build this pa⁽³⁾ close to the sea for? Was it not to trade with the pakehas? And here you are killing the second that has come to stop with me.' (Here poor Melons burst out crying like an infant.) 'Where is the hat? - where the koti roa⁽⁴⁾? - where the shoes? (Boots were shoes in those days.) 'The pakeha is robbed; he is murdered!' (Here a howl from Melons, and I go over and sit down by him, clap him on the bare back, and shake his hand.) 'Look at that - the pakeha does not bear malice. I would kill you if he asked me! You are a bad people, killers of pakehas! Be off with you, the whole of you - away!'⁽⁵⁾

Maning is a master of dialogue, whether it be a punning conversation with a white trader in cured heads or a free rendering of the twists and turns of the Maori mind. He indulges in a good-humoured, whimsical irony that is usually embodied in a kind of interior monologue. The situations are very often ludicrous in themselves - an old Maori woman hanging on desperately to half a shirt to save it from a raiding party that has already wrecked and looted the house; the fright of the juvenile population at their first glimpse of a white man; the joyous plundering by friends and relations/

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- (1) Trading goods.
 (2) Payment, revenge.
 (3) Village.
 (4) Frock coat.
 (5) pp.34-35 (1949).

relations of a man who has been so criminally careless as to allow his own son to burn himself - but it is the dialogue which gives point to the humour. For instance, take the last-mentioned situation, an example of muru or legalised robbery:

Soon after the accident it would be heard of in the neighbouring villages; the family of the mother are probably the inhabitants of one of them: they have, according to the law of muru, the first and greatest right to clean out the afflicted father - a child being considered to belong to the family of the mother more than to that of the father - in fact, it is their child, whom the father has the rearing of. The child was, moreover, a promising lump of a boy, the making of a future warrior, and consequently very valuable to the whole tribe in general, but to the mother's family in particular. 'A pretty thing to let him get spoiled,' Then he is a boy of good family, a rangatira⁽¹⁾ by birth, and it would never do to let the thing pass without making a noise about it. That would be an insult to the dignity of the families of both father and mother. Decidedly, besides being robbed, the father must be assaulted with the spear. True, he is a famous spearman, and for his own credit must 'hurt' some one or another if attacked. But this is of no consequence; a flesh wound more or less deep is to be counted on; and then think of the plunder! It is against the law of muru that any one should be killed, and first blood ends the duel. Then the natural affection of all the child's relations is great. They are all in a great state of excitement, and trying to remember how many canoes, and pigs, and other valuable articles the father has got; for this must be a clean sweep. A strong party is now mustered, headed probably by the brother of the mother of the child. He is a stout chap, and carries a long tough spear. A messenger is sent to the father, to say that the taua muru⁽²⁾ is coming, and may be expected to-morrow or the next day. He asks, 'Is it a great taua?' 'Yes; it is a great taua indeed.' The victim smiles, he feels highly complimented; he is then a man of consequence. His child is also of great consideration; he is thought worthy of a large force being sent to rob him! Now he sets all in motion to prepare a huge/

(1) A gentleman, a chief.

(2) Plunder-party.

huge feast for the friendly robbers his relations. He may as well be liberal, for his provisions are sure to go, whether or no. Pigs are killed and baked whole, potatoes are piled up in great heaps, all is made ready; he looks out his best spear, and keeps it always ready in his hand. At last the taua appears...⁽¹⁾

And everything goes off according to the rules.

Maning's understanding of the native process of thought is never better shown than when he is describing the actions of the chief of the tribe to which he affiliated himself. In its way the following soliloquy is as masterly as the speeches which Thucydides puts in the mouths of his Athenian politicians. The chief is on board the ship which has brought Maning into the Hokianga estuary:

The chief has got his eye on my double-barrelled gun, which is hanging up in the cabin. He takes it down and examines it closely. He is a good judge of a gun. It is the best tupara⁽²⁾ he has ever seen, and his speculations run something very like this: 'A good gun, a first-rate gun; I must have this; I must tapu⁽³⁾ it before I leave the ship' (here he pulls a piece of the fringe from his cloak and ties it round the stock of the gun, thereby rendering it impossible for me to sell, give away, or dispose of it in any way to anyone but himself); 'I wonder what the pakeha will want for it? I will promise him as much flax or as many pigs as ever he likes for it. True, I have no flax just now, and am short of pigs: they were almost all killed at the last hahunga⁽⁴⁾; but if he is in a hurry he can buy the flax or pigs from the people, which ought to satisfy him. Perhaps he would take a piece of land. That would be famous. I would give him a piece close to the kainga,⁽⁵⁾ where I would always have him close to me. I hope he may take the land, then I should have two pakehas, him and...⁽⁶⁾ all the inland chiefs would envy me. This...is getting too knowing; he has taken to hiding his best goods of late, and selling them before I knew he had them.'

(1) pp.99-100 (1949).

(2) Two-barrelled gun.

(3) Render it sacred.

(4) Ceremonial feast.

(5) Village.

(6) The name is omitted by Maning.

them. It's just the same as thieving, and I won't stand it. He sold three muskets the other day to the Ngatiwaki, and I did not know he had them, or I should have taken them. I could have paid for them some time or other. It was wrong, very wrong to let that tribe have those muskets. He is not their pakeha; let them look for a pakeha for themselves. Those Ngatiwaki are getting too many muskets - those three make sixty-four they have got, besides two tupara. Certainly we have a great many more, and the Ngatiwaki are our relations; but then there was Kohu, we killed, and Patu, we stole his wife. There is no saying what these Ngatiwaki may do if they should get plenty of muskets; they are game enough for anything. It was wrong to give them those muskets - wrong, wrong, wrong!"(1)

Later, Maning's relations with this same chief, whose pakeha he became, involved him in as many duties as Mr. Polly's at the Potwell Inn. In an amusing passage, too long to quote here,(2) he summarises their mutual rights and duties with a half-rueful irony that arises from the consciousness that his Maori friends are getting the better of the deal. But Old New Zealand does not consist entirely of humorous passages and descriptions of combat, individual or collective. There are long sections of serious exposition on such subjects as the diminution of the Maori population, and the effect of tapu on the Maori way of life. On other occasions Maning shows that he is able to recognise tragedy when he sees it, though it is not so certain that he feels it, his long residence among the Maoris having dulled his sensibilities a little. Savages and wild animals have this in common that they simply do not feel pity.

(1) pp.13-15 (1949).

(2) pp.168-170 (1949).

pity. Maning relates of his chief (whom he esteemed the beau idéal of the savage warrior) that he felt the death of any of his tribesmen solely as the loss of a good warrior, so that on one occasion the last words heard by a dying man who had blown himself up with a keg of gunpowder were those uttered in anger by the chief as he stood over him, scolding him for his carelessness. The physical suffering of others left the old-time warrior completely untouched. One is not quite sure how much in Maning is mere pose; but it would appear that he has become affected by some of the less desirable as well as the more desirable traits of his companions. He is not free, on the surface at least, from callousness, and he loves to play to the gallery. This occasionally leads to the striking of a false note. For instance, while expounding the workings of priestcraft, he sees fit to tell how a tohunga(1) one night evoked the spirit of a dead man. Amongst the superstitious audience whose feelings had been thus harassed was a young girl who had been betrothed to the man before he died. Less than an hour afterwards the girl put a musket to her breast and killed herself. The story is told soberly but with consummate artistry. The picture is unforgettable - the blazing hut, touched off to give light to the scene, the awed crowd of natives, the limp body of the girl, the anguished father holding his daughter in his arms. "He did not weep, he howled, and the sound was that of a/-

(1) Priest.

a heathen despair, knowing no hope".⁽¹⁾ Then with a jovial complacency Maning turns to his lady readers and says in effect, "Well, there you are. I promised you something to make you weep and I think that ought to do the trick." And he then proceeds to his next show. The result is that one is ashamed of one's emotions, feeling that they have been deliberately played on for the occasion.

However, in spite of the suspicion of pose attaching to his displays of callousness, there is little doubt that Maning does actually prefer the violent, active life of the "good old times" to the backwater of peace and respectability into which his position as Judge of the Native Lands Court has thrust him. He writes nostalgically:

The men were bigger and stouter in those days and the women - ah!.... Little did I think in those days that I should ever see here towns and villages, banks and insurance offices, prime ministers and bishops, and hear sermons preached, and see men hanged, and all the other plagues of civilisation. I am a melancholy man. I feel somehow as if I had got older. I am no use in these dull times. I mope about in solitary places, exclaiming often, 'Oh, where are those good old times?' and echo, or some young Maori whelp from the Three Kings, answers from behind a bush, 'No hea.'⁽²⁾

There speaks the restless spirit of the youth who left a comfortable home in Hobart to cast in his lot with a tribe of natives in another country, trusting in his physical strength to maintain his independence among a people governed mainly by/

(1) p.147 (1949).

(2) p.6. (1949).

by the belief that Might is Right. He was not there to reform them, as the missionaries were. He liked living amongst the Maoris and he did not set himself up as an arbiter of their morals. That their civilisation was on a much lower plane than the white man's did not worry him; he had his own house and servants and preserved a certain material standard of living that was very far removed from the usual squalor of the beachcombers of the south Pacific islands. Exuberance, humour, sympathy for the beliefs of another race, an intellectual grasp of the principles, religious, political, and economic, on which those beliefs were based, above all great skill as a raconteur - all these Maning had, and his possession of these qualities enabled him to write a book which appears gradually to be acquiring a reputation as a New Zealand classic.

The History of the War in the North, appended to all the later editions of Old New Zealand, is an account of the war waged by the Ngapuhi chief, Hone Heke, against the Governor. It purports to be told by an old chief who had fought on the side of the whites against Heke, and is quite short, consisting of seventy-five pages in the 1949 edition. It is told with that mixture of shrewdness and childish simplicity which is an important part of the native character, and as it concerns fighting, it shows Maning at his best. The encounter between Hauraki, chief of the Hikutu, with his thirteen men, and Hari,

Hari, chief of the Kapotai, with his sixty; Colonel Despard's insane frontal attack on the pa at Ohaeawae, the taking of Ruapekapeka, "The Bat's Nest", by the white soldiers and the friendly Maoris (this was the last fight in the war) - these are highlights in a story that never lacks excitement.

In the third section of his book, Maning tells the Maori tradition of Creation, describes a couple of the adventures of Maui, a demi-god whom he calls "the Maori Hercules", relates the love-story of Hinemoa and Tutanekai, and winds up with a brief description of the Maori Hades, believed to be situated just off the northernmost cape of the North Island. These stories had, however, been told before by other Englishmen, notably Sir George Grey, and Maning does not add anything to the accepted outline.

7.

To pass from Maning's Hokiangia to Lady Barker's Canterbury⁽¹⁾ is not merely to travel from the North Island to the South but to enter an entirely different society. It is to pass from a life where the passions have full sway to one where the passions are never mentioned, to forsake the company of ferocious savages for that of civilised Europeans, and to abjure the extraordinary in order to cling to the commonplace. Instead of the confinement of the dense bush there is the broad sweep of rolling hills and/

(1) Lady Barker, Station Life in New Zealand, (London, 1870).

Lady Barker, Station Amusements in New Zealand, (London, 1873).

and plains, stretching on the one hand to the sea, on the other to the high wall of the Southern Alps. At a time when the settlers in the North Island were absorbed in a struggle for land with the native population, Lady Barker's only comment on the Maori problem consisted of a few lines, in which she described the Maoris of Kaiapoi as being "very ugly and peaceable".⁽¹⁾ Jane Austen did not ignore the Napoleonic Wars more effectively. It is a far cry from the hectic excitement of Old New Zealand to the placid conversation of Mary Barker, yet this is not to deny the interest of the latter's account of station life.

Mary Anne Stewart was born in 1831 in Jamaica, where her father was Island Secretary. In 1852 she married her first husband, Captain (afterwards Sir) George Barker, who served in the Crimea and the Mutiny. He died in 1861. In 1865 she married Frederick Napier Broome and accompanied him to New Zealand, where they took up a sheep station of twelve thousand acres, which they called "Broomielaw", in the Malvern Hills, some fifty miles to the east of Christchurch. They stayed farming in Canterbury for only three years, at the end of which period they returned to England, where Broome wrote first for Macmillan's Magazine, and later for The Times as a special correspondent. It was at this time that Mrs. Broome (who retained her title as/

(1) Station Life in New Zealand, (London, 1870), p.24.

as a pen-name) wrote her two volumes of reminiscences of New Zealand station life. In 1875 Broome was appointed Colonial Secretary in Natal, and this post was followed by other administrative appointments until his death in 1896, when he was Governor of Mauritius. He had been knighted in 1883. Lady Broome died on the 6th March, 1911.

The first volume, Station Life in New Zealand, consists of a series of letters describing the day-to-day existence of a well-to-do sheep farmer. Such a life was, of course, not necessarily void of alarms and excursions, but one is conscious all the time that the Broomes were light-hearted amateurs compared with most of the early settlers of New Zealand. It is perhaps significant that the story of their little venture in real estate, the purchase of one hundred thousand acres at Lake Wanaka which turned out to be quite useless for sheep-farming, should be included in the volume of "station amusements". It is not everybody who could afford to fail in such an investment.

Lady Barker is almost wholly concerned with surface peculiarities; the analysis of character, the careful tracing of thought and feeling, of the "stream of consciousness", are outside her province. It is possible that her triviality was intentional. Her journal made no pretence to fiction, and so if she had taken the trouble to analyse the characters of her friends, the favourite parlour game of all her circle of acquaintances in Canterbury settlement would have been the tracing of likenesses among the/

the people whose identity she so precariously concealed by the frequent use of initials. Thus her safest course was simply to describe the daily round and not to attempt a series of character sketches.

The limitations imposed upon Lady Barker do not seem to have been irksome. The letters in Station Life, and their expansion in Station Amusements, are written with amiable enthusiasm. The writer is insatiably interested in things, in which category one is tempted to include her husband and all the shaggy world of men, for, seen through Lady Barker's eyes, they are, almost without exception, great rough creatures, distressingly alike, a danger to crockery in the house, perversely adventurous, burly, simple-minded, boyish, but somehow reliable in an emergency, possessing hearts of gold (the shepherds, especially, and even some "swaggers", or tramps), and capable of being melted to tears by the ministrations of a good woman. It must be admitted that Lady Barker is not alone in this view of mankind. It is shared even to-day by scores of spinsters and wives who write letters to the most successful women's magazines. Lady Barker sees her rôle quite clearly:

A lady's influence out here appears to be very great, and capable of indefinite expansion. She represents refinement and culture (in Mr. Arnold's sense of the words), and her footsteps on a new soil such as this should be marked by a trail of light.⁽¹⁾

Accordingly, one of the more serious "station amusements"/

(1) *Ibid.*, p.105.

amusements" was a weekly Sunday service at the farmhouse, to which all the shepherds and station-hands within a radius of some twenty-five miles were invited. To the credit of the men it would appear that they came willingly enough.

Lady Barker makes no attempt to interpret the wider New Zealand scene, either political or social, but she is keenly observant of all that goes on around her. It would be difficult to find any other New Zealand author who has given such a detailed account, from the woman's point of view, of life on a large sheep-station, but in its innocuousness it is the moral world of Cranford she has elected to describe, rather than that of Wuthering Heights; and her comment on New Zealand family conversation might well be applied to her own works:

As for scandal, in the ordinary acceptation of the word, it is unknown; gossip there is in plenty, but it generally applies to each other's pecuniary arrangements or trifling peculiarities, and is all harmless enough. I really believe that the life most people lead here is as simple and innocent as can well be imagined. (1)

But one is reminded by a later statement of Samuel Butler's remark: "it does not do to speak about John Sebastian Bach's Fugues, or pre-Raphaelite pictures". (2) She writes:

This is the bright side of colonial life, and there is more to be said in its praise; but the counterbalancing drawback is, that the people seem gradually to lose the sense of larger and wider interests; they have little time to keep pace with the general questions of the day, and/

(1) *ibid.*, p.59.

(2) *Vide supra*, p.105.

and anything like sympathy or intellectual appreciation is very rare. I meet accomplished people, but seldom well-read ones; there is also too much talk about money...(1)

An extreme example of the unfortunate situations in which some of the women colonists found themselves is given in Station Amusements. At the head of Lake Wanaka, in the mountains of Central Otago, Lady Barker and her husband found a couple of sawyers working in the bush.

One of them had brought his wife with him, and her welcome to me was the most touching thing in the world. She took me entirely under her care, and would hardly let me out of her sight. I must say it was very nice to be waited on so faithfully, and I gave myself up to the unaccustomed luxury. All she required of me in exchange for her incessant toil on my behalf was "news." It did not matter of what kind, every scrap of intelligence was welcome to her, and she refused to tell me to what date her "latest advices" extended. During the three days of our stay in that clearing among the great pines of the Wanaka Bush, I gave my hostess a complete abridgment of the history of England - political, social and moral, beginning from my earliest recollections. Then we ran over contemporary foreign affairs, dwelt minutely on every scrap of colonial news, and finally wound up with a full, true, and particular account of myself and all my relations and friends. When I paused for breath she would cease her washing and cooking on my behalf, and say entreatingly, "Go on now, do!" until I felt quite desperate.(2)

The unfortunate bush-dweller was starved not so much for news as for the sound of a companionable female voice, no matter what it was saying. Even a "complete abridgment of the history of England" was bearable, so long as it kept her visitor talking/

(1) *ibid.*, p.60.

(2) Station Amusements in New Zealand (London, 1873), pp.113-4.

talking.

Lady Barker is not without a certain amiable sense of humour which permits her to laugh at herself, though rarely at her acquaintances. At times she even shows a skittishness rather unexpected in the mistress of Broomielaw. In an entertaining chapter, headed "The Exceeding Joy of Burning", she describes the pleasures of "burning the run", that is, setting fire to the long grass so that fresher and more nutritious grass will grow in its place.

In the height of the burning season last month I had Alice S- to stay with me for two or three weeks, and to my great delight I found our tastes about fires agreed exactly, and we both had the same grievance - that we never were allowed to have half enough of it; so we organized the most delightful expeditions together.⁽¹⁾

And then:

One evening F- ⁽²⁾ was away on a visit of two nights to a distant friend, and Alice and I determined on having splendid burns in his absence; so we made our plans and everything was favourable, wind and all. We enjoyed ourselves very much, but if Mr. U- had not come out to look for us at ten o'clock at night, and traced us by our blazing track, we should have had to camp out, for we had no idea where we were, or that we had wandered so many miles from home; nor had we any intention of returning just yet. We were very much ashamed of ourselves on that occasion, and took care to soften the story considerably before it reached F-'s ears the next day.⁽³⁾

This was the lighter side of station life, but there were times when the settlers were made to remember how close they/

(1) Station Life, op.cit., p.197.

(2) Her husband, Frederick Napier Broome.

(3) Ibid., p.199.

they lived to nature up there in the hills. One of these reminders came during the winter of 1867 when a particularly severe snow-storm swept the province. Mr. Broome had gone down to Christchurch on business and the dray had been sent off two days previously to fetch provisions, since the stores of food were at their lowest ebb. It was the end of July and thousands of lambs had already been born on the hill slopes. On the night of Monday the twenty-ninth it started to snow heavily and this kept up until the following Saturday night when a hard frost set in, followed by rain on Sunday which began to thaw the snow. All that week the household of six had been completely snowed up, with scarcely a particle of food or firewood in the house, and all access to the out-buildings blocked by high drifts. During the next week they had to work furiously at the task of digging out the sheep. Despite their efforts, the losses were high. One thousand fully-grown ewes, and three thousand lambs - nearly one third of their flock - had been drowned by flood-water from the rivers, which had seeped through the snow-drifts and caught the imprisoned animals.

Lady Barker writes a clear, simple prose, but there are times, fortunately rare, when her simplicity is overdone and she merely prattles. She has, too, a habit, irritating to modern readers, of assuming that all house-servants are natural 'comics' and that in any emergency they are bound to behave with considerably less commonsense than one would expect outside a/

a home for imbeciles. Their conversation is reported with an attempt at dialectal accuracy, but one soon tires of the naivety of housemaids and of the habit of mind that finds amusement in treating them as a species apart.

Referring to the subject of her second volume, Lady Barker explains that there is a "solid layer of usefulness underneath the froth of fun and frolic", (1) thus showing that she is fully in the tradition of puritanism that is so strong in all new countries and particularly in New Zealand. There are chapters on pig-stalking, eel-fishing ("...of all monotonous pursuits, it is the most self-repeating in its forms"), (2) picnicking in the bush (there is a placid Victorian flavour about this that is rather engaging), tobogganing, skating, the search for a Sunday congregation, the sometimes frightening visits of "swaggers", the rapid changes in servants, culinary troubles, and, finally, Our Pets. Her description of the frozen lake in the mountains, Lake Ida, where she and her husband went skating once, brings back memories of similar things in Wordsworth.

In the cleft of a huge, gaunt, bare hill,
divided as if by a giant hand, lay a large
black sheet of ice. No ray of sunshine
ever struck it from autumn until spring, and
it seemed impossible to imagine our venturing
to skate merrily in such a sombre looking spot. (3)

They cut across no reflex of a star on such a glassy plain as that/

(1) Station Amusements, (London, 1873), p.1.

(2) ibid., p.31.

(3) ibid., p.69.

that.

I despair of making my readers see the scene as I saw it, or of conveying any adequate idea of the intense, the appalling loneliness of the spot. It really seemed to me as if our voices and laughter, so far from breaking the deep eternal silence, only brought it out into stronger relief.⁽¹⁾

Station Life in New Zealand and Station Amusements in New Zealand are Lady Barker's two most important books, but she has written some stories for children in which she draws on her New Zealand experiences. A Christmas Cake, in Four Quarters, (London, 1872) contains, in its fourth "quarter", ⁽²⁾Christmas Day in New Zealand, an entertaining anecdote by Old Bob, the shepherd, that is quite in the tradition of the tales spun by the drovers of Australian fiction; and Louis Roden, my Emigrant Boy, in Boys (London, 1875), is a success story which contains some interesting details of the routine existence of a sheep-farmer.

8.

Both Frederick Maning and Lady Barker had had a sheltered childhood unknown by William Jackson Barry (1819-1907), whose autobiography, Up and Down; or, Fifty Years' Colonial Experiences, (London, 1879), reads more like one of Smollett's novels than a journal of sober facts. He was born in the village of Melbourn in Cambridgeshire, the son of an Irish veterinary surgeon./

(1) *ibid.*, p.72.

(2) Reprinted in New Zealand Short Stories (World's Classics, 1953).

surgeon. At the age of nine he entered the service of Sir John Alcock, who was about to undertake a voyage round the world. They left London in 1828 in an emigrant ship bound for Australia, and it was not long before young Barry made his first acquaintance with hardship, for the water supply ran short, the vessel sprang a leak, and typhus fever broke out among the passengers. However, he reached Sydney safely enough, where he gave his patron the slip, remaining behind in Australia when Sir John sailed for Buenos Aires. From then on he made his own way in the world, taking any job that came his way, but always with the intention of making money fast, no matter how dangerously he might have to live. Until he arrived in New Zealand in 1861 he was by turn butcher, stock-rider, island trader, naval seaman, whaling captain (this was one of the most lucrative of all his occupations), station manager, hotel proprietor, and gold miner in both California and Victoria. He had survived shipwrecks, war (in China), and attacks by black-fellows, Indians, and bushrangers, and taken part in massacres that seem incredible outside the Wild West films from Hollywood. An irrepressible opportunist, he had made fortunes and lost them; had married and been left a widower, with one daughter; had married again; and then, with his wife, family, and a cargo of horses had set out for New Zealand, where gold had been discovered in Otago.

He very quickly found his feet in the small gold-mining /

mining town of Cromwell, where he established himself as butcher, having practically the monopoly for that district. He was three times Mayor of Cromwell, but this proved no blessing as the weight of civic duties caused him to neglect his private business, and by 1872 his fortunes were at their nadir. He became auctioneer, mining lecturer (with little or no experience) in public halls, and prospector, but the good times when money could be quickly made in a score of ways were past. In 1878 he visited England as immigration officer for the New Zealand government, and in 1879 published his book. He lost his government position when Grey went out of office, and then carried out a lecture tour of England. From 1887 he stumped the Australian colonies lecturing wherever he could find an audience, until he became too infirm. He died on the 25th April, 1907, his second wife having died in 1874.

As may perhaps be expected, the style in which he writes his autobiography is not a literary one, but it has the merit of being plain and unambiguous. As for the matter, it is almost incredible that so much could have happened to one man, for his hair-raising adventures were by no means over when he came to New Zealand. Perhaps there is a moral in his story - one thinks of rolling stones that gather no moss and do not provide for families - but the courage of the man is astonishing. He does not blush to mention his own "indomitable pluck", but he speaks/

speaks no more than the truth. He never gave in; even when he was so impoverished that he had to sell his horse he still advertised himself as an auctioneer and walked to the towns where his sales were to be held.⁽¹⁾ He displays the same ebullience as Maning and the same willingness to encounter hard knocks. The only difference is that his end is not so fortunate. His is a seedy old age, pathetic where Maning's is dignified. Up and Down, too, may share its author's fortunes; it is only too probable that it will be lost to all but the curious historian enquiring after the ways of life of the pioneers; for the modern reader demands something a little more sophisticated than the purely picaresque.

9.

The two volumes of William Delisle Hay's Brighter Britain! or Settler and Maori in Northern New Zealand (London, 1882) are/

(1) W.J. Barry, Up and Down (London, 1879), p. 275:

I one day got a sale about six miles from Queenstown, and was trudging thither on foot, a little lame. Parties driving along the road asked, "Barry, where's your horse?" I replied evasively, thinking that to be poor was bad, but that to appear so was worse. I put the best face I could upon the matter, always relying upon my luck, which was sure to come out right in some way, and it did.

are "regional" in that they deal with the colonization and farming of one district, the Kaipara, in North Auckland. The author's own experiences are made the starting point for disquisitions on such topics as the settlement of immigrants, the Maori problem, past history of the region - Hay sees North Auckland as New Zealand's "classic ground" (1) because of its intimate connection with Captain Cook, the French, the sealers and whalers, the missionaries, Hobson, Hongi, and the First Maori War - customs of the Maoris, and the flora and fauna of Kaipara. He has set himself the task of entertaining and instructing readers whom he expects to belong to the middle classes of Britain. Without reaching the peaks of excitement attained by Maning in Old New Zealand, Hay continues to pack a good deal of action as well as amusement into the sprawling length of Brighter Britain!. It contains many anecdotes, and one long story, The Demon Dog. However, the writer is hampered by the usual difficulties confronting colonial authors who wish to continue residence in the district under review. As it is almost impossible to preserve anonymity or to hide oneself in the crowd, the author who does not wish to become notorious must weigh carefully every criticism, to judge whether or not it will give wide-spread offence. And as the inhabitants of a new country are apt to react violently to the remotest suggestion of adverse/

(1) Chapter Heading (Vol.II, Chap.II), Brighter Britain! op. cit.

adverse criticism of their chosen home, the safest tone to adopt is one of eulogy, either well-tempered or fulsome according to the limits of one's conscience. Fortunately it was possible in the eighteen-eighties to write of much that was interesting even when so restricted. Hay found it expedient to give his characters such soubriquets as "Old Colonial", "Little 'un", or "Dandy Jack"; or else he referred to them simply as "Mr. B." or Mr. H.", trusting that no one but themselves would recognise the people so distinguished. In fact, they were recognised immediately, as is obvious from references made by P.W. Barlow in his Kaipara, written a few years later (1888).⁽¹⁾

In the "good old times" of Maning's residence among the Ngapuhi the social problem of the colour bar simply did not arise. But by 1882 North Auckland had become sufficiently well-settled to make the Maoris uncomfortably certain of the white man's feelings of superiority towards his brown or black-skinned brethren. This social distinction operated most rigidly in the cities, where, of course, the Maoris were greatly outnumbered, but it gradually spread into the back country, where it was the more resented in proportion as the natives outnumbered the whites. An incident described by Hay is worth mentioning because similar difficulties have arisen in country districts/

(1) See below, p. 156.

districts during the last seventy years. Not always has a solution been found so readily as on this occasion. Hay tells how all the settlers, whites and Maoris alike, were gathered together for a day of festivities, the culmination of which was to be a dance in the Te Pahi town hall. Among the whites was a stranger to the bush, a young lady from Auckland, whom for convenience Hay calls Miss "Cityswell". White ladies of any age were a rarity in the backblocks in those days, and consequently, as Hay points out, married ladies were angels, while young unmarried ones were on an even higher plane. Not Venus herself could have received more adoration than Miss C. enjoyed during her stay and perhaps it is not to be wondered at that her head was turned and that she wished to show her power. Whatever the cause, that night she refused to dance with the white men if they danced with the Maori girls. The young foresters and farmers had to choose between offending the Maori girls, who were always with them, or missing their chance of contact with a radiant creature from another world. Certain cunning ones suggested that they should take it in turn to dance with Miss C. and then go off and dance with their Maori friends. But before this admirable scheme could be put into action the damage was done: the Maoris had heard of Miss C.'s objections. Silent and indignant, both the men and the girls withdrew, and proceeded to the beach to wait for the turn of the tide. However, the ingenuity of the farmers was equal/

equal even to this alarming contingency. "Old Colonial" strode down to the beach, sat among the offended natives and engaged in desultory conversation. He referred to the visitor:

"Yes, she's a niceish girl," he drawled meditatively, "rather foolish and ignorant, though, I think. You see, she is a visitor up here, this Auckland person; and we are bound to be hospitable and attentive, and to put up with her whims."

His auditors assented to this, but intimated that they were not bound to put up with Miss Cityswell's arrogance, and did not intend to.

"Of course not," returned Old Colonial, with a wave of his pipe-hand, as he reclined at Rakope's feet; "of course not. But then, you see," and here he glanced cautiously round to make sure that no Pakehas were within hearing, "she's not worth thinking about, not being rangatira." (1)

"Oh!" cried Rakope, with round open eyes; and "Oh!" cried Piha and Mehene, and all the chorus.

"No," continued he, lazily contemplating a smoke-ring in the moonlight; "her father and mother were only kukis, (2) or something not far off it, and she, of course, is not rangatira, not a lady."

"Oh!" cried Rakope and the others briskly, and joyously jumping to their feet, "that alters the case. We thought she was a lady, and were offended at what she said; but as she is not, it does not matter - she knows no better, and what she says is nothing. We are ladies, and don't mind what common persons say or do." (3)

And so, back they all trooped to the hall and Anglo-Maori relations in the Te Pahi district were once more on a friendly footing.

Of course, not all city visitors were as unpleasant as Miss C.. Another young lady from Auckland received no less/

(1) rangatira - of gentle blood.

(2) kukis - cooks, slaves, low-born people.

(3) Brighter Britain!, op. cit., Vol. I, p. 283.

less than sixteen proposals of marriage at the first social gathering she attended. Presumably she was rangatira. Men in the bush did their marrying first and their courting afterwards.

Brighter Britain! is a cheerful and optimistic account of life in the backblocks. It was a rough life, puritanical in its contempt for the culture of the cities, but Hay believes it was worth while. With all its faults - its occasional sentimentality or crudity of expression, its pasteboard characters and undeveloped dialogue - Brighter Britain! does give a vivid impression of pioneering in the North. Hay excels in the short anecdote and in the description of a scene. He can make palpable the heat of a summer night or the cool of the bush; and the background of broken country, mud-flats, blue sky and hazy atmosphere, while never intrusive, is always felt to be important, exerting its influence on the way of life of the inhabitants of the Kaipara. The regional study has a definite place in New Zealand literature; and though Brighter Britain! is not as scientific or as thorough as later surveys - Guthrie Smith's Tutira, or Somerset's Littledene, for example - it is one of the first of an honourable line.

Sir John Logan Campbell's Poenamo (London, 1881) is concerned with only a brief period in the history of the young/

young colony, the years 1840-41. Like Maning, the author was young and high-spirited, tackling his problems in a picknicking spirit that is, to say the least, engaging. It is just possible, however, that when Campbell wrote these memoirs, forty years on, he saw his experiences through slightly rose-tinted spectacles.

Born in Edinburgh in 1817, Campbell qualified M.D. at that University and then, in 1839, set sail for Australia, working his passage as ship's doctor. Australia did not appeal to him, and so in 1840, lured by the prospects open to all "first settlers" in a new country, he made his way to New Zealand in the company of another Scot who had trained for a profession, this time the law. For a while they stayed with an American trader in the Hauraki Gulf in Auckland Province, and it was this man who gave them the idea of buying land at the Waitemata (the future Auckland), where it was extremely likely that the Governor would place his new capital. It was only a matter of time before the decision was to be made, and as soon as the actual site had been fixed upon, they could buy some of the new town lots. In the meantime, as they had no desire to spend the winter in idleness, they decided to build themselves a boat, Maori fashion, by hollowing out a large tree-trunk. So for several months (and this is the most entertaining part of the book) they dwelt amongst the Ngatitamaras of the Gulf, interested spectators of the minor adventures of tribal life. They struck up a friendship with the/

the chief, Kanini, an intellectual old man whose gifts had made him a rather solitary figure in the tribe. He eagerly seized upon the opportunity thus afforded him of acquiring all the views of western European philosophy that his young visitors could transmit to him. He expanded under the influence of these new ideas, though they served to make him realise, only too keenly, the difference in civilisation between the European and his own people. In presenting Kanini to us as a wistful philosopher-king, Campbell has corrected the bias of such writers as Menzies, who sees in his particular chief merely the epitome of heroic savagery.

In the spring of 1840 the two adventurers set sail, a trifle erratically in their home-made boat, for Motu Korea, a little island they had purchased in the land-locked harbour of the Waitemata. Within two or three months Governor Hobson had chosen his new site, and Campbell and his partner immediately established themselves as the first merchant-traders of Auckland city. In 1952, on the death of his last surviving daughter, the residue of Campbell's estate was valued at between £350,000 and £400,000. (1)

Not many people would agree with James Cowan's opinion that Poenamo is "a better book than Menzies's Old New Zealand". (2) It is too colloquial and exclamatory, and there is too much/

(1) New Zealand News, London, 25.11.52.

(2) James Cowan, Settlers and Pioneers, (Wellington, 1940), p.147.

much striving after effect; but like its better-known companion, it is an exuberant account of pioneering without tears.

11.

Two volumes of letters written at this period, are worthy of remark. Both were written by clergymen of the Church of England, one living in the North Island, the other in the South. In both records there breathes the sincerity of good men who have worked hard to improve the lot of their charges. This is particularly so in the case of the first, the Rev. Thomas Samuel Grace,⁽¹⁾ who found himself in the thick of the Maori troubles in the eighteen-sixties. Opinions differ as to the value of missionary work among natives. For some the whole business is summed up by the absurdity of Mrs. Jellyby's activities in Bleak House. But there can be little doubt that Mr. and Mrs. Grace left the Maoris among whom they lived better off materially, and even spiritually, in spite of the minister's rueful comments concerning the natives' greater enthusiasm for things temporal.⁽²⁾

(1) A Pioneer Missionary Among the Maoris, 1850-1879; being Letters and Journals of Thomas Samuel Grace. Edited jointly by S.J. Brittan, G.F., C.W., and A.V. Grace. (Palmerston North. No date).

(2) In his report for year ending 31st Dec. 1852 he says: "In every temporal aspect they have made progress"; but later, "I regret that I cannot speak so favourably of their spiritual concerns", p.19. Again, in his report for period 1st Jan. - 16th Aug. he writes:

Now, as we are about to leave, we see the plough
in full operation, sheep being introduced, and four/

temporal. At least, he and his wife were fine ambassadors of the whites, earning the respect of the critical Maoris by their honesty, industry, and courage. Mr. Grace did very good work in Poverty Bay for two years (1851-1853), where he substituted for Archdeacon William Williams while the latter paid a visit to England. Later (April, 1855), he moved to Taupo, in the centre of the North Island, establishing, with his wife and children, a mission station under the protection of the powerful chief Te Heu Heu. Such was his influence by the next year that he managed to dissuade the chief from carrying on a war against his enemies down the Wanganui River, and peace was concluded. But one of the tragedies of missionary work at that time was the destruction of their efforts to establish havens of peace in turbulent districts by the outbreak of the Maori War in 1860. At first Te Heu Heu was able to keep his tribe out of the war, but when he died in 1862 the Ngati-Tuwharetoa joined in the fighting on the side of the King Maoris. In spite of the real affection in which they were held by the bulk of the Ngati-Tuwharetoa the Graces now found their position untenable and had/

(cont.)

four small vessels bought, and nearly paid for. Several rough but better kind of houses have been erected, and a large quantity of timber has been sawn with which to build one substantial house on European lines. They show a keen desire for flour mills; a very considerable amount of wheat is now consumed by them, and, as they themselves have noticed, a great decrease has taken place in the number of deaths.....As regards temporal things their eagerness for instruction is great....As to their spiritual welfare, I may say, 'Oh that there was such an heart in them!' p.32.

had to abandon the home they had taken so much trouble to build. One of the most vivid letters in the volume tells the story of the family's difficult and dangerous journey to safety. It took Mr. and Mrs. Grace twenty-eight days to get themselves and their six young children through the country hostile to white men that lay between Taupo and Matatu.

Perilous though that journey had been, Grace was to know even greater danger on the East Coast. At Opotiki he was taken prisoner by the Hau-Haus at the same time as was the missionary, Volckner. The latter was given a travesty of a trial by the Maoris and then murdered, but Grace managed to parley with his captors and later escaped to a British warship, "Eclipse", which entered the bay at a most convenient moment.

In addition to the Letters Grace also published a Guide to the Old Testament in the Maori Language (London, 1883), and Sketches of Church History in the Maori Language (London, 1883). One of his sons, Alfred Augustus Grace, later wrote, among other New Zealand stories, Tales of a Dying Race (London, 1901), and Folk Tales of the Maori (London, 1907). On the whole these stories are poorly written, but one of them, "The White Wahine", in Tales of a Dying Race is worth reading for its account of the escape of his parents from Taupo.

The letters of Archdeacon Henry W. Harper, cover a period/

period of more than fifty years, from three years before the outbreak of the Maori War to three years before the commencement of the First World War.⁽¹⁾ He was the son of H.J.C. Harper, D.D., the first Bishop of Christchurch, and Primate of New Zealand after the departure of Selwyn. He landed in New Zealand on Christmas Eve, 1856, and, after some preliminary parochial work with his father in Canterbury and a trip to England to find some more clergy for the diocese, was appointed Archdeacon of Westland in 1866. His task was to organize and administer Church affairs among the miners of the goldfields of the West Coast. He was given a "year or two there at most"⁽²⁾ by an acquaintance, but he stayed until 1875, and was, in the end, very reluctant to leave. He soon gained the friendship and respect of the miners by demonstrating his physical toughness and powers of endurance quite in the manner of Selwyn and his father.

From Westland he was called to Timaru in South Canterbury, where again he had to start almost from scratch in building up his parish. What he regarded as his crowning achievement was the construction at Timaru of St. Mary's, one of the finest churches to be built in New Zealand. This was not completed until 1909. Although he was vicar of St. Mary's he retained his position as Archdeacon of Westland, making periodical trips over/

(1) Henry W. Harper, Letters from New Zealand, 1857-1911, being some account of life and work in the Province of Canterbury, South Island, (London, 1914).

(2) Letters from New Zealand, op. cit., p.92.

over the mountains to Hokitika, sometimes in winter. He made two more visits to Europe, where he spent much of his time travelling in Italy, viewing monuments whose age was in striking contrast to the newness of man's work in New Zealand. A few years after his appointment to St. Mary's he was offered the Bishopric of Waiapu in the North Island but declined the honour as he knew little of the Maoris or their language and had only just commenced his work in South Canterbury. In addition it was a position to uphold which considerable private means were necessary and these he did not possess. In 1911 he resigned his charge, and retired to England in 1912.

Archdeacon Harper was an exponent of muscular Christianity, like most of the men who worked for the Church in the early days of New Zealand's colonisation. Indeed, those clergymen who were not prepared for a little rough living stood only a faint chance of being successful. It is told of the first Bishop-elect of Canterbury that he returned to England without taking up his duties, not liking the look of the place, much to the relief of the inhabitants of Christchurch, who had not liked the look of him.(1)

These letters of Archdeacon Harper supply a wholesome antidote to the anti-missionary tone of New Zealand literature./

(1). Vide Charlotte Godley, Letters from Early New Zealand, op. cit., p.172.

literature. Long and difficult journeys were undertaken cheerfully and willingly, so that one conceives an admiration as much for the Church errant as for the Church militant. Incidentally some inkling of the heroism of the miners of the West Coast finds its way also into the narrative. Obviously only the better side of the picture is presented on behalf of the Church, but it is made convincing. The Archdeacon occasionally shows himself a little over-anxious to record his popularity among the mining folk of the west and the farmers of the east, but such weakness is excusable, for the success of his work no doubt depended upon his being "accepted" by his turbulent parishioners.

There are times, as mentioned before, when a colonist wonders just how much he has sacrificed by leaving his homeland and starting afresh in a new country. There is an interesting passage in the tenth letter in which the Archdeacon weighs up the advantages and disadvantages of his missionary work:

I have been thinking lately of the difference between my work here and yours,⁽¹⁾ or that of any hard-worked man in a town parish at home. One is sometimes tempted to compare the life at home, in touch with all that modern civilisation can give, and the life here, to its disadvantage. Now and then Home-sickness is strong, and life here seems like exile. The monthly mail, letters, papers, magazines, are like messengers from another world. "Got your mail?" said a friend to me the other day. "Look at mine, such a pile! Oh yes, my work is here," said he, "but I 'live' the other side of the world." And then, with Robinson Crusoe, I cast up a credit/

(1) Francis St. John Thackeray, to whom all the letters are addressed.

credit and debit account: a primitive life; few refinements of society; one's talk chiefly of gold and dirt; new rushes, quartz and flumes, saw-mills and bush work; children growing up who have never seen growing corn, or even a green field, whose horizon is bounded on the east by untrodden forest, and above it the snowy peaks of the Southern Alps, on the west by the rolling surf of the Pacific Ocean; with this the daily "small-beer," palatable, but scarcely exhilarating, of domestic story, trivial pleasures, inevitable troubles; life lived in primitive wooden houses and tents, with its daily round and common task.

Then, per contra, climate, general character of the people, food, water, work, blessed work, all of the best; no grinding poverty, slums, or submerged classes; no social envyings; almost no crime; some sickness and poor health, but a mere nothing as compared with the record of an old country; a community young and hopeful, and a life in which, barring accident and misfortune, anyone may rise, and hope to see his children rise higher than himself. The credit side tots up bravely as one makes these entries. Then afterwards I go for a long tramp, and think of the person's round in the mean streets of East London, or even the lanes of a country parish, and am well content.⁽¹⁾

Perhaps least interesting to a layman are the many pages devoted to details of Church organisation in New Zealand and to matters thrashed out at a triennial meeting of the General Synod. There is, too, an almost entire absence of any mention of women; it is a man's world that we are called upon to enter and to some extent it lacks subtlety and variety. But just as Lady Barker's letters provide a fair picture of life on a Canterbury hill-station, so do Archdeacon Harper's give some idea of life on the West Coast and the tremendous/

(1) *ibid.*, pp.170-1.

tremendous task facing a clergyman who has to cover a parish measuring forty by sixty miles of mountainous country.

13.

A few of the other memoirs or journals written at this time may be selected for passing mention. The Narrative of Edward Crewe; or, Life in New Zealand, by "W.M.B."⁽¹⁾ (London, 1874) is a semi-fictional, slangy account of trading and saw-milling in the north of New Zealand. The author's snobbery is unashamed ("It was my fortune to be born with a pedigree....I am a believer in 'birth' and have a proper pride in having sprung, myself, from a good old stock")⁽²⁾ and his opinions are dogmatic, but the journal is quick-moving and full of incident. In spite of his irritating habit of using quotation marks with unnecessary liberality,⁽³⁾ the author occasionally manages to say something that arouses a sympathetic response in the reader. Every new arrival in the colony must have felt as he did when he landed at Auckland:

To be a new chum is not agreeable - it is something like being a new boy at school - you are bored with questions for some time after your arrival as to how you like the place, and what you are going to do; and people speak to you in a pitying and patronizing manner, smiling at your real or inferred simplicity/

(1) William Mortimer Baines.

(2) The Narrative of Edward Crewe, p.3.

(3) For example: "We met with many ships, and was it not "jolly" when near enough to "speak" one.(p.13). And again: The

simplicity in colonial life, and altogether "sitting upon you" with much frequency and persistence. (1)

While not many would be found, certainly, to agree with him concerning his attitude towards New Zealand's scenic attractions, it must be admitted that he puts his case neatly:

I will admit the beauty of the vegetable world, and the wonder, too, if man had made them, but the Great Power who made all things in such profusion was not man, and the wonder would rather be, if He had caused plants and flowers to appear ugly. A man cannot be a living note of admiration. (2)

On the other hand, one wonders how much damage is done by men who can utter such irresponsible opinions as the following:

Your European at all times desires to keep the aboriginal in his place, and none but very foolish or simple people eat with them, or allow "the nigger" to feed in the dining sanctums of the civilised. And rightly too, for your savage man is very different from our noble selves, so diverse, indeed, that I cannot think that they are of the same species. I may be wrong, but I can hardly fancy an Australian black to be a "man and a brother..." (3)

It is disheartening to reflect that these words were published only four years after the conclusion of a war that had been partly caused by this very attitude of European superiority.

Headings at the top of every page give cryptic summaries/

(cont.)

The "stand of kauri" I had acquired lay some eight miles inland from the mill, and was estimated to contain upwards of a million feet of timber, capable of being "driven out" by placing a flood-dam in a suitable position. (p.170). Nearly every page supplies similar instances.

(1) *ibid.*, p.17.

(2) *ibid.*, p.41.

(3) *ibid.*, pp.66-7.

summaries of the anecdotes beneath. For example:

Always a gentleman; Bush fashions; Pig-hunting; Hard lines;
Coming on to blow; The Eleventh commandment; "No fear!";
Grog; Buying a wife; St. Thomas Aquinas (whom W.M.E. describes
 as "perhaps the greatest intellectual swell in the Church
 some 600 years ago, and I think he was a man of the right
 sort"); (1) Sum; Drunken Bay - and so on,

It will be obvious that this is writing at a very low level indeed; but in an enquiry into the beginnings of a nation's literature many books are of interest which would be passed over by the historian of a more mature civilisation. The Narrative of Edward Crewe and Barry's Up and Down, though colloquial and at times ungrammatical, have features in common with the best of their kind written in New Zealand - with Maning's Old New Zealand, Sir John Logan Campbell's Poenamo, and Guthrie-Smith's Tutira. They have the merit of being breezy and uninhibited, and the stories of adventure have a certain attraction for people who no longer live quite so close to nature. But in scholarship and understanding of human nature Edward Crewe is simply not to be compared with the classics of Maning and Guthrie-Smith.

Rather similar to The Narrative of Edward Crewe is the series of short sketches which Laurence J. Kennaway published in the same year under the title, Crusts: a Settler's Fare due South, (London, 1874). The author explains that "the notes/
 (1) ibid., p.284.

notes which follow are records of some very rough times which befel the writer some years since, in the middle Island of New Zealand, and are mainly pulled out of an old diary kept on the spot; being hard enough to call them with all reason 'Crusts'.⁽¹⁾ He was seventeen when he arrived in Canterbury, and his brother was eighteen. Together they crossed the Port Hills and set about making themselves a home on the treeless Canterbury Plains. The situation must have been sufficiently difficult for these two inexperienced youths:

The beginning of life on a piece of the world on which men have not yet lived, is marked by one super-prominent feature - it is, that while you are in absolute want of everything, you have about you absolutely nothing: - no stock, no fences, no shelter, no house; and moreover and beyond this you have not even primitive simples, as mortar, a ladder, or slates; not even a grindstone standing to sharpen your axe, nor in this case even a sapling to fell, to give it a handle. One all-important help which is present in most new countries, we lacked - a sufficient supply of rough standing timber. The plains for miles were destitute of a twig large enough to make a walking-stick, and almost all our supplies of timber, for fencing and building, had to be obtained by water, at great labour and cost, from a distant part of the coast.⁽²⁾

However, after a fortnight they managed to erect a wooden hut and then commenced a long and continual struggle - but one that was finally successful - to establish a farm. They had, of course, to cook their own meals, with very little raw material to experiment on. Some of their earliest efforts must have proved very indigestible, for they built one of their loaves into/

(1) Crusts: a Settler's Fare due South, p.6.

(2) ibid., p.15.

into the wall of their second house, and apparently it withstood the elements just as well as the wall's more conventional components.

The chapters consist of a page, or a few pages, of humorous or sensational incident, under headings as illuminating as those of Edward Crewe or of modern journalism. For example: Look Here!; Washerwoman - Also Pat; Plus snow - Minus Fire; Settling the question with a Lucifer Match. The last-mentioned "crust" is peculiarly unpalatable in that it describes how the writer's brother and a friend fired the bush on a whole branch range of mountains merely to facilitate the passing over of a large flock of sheep. A few years later William Pember Reeves was to expostulate in dignified verse⁽¹⁾ against the wanton destruction of New Zealand's primeval forests; and in the twentieth century both geologist and farmer have witnessed with dismay the ugly scars caused by erosion on hills that were once covered by native bush. Crusts is, however, worth more than a glance, both for its account of pioneering life and for a short story dealing with near-shipwreck on "The Traps", some concealed rocks south of Stewart Island, which catches the very atmosphere of suspense.

Henry W. Nesfield's A Chequered Career; or, Fifteen Years' Experiences in Australia and New Zealand. (London, 1881) provides some light entertainment and is interesting for the glimpses it affords of colonial life from the point of view of the proverbial scion of good family who finds he has to turn his hand to menial/

(1) W.P. Reeves, "The Passing of the Forest" in A Treasury of New Zealand Verse. (New Zealand and London, 1926).

menial work in order to earn a living in the colonies. Such a character is to be found in practically every novel or journal of the pioneering days. It is not so common, however, to find one of these victims of authorship writing his autobiography. In fiction it is usual to find a lord's son driving a bullock wagon, or a pen as clerk in an office, or reading Aeschylus in a lonely shepherd's hut. Nesfield fulfils his destiny by keeping a livery stables and acting as cabman to the people of Napier. This was his last job - he had had many others - before he set sail for Melbourne, where he continued his exuberant career. About one third of the book is devoted to his adventures in New Zealand. After fifteen years in the colonies he returned to England, "sound in health, and without a shilling".(1)

Kaipara; or Experiences of a Settler in North New Zealand (London, 1888), by P.W. Barlow, should be read in conjunction with Hay's Brighter Britain, which is written about the same district. By profession a civil engineer, Barlow arrived in New Zealand in 1883, expecting to get work in connection with a land company which had bought five hundred thousand acres around Cambridge in the North Island. This fell through, mainly because of difficulties in finding accommodation for his family in Cambridge and because he would have had to wait for an indefinite period before commencing work. Barlow was then persuaded to investigate the possibilities of finding professional work in Kaipara, some ninety miles north of Auckland. He found the countryside /

(1) A Chequered Career, p. 362 (1887 edition).

countryside eminently attractive and decided to settle there, hoping to obtain an appointment as County Engineer. Again he was unlucky, but he turned his hand to farming the land round his house, finding it particularly suited to fruit-growing. This is the background to his narrative of life in New Zealand in the eighties. There are the usual disquisitions on pig-hunting, the difficulties of travel, a colonial ball, the systems of government and education, and quite detailed studies of trees, fish and insects in the district. A chapter on gum-digging is informative; and he is one of the few who trouble to explain clearly the mysteries of the totalisator. But the writing is undistinguished, and Hay's Brighter Britain presents a more complete picture of the district, besides being vastly more entertaining.

14.

Before we pass on to the fiction and verse of the period mention should be made of certain histories and reference books ranging from pamphlets for the instruction of immigrants to such works as Gorst's history of the King Movement and Edward Wakefield's survey of the colony after its first fifty years.

Two people who had plenty of cheerful advice to offer were James Adam⁽¹⁾ and "A Lady",⁽²⁾ both of whom were optimistic/

(1) James Adam, Twenty-Five Years of Emigrant Life in the South of New Zealand, (Edinburgh, 1874).

(2) A Lady, Facts: or the Experiences of a Recent Colonist in New Zealand, (Yalding, Kent, 1883).

optimistic about success in the colony. The latter was more especially concerned with imparting information to women immigrants, especially governesses who might marry farmers, but she manages to give a fairly complete picture of the social life that a woman might expect. Much less entertaining are the wearisome complaints of another woman writer, who signs herself "Hopeful".(1) In a series of ill-phrased letters to her brother in Canada, she inveighs querulously against all things colonial - the houses, the people, the prices, the living conditions, the scenery, the climate. Not all the early settlers were of heroic mould.

Alexander Bathgate's Colonial Experiences(2) refers rather to the experiences of others than his own, but he manages to provide an abundance of sketches of colonial characters; the more outlandish they are, the greater the gusto with which he describes them. He notices a deficiency in patriotic feeling among the colonists and explains this shrewdly enough:

In a place where everyone who has attained the age of six or seven-and-twenty must of necessity have come from somewhere else, it is not surprising that the rising generation should not be imbued with a very patriotic spirit. The Colonial youth are always hearing their elders' far-off native lands spoken of by those around them with feelings of affection, and thus ideas are generated that in New Zealand there is not much to be proud of. This is not the case in the neighbouring colony of Victoria, where the people have a dash of the genuine Yankee boast about them. And doubtless, as the proportion/

(1) "Hopeful", Taken In: being a Sketch of New Zealand Life, (London, 1887).

(2) Alexander Bathgate, Colonial Experiences; or Sketches of People and Places in the Province of Otago, New Zealand, (University Press, Glasgow, 1874).

proportion of native-born population to immigrants increases, a national feeling will arise, despite the efforts of Caledonian and Hibernian societies to remind them whence they sprung.⁽¹⁾

His prophecy has been proved correct; but unfortunately another characteristic that he reported, a corollary of the above, is still a feature of the New Zealand outlook. There is, he says, "a tendency to despise anything of local growth or manufacture."⁽²⁾ As this can, and does, apply to artistic as well as industrial products, it is plain that here is one of the reasons for the slow growth of a genuine, indigenous literature. A writer must have an appreciative public if he is not to be a dilettante.⁽³⁾

Part One of Buller's Forty Years in New Zealand⁽⁴⁾ consists of an account of his own life as a Methodist preacher and missionary in both Islands of New Zealand from 1836 to 1876. The remaining three parts are devoted to a study of the Maoris and of missionary work, and the impact of the white man on the native way of life. It is the usual reference book, /

(1) *ibid.*, p.192.

(2) *ibid.*, p.47.

(3) As matters stand to-day, the work of a New Zealand author must be stamped with the approval of a British or American public before it can be placed in a New Zealand shop-window with much chance of success. One favourable review in the Times' Literary Supplement is worth any number in the New Zealand press. But this is a subject to which I shall have to revert later.

(4) Rev. James Buller, Forty Years in New Zealand. (London, 1878). In addition, he wrote New Zealand: Past and Present (London 1880).

book, written from the missionary's point of view. One of the Appendices (Appendix C, "The Maori War: a Lecture delivered before the Y.M.C.A., June 25th, 1869") contains a defence against some of the more common charges laid against missionaries - that, for example, they were jealous of the colonists lest their own influence should be lost; and that they abused their position by trading in native lands. He found the latter a difficult charge to refute, but met it by saying that they did not buy "unrighteously" and that, in any case, they had as much right to buy land for their children as other settlers.⁽¹⁾

It should not be forgotten that in 1872 the indefatigable Anthony Trollope paid a visit to Australasia. In 1873 he published his Australia and New Zealand (London and New York), which contains one of the most readable of the short accounts of the early and contemporary state of New Zealand. For those who are interested in seeing how the author of the Barchester novels tackles a Brief History the following extract may suffice:

The one great complaint made by the ladies who occupy these houses, - the one sorrow indeed of the matrons of New Zealand, - arises from the dearth of maid-servants. Sometimes no domestic servant can be had at all, for love or money, and the mistress of the house with her daughters, if she have any, is constrained to cook the dinner and make the beds. Sometimes a lass who knows nothing will consent to come into a house and be taught how to do house-work at the rate of £40. per annum, with a special proviso that she is to be allowed to go out two evenings a week to learn choral singing/

(1) whether the missionaries were justified in buying in such/

singing in the music-hall. By more than two or three ladies my sympathy was demanded on account of these sufferings, and I was asked whether a country must not be in a bad way in which the ordinary comfort of female attendance could not be had when it was wanted. Of course I sympathized. It is hard upon a pretty young mother with three or four children that she should be left to do everything for herself. But I could not help suggesting that the young woman's view of the case was quite as important as the matron's, and that if it was a bad place for those who wanted to hire maid-servants, it must be a very good place for the girls who wanted to be hired. The maid-servant's side of the question is quite as important as the mistress's. The truth is, that in such a town as Christchurch a girl of twenty or twenty-three can earn from £30 to £40 a year and a comfortable home, with no oppressively hard work; and if she be well-conducted and of decent appearance she is sure to get a husband who can keep a house over her head. For such persons New Zealand is a paradise. It is not only that they get so many more of the good things of the world than would ever come in their way in England, but that they stand relatively in so much higher a position in reference to the world around them. The very tone in which a maid-servant speaks to you in New Zealand, her quiet little joke, her familiar smile, her easy manner, tell you at once that the badge of servitude is not heavy on her. She takes your wages, and makes your bed, and hands your plate, - but she does not consider herself to be of an order of beings different from your order. Many who have been accustomed to be served all their life may not like this. If so they had better not live in New Zealand. But if we look at the matter from the maid-servant's side we cannot fail to find that there is much comfort in it. (1)

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- (cont.) such large tracts as 50,000 or 75,000 acres is more debatable. As the Queen says of the Peers in *Iolanthe*: "It seems they have helped themselves, and pretty freely, too!"
- (1) Australia and New Zealand, 2 Vols., (London and New York, 1873), Vol. II, pp. 377-8.

in it.

The editors of Chambers's Cyclopaedia of English Literature⁽¹⁾ dismiss Trollope's volumes on The West Indies, North America, Australia and New Zealand, and South Africa as being "rather too hasty"; but as the criticism could be applied to most of his novels, including his best work, it need not be taken too seriously. Too many travellers' books about New Zealand are both hasty and dry. It is a pleasure to find one that is brief, informative, and entertaining.

John Bradshaw's two books of reference, New Zealand as it Is (London, 1883), and New Zealand of To-day (London, 1888), are packed with information, much of which is very dated now, but which nevertheless gives a very good picture of the times. Occasionally his enthusiasm for the country leads him a little astray. He takes too much to heart James Anthony Froude's strictures on New Zealand in his Oceana;⁽²⁾ and only the most partial Wellingtonian could believe that the climate of the capital city compared favourably with that of mid-France; while thousands of settlers could have been found to deny that the journey from Britain to New Zealand implied "no greater hardship than a six weeks' sojourn in a vast floating hotel", whose every movement was "so stately that, except in very bad weather, even the lady-passengers do not fall victims to mal de mer".⁽³⁾ One of the most constructive sections/

(1) Revised edition (1938), Vol. III, 19th-20th Century, p. 487.

(2) In extenuation of Bradshaw it may be remarked that Froude certainly was very hard on the colonists, after a visit lasting only three weeks, most of which was spent in Auckland and Rotorua, and which did not include a trip to the capital/

(3) See next page.

sections of both books is the chapter devoted to the educational system in New Zealand. The great fault, as Bradshaw sees it, is the secularity of the schools and University, and he laments the scarcity of secondary schools on English public school lines. The solution that he advises - the adoption of a mixed system of state and denominational schools - is in fact the one that has proved most suitable to New Zealand conditions.

A laudatory account of the contemporary state of New Zealand was published in 1889 by Edward Wakefield (1845-1924), a nephew of the founder of the New Zealand Company. New Zealand After Fifty Years (New York, 1889) is a commentary on the achievements of the colonists since the arrival of the "Tory" in 1839. Its tone is one of high optimism, the intention of the writer being to make the colony appear as attractive as possible in British and American eyes. It is a well-sustained piece of advertising.

15.

During this period two books of outstanding interest were /

(cont.)

capital or to the South Island. Oceana was widely bought and discussed and the colonists' resentment was aroused in proportion to the amount of unwelcome publicity they thus received.

(3) New Zealand of To-day, op. cit., p.208.

were written concerning the Maori War of 1860 - 1870 and the events leading up to it.⁽¹⁾ The first, John Eldon Gorst's The Maori King (London, 1864), deals with the growth of the King Movement in the Waikato⁽²⁾ and is a fine study of the disaffections and intrigues that finally thrust a proud native race into a war for its survival. Gorst is pro-Maori, taking little trouble to conceal his dislike of the colonists who have made such a mess of government and who have had to call upon the Mother Country to provide them with military aid to settle the storm they have aroused. Not that his sympathy for the natives blinds him to the fact that there were wrongs on both sides. But he believes that the settlers were more wrong than the Maoris. And when the war was finished how were the Maoris to be managed? The answer was plain. There must be no more double government; either the Imperial or the Colonial authorities would have to be given complete power to act in native affairs, without sharing the responsibility. Then he continues ironically:

If, therefore, New Zealand wars are not to be perpetuated, either the Maories must be destroyed, or some scheme must be devised by which they can be civilized and governed, without losing their national independence... Setting aside the question of justice and humanity, I believe it cheaper to stay the work of extermination, and begin the long/

(1) For a comprehensive bibliography vide The Cambridge History of the British Empire, (Cambridge, 1933), Vol. VII, Part II, pp. 280-4.

(2) Where Gorst had been Commissioner under Sir George Grey, Governor of N.Z..

long delayed task of civilization. A whole race will ~~not~~ disappear in a year or two. Even were the Maories wild beasts, a generation or two would have to elapse before they could be hunted down to complete destruction amidst the vast forests of the interior.⁽¹⁾

There is a judicial weighing of pros and cons here which can only be compared to Swift's reasonable suggestions concerning the marketing of Irish infants as butchers' meat. The mood in which the two passages were written was probably the same.

Gorst believed the solution would be found in the appointment of British Residents in all native districts, so that the Maoris could govern themselves with the help of experts who could be consulted at all times. He advocated an immediate inquiry into the whole question of race relationships in New Zealand, but warned that it ought to be carried out by an unbiassed commissioner. The whole truth was not to be obtained from the colonial government and press. Only the Maoris could present the case for the natives completely.

In 1906 Gorst returned to New Zealand from England as representative of the British Government at an International /

(1) The Maori King, op. cit., pp.402-3. Compare the above with Edward Wakefield, twenty-five years later. Congratulating the settlers, he remarks: "They found a hell of barbarism and bloodshed, and through half a century of chaos, and battle, and terror, and sorrow, and anxiety, they have made a paradise of humanity and happiness. In fifty years, 600,000 Europeans and 40,000 civilized natives have taken the place of 100,000 ferocious cannibals. That is, in brief, the history of the war in New Zealand, and the events preceding it or attendant upon it". (pp.16-17 N.Z. After Fifty Years, op. cit.,). A nice question is here posed for the casuists. Is civilisation for 40,000 worth 60,000 dead?

International Exhibition at Christchurch. As a result of this visit he published New Zealand Revisited (London, 1908), in which he described his renewal of contact with former friends and added a great deal of information about the Maori disturbances supplementary to that which he had already given in The Maori King. One of the highlights of his activities in the Waikato in the eighteen-sixties was the wordy warfare in which he engaged with the King Maoris through the medium of the press - his own press. The Maoris' newspaper, Te Hokioi; had been putting their case much too trenchantly for the liking of the Governor, who instructed Gorst to establish a rival newspaper, Te Pihoihoi Mokemoke (The Sparrow that Sitteth Alone upon the Housetop), to reply in kind. The hokioi was a mythical Maori bird, ominous of pestilence and war, known only by its scream; and, says Gorst, ⁽¹⁾"great was the screaming and bickering of the two birds during the short life of the latter" (Te Pihoihoi). At last the incensed Maoris could support the attacks of the Sparrow on the Housetop no longer, and, under Rewi Maniapoto's orders, sacked the printing office. Rewi advised Grey to have Gorst removed to a place of safety before he was killed; and as war was by then inevitable, Grey, luckily for the Commissioner, took Rewi's advice. Thus the triumphant Hokioi was left alone in the forest, having proved/

(1) New Zealand Revisited (London, 1908), p.39.

proved that the pen that possessed the sword was mightier than the one that possessed it not.

The second of the two books on the Maori War, mentioned above, is Lieutenant Thomas W. Gudgeon's Reminiscences of the War in New Zealand (London, 1879); an absorbing account of the war against the Hau-Haus in Taranaki and the mountains of the Urewera and East Coast districts, written by one who was himself a Quartermaster in the colonial forces. In this story of violence and massacres and hard campaigning, human nature is seen at its highest and lowest levels. War is always a supreme test of character, and guerilla warfare, with its constant threat of surprise and sudden death, is one of the sternest. On the whole, both races emerge with credit, though the palm is borne off by those astute and determined chieftains, Kapa of the Wanganui, and Ropata of the Ngatiporou. The story of their pursuit of Te Kooti, the ferocious leader of the Hau-Haus, among the wild mountain forests of the Children of the Mist is one of the epics of New Zealand history. There is no eighteenth century exaltation of the primitive life. A man is either a good soldier or a bad one, irrespective of his colour; and once this point of view is grasped, everything else follows. Among the "friendlies" the Ngatiporous and the Wanganuis are brave and ingenious allies, the Arawas braggart and useless encumbrances. Hence it follows that, if the/

the Ngatiporous shoot their prisoners and hurl the dead bodies over a cliff, the deed is one of military necessity and prompt justice; but if the Arawas shoot an old man from whom they have just gained information and then make a fire over his body, this is disgusting savagery and needless barbarity. And so it is. But one is inclined to wonder what the judgment would have been if the Ngatiporous had shot the old man and the Arawas had shot the prisoners. However, such partisanship is a small blemish on what is otherwise a just and exciting account of the "skirmishes and expeditions grandiloquently called campaigns"(1) which have given parts of Taranaki, the Waikato, and the East Coast some claim to share with North Auckland the title of New Zealand's "classic ground".(2)

(1) R.W. Gudgeon Reminiscences of the War in New Zealand (London, 1879), Introduction, p.viii.

(2) W.D. Hay, Brighter Britain!, Vol.II, Chap.II. Vide supra, p.137.

1860-1890

II

Fiction.

The first novel written in New Zealand was by a woman, Mrs. J. E. Aylmer. Unfortunately, the book, Distant Homes; or, the Graham Family in New Zealand (London, 1862), has little other claim to distinction. It is a story for children, moralising, stilted, and at times absurd. The Grahams' adventures start as soon as they reach New Zealand, for on the way from Nelson to Lyttelton by sea they witness an eruption of Mt. Egmont (this volcano had in fact been extinct for some time), there is thunder and lightning, and then a squall within a mile of the ship, followed not long after by an earthquake at sea accompanied by water-spouts. It is enough to make anyone, let alone a family of bewildered immigrants, long for dry land. They settle not far from Christchurch, but their troubles are only just beginning. A Maori tribe proposes to occupy the land adjacent to their homestead. At first Captain Graham is disturbed by the news, but is afterwards "a good deal comforted by the pleased expression of his wife's face, who immediately thought of all the good they might do the poor ignorant natives, and that it seemed almost the act of a wise Providence, that she and her daughters should have remained in Christchurch long enough to gain an idea of the best and most judicious method of teaching religion to the native children."⁽¹⁾ And the docile Maori children are well and truly evangelised by the enthusiastic

(1) Distant Homes, op. cit., p.119.

enthusiastic Mrs. Graham and her daughters, particularly Lucy, an attractive child of thirteen or fourteen who miraculously succeeds in not appearing priggish. She is the only person who is at all lifelike; but after all, she is only fourteen at the end of the book and so there is little chance of any penetrating observation of character - not that Mrs. Aylmer intends to plumb the depths even where there is anything to plumb. The story is written simply, with a strong religious bias, and gives a totally unreal portrayal of the natives.

Just as Distant Homes was the beginning, though a modest one, of a long and honourable line of children's books written by New Zealand authors, so Edwin Fairburn's⁽¹⁾ Ships of Tarshish, (London, 1867), was the first of the colony's "novels with a purpose.". The story is merely a vehicle for the author's ideas concerning the necessity for England to build heavily armoured, unsinkable warships for her protection, regardless of expense. In a later pamphlet, The Ships of the Future, (Auckland, 1889), he repeats the essence of his theory, stating that the breadth of the ships should nearly equal the length and that their bottoms should consist of thousands of cells. They would then be formidable floating fortresses capable of defending the British Isles against any attack.

Mandevil, the hero of The Ships of Tarshish, is a descendant/

(1) Non-de-plume: "Mohoao".

descendant of the Wandering Jew,⁽¹⁾ and inherits from that person a fortune of some fifteen million pounds, which he employs to construct in secret two ironclads which are completely invulnerable. As he has foreseen, England is attacked by a foreign power, whose admiral sails up the Thames in the spectacular manner of a Van Tromp and threatens London with immediate destruction. Fortunately Mandevil's fortresses have been completed in time and they come to the rescue with terrifying competence, to the utter discomfiture of the enemy and the hysterical delight of the Londoners. Mandevil is the hero of the hour and is immediately rewarded with the hand in marriage of a young lady whose mother had previously rejected the offers of one so far beneath her family in social rank. (In justice to the girl's maternal adviser it should be stated that she had had no previous knowledge of the suitor's staggering wealth, and that when the truth was disclosed she acted promptly. Lady Bracknell could not have been more judicious). Its snobbery and fantasy combine to make The Ships of Tarshish merely an oddity.

In the next New Zealand novel a greater effort is made to give local colour. "The object of Henry Ancrum," says the/

(1) Fairburn believed in the Anglo-Israel, or British Israelite, theory, and looked forward to the time when large passenger ships would be built to carry the population of the British Isles back to their former home in Palestine.

the author⁽¹⁾ in his preface, "is to give to the general reader some knowledge of New Zealand, of its short history, of its last war, and of the character of that most interesting race, the Maori, in the popular form of a novel."⁽²⁾ This plan was not carried out very successfully, for romance, melodramatic and novelettish, overshadowed history, with the result that it is difficult to take anything in the book seriously. The Maoris are credited with those sultry passions that are, to some minds, the unfailing characteristic of the inhabitants of the Pacific Islands. Here we meet the first of the beautiful half-castes who appear and re-appear so constantly in the pages of the early novelists. Their love is usually vehement, and their end frequently tragic. As for the situations in Henry Ancrum, they are as obviously contrived as those of a musical comedy; and none more so than the climax, in which the half-caste, Celia, is accidentally killed by a shell from a British man-of-war, just at the most convenient moment for the re-uniting of Harry with the English girl who had followed him to New Zealand. The final touch is added when the hero and his fiancée are portrayed as returning to England to be married and to settle down to a comfortable existence in that "fine old pile", Ancrum Hall, "in one of the eastern counties",⁽³⁾ surrounded by an admiring tenantry.

The story is a hotch-potch of theatrical incidents and could/

(1) The book is written anonymously, under the initials K.^{***}, J.H.

(2) Henry Ancrum: A Tale of the Last War in New Zealand, (London, 1872), 2 vols. Preface, Vol.1.

could be dismissed out-of-hand if it were not for its historical position; for here we meet some of the stock characters and situations that are going to form the staple of the nineteenth-century novel in New Zealand. One of the most important of these was the Englishman (here it is Henry Ancrum himself) who had left his home country under a cloud; or the stranger, obviously well-educated, who appeared in the colony with no known background or connections: Radcliffian mysteries gathered about him but these, like the famous picture in the gallery at Udolpho, usually had a simple explanation. Then there was the beautiful half-caste, who devoted herself to the white hero and either saved his life or had hers saved by him - or both. Few, however, were so fortunate as to rejoice in such an aristocratic name as Celia. Caricatures abounded in the novels of the colonial period. Scottish, Welsh, and Irish shepherds exhibited alarming likenesses to their countrymen on the vaudeville stage. Nothing could be less successful than those attempts to raise a laugh from dialect speech, but it is surprising how many otherwise sensible authors foundered on that rock. The author of Henry Ancrum tries, disastrously, to describe various "humorous" Army types: he would have done better to keep to his melodrama.

A prominent character in the novels written about the natives of New Zealand at this time was the noble savage, an idealised Maori who was not very different from the most superior /

superior European. The trouble with this kind of hero is that he lacks reality. It does not matter if a man's skin is brown, yellow, or white - it is almost certain that his nature will be imperfect. But in their desire to show that the Maoris are just like ourselves, the authors of Waihoua and Ena, to name but two,⁽¹⁾ have over-reached themselves and described the humanly improbable. Waihoua is a missionary novel and, like Distant Homes, appears to have been written for children.

Ena is more pretentious, being based upon an historical episode, the extermination of a small tribe, the Mauopoko, by a ruthless foe, the Ngatiraukawa, allied with the strong Waikatos. The language is reminiscent of Ossian. There is the same attempt at poetic speech and the same gloomy turgidity of description; the young chiefs and chieftainesses are the Fingals and Temoras of the Southern Seas. It is no coincidence that each chapter is headed with a quotation from Macpherson's work. Raukawa, the son of the old chieftain of the Mauopoko, has a "regal bearing"⁽²⁾ and a "quiet dignity";⁽³⁾ as for his sister, Ena: "Unalterable devotion reposed in the eyes of the queenly maiden, and over her finely cut lip curled the fragrant incense of her heroic soul."⁽⁴⁾ (Assuredly, Tittivivvulus, that impish collector of nonsense, could not have missed such a prize as this.)

(1) Kingston, William Henry Giles, Waihoua; or The New Zealand Girl, (London, 1873).

Wilson, George H., Ena, or the Ancient Maori, (London, 1874).

(2) Ena, op. cit., p.34.

(3) ibid., p.35.

(4) ibid., p.15.

this). When the powerful allies storm the hill-top pa of her tribe, Ena is in the forefront of the warriors who repulse the first attack: "... fast and furious the meri of her ancestors reeks with the warm blood of the death-quivering victims." (1) The story ends in a welter of blood. The Mauopoko are slaughtered, save for a few who escape to the island of Kapiti, four miles off the coast; but the attack is renewed and Te Koturu, Ena's lover, and Raukawa, are killed. Mary, the ship-wrecked white girl, dies of consumption; Ena hangs herself in grief at the death of her lover; and Mahora, the priestess, dies of shock and terror at the sight of the hanging maiden. It is a relief to turn back from such scenes to an earlier passage which captures for a moment the peace and charm of a still New Zealand day:

Numerous canoes hastening shorewards: the songs of the rowers, the plashing of the paddles, the singing of the bush birds, the voices of children at play, the barking of dogs, the loud talking and merry laughter of men and women, all together mingled and produced a sweet, varied, and cheerful harmony... (2)

It would be a mistake to condemn the novel utterly because of its high-flown absurdities and love of gruesome details; for there are many interesting descriptions, the one just quoted being an example, of the peaceful pursuits of the early Maori. Four pages (3) are devoted to a pleasing account of gluttony at the tangi, or wake, on the occasion of the death of a /

(1) *ibid.*, p.74.

(2) *ibid.*, p.158.

(3) *ibid.*, pp.62-5.

a respected chief. The main theme, too, is a heroic one. The valiant struggle for survival of a doomed city, tribe, or nation, whether it be celebrated by the greatest of poets or by an obscure novelist, will always arouse feelings of pity and fear in the hearts of men. Such things as the extermination of the Mauopoko could and did happen; and they may happen again in a war-torn world.

Samuel Butler's Erewhon, which was published in 1873, may possibly have influenced R.H. Chapman, whose Mihawhenua(1) was produced in Dunedin in 1888. The manuscript is supposed to have been flown out to Chapman from an almost inaccessible valley by means of a Maori kite, its writer and his companions hoping that their friend will organise a party to rescue them from the hands of the natives who are holding them prisoners. In Erewhon, Higgs and Arowhena flew themselves out in a balloon. Mihawhenua is concerned with action rather than reflection and so is more like a sample of modern science fiction than an old-fashioned Utopian novel. It is an Erewhon without those disquisitions on society that give that book and Gulliver's Travels their permanent value. Three friends, Richards, Gordon and Brock, with two servants, Macdonald and Lode, set out to explore the mountainous hinterland of Otago. They descend into a warm and fertile valley by means of an ice-slide, which is impossible of ascent, and find there a tribe of Maoris whom they conclude/

(1) Mihawhenua: "Wonderland."

conclude to be descendants of the Ngatimamoe, reputed to have fled to that part of New Zealand from their enemies. The Europeans are hospitably entertained but are not allowed to leave the valley, to which there is a secret entrance, because on the one hand their knowledge is valuable to the tribe, and, because on the other they might bring an influx of white men to dispossess the natives. They help to defeat a war-party of cannibals (Waikatos again) who have found the way in, but Richards is mortally wounded in the combat. In spite of this, relations gradually become strained between the Europeans and their hosts, and the former begin to cast round for a means of escape. It is then that they hit upon the plan of sending out a message by means of a kite, and this is done with the help of a young chief, Te Kahu. There the story, written by one of the party, comes to an end. The Mihawhenuans are a gentler and more civilised people than the average Maori tribe of that period. In their pleasant valley fighting is the exception rather than the rule. They have managed to tame the moa⁽¹⁾ and use that bird as a means of a transport. But they are still savages, unlike Butler's Erewhonians, who were highly civilised. Chapman's aim was not as ambitious as Butler's, for he obviously had no intention of satirising European institutions./

(1) The moa, a giant flightless bird, one species of which grew to a height of over twelve feet, is thought to have become extinct about 1700, though some authorities would put it several centuries earlier. The nineteenth century colonist, however, nursed a hope that survivors might be found in the unexplored interior of Otago. That this hope was not completely unreasonable was proved by the discovery, a few years ago, of another "extinct" flightless bird in that region, the notornis, or takahe.

institutions.

John White's Te Rou; or The Maori at Home, (London, 1874), can hardly be called a novel, for its slender plot - the exacting of revenge (utu) for the murder of a member of Te Rou's tribe - is merely the vehicle for a description of the social life of the early Maori. There is a battle and then the allies return home to bury the dead: that is all. But there is also a mass of incidental detail dragged in ruthlessly by the author, who desires, as he says in his Preface, to write a story which "exhibits truthfully the everyday life, habits, and character of the pre-civilisation Maori; and as such may be accepted by scientific men as a contribution towards a knowledge of the past."⁽¹⁾ As in most "novels with a purpose" the author falls between two stools. Here, he fails to arouse interest in the characters, who are given to extremely long-winded discourse; and his study of social conditions lacks depth, though it should not, for the author was a Native Interpreter in Auckland and had formerly held the posts of Resident Magistrate at Wanganui, and Native Land Purchase Commissioner. It would have been better if he had dispensed entirely with the story element and deepened his study of the society which he had had so fair an opportunity of observing.⁽²⁾ One of the interpolated stories, however, - that of the slave, Pipo - is sufficiently real and tragic to arouse sympathy in a European, if not in his primitive audience. In fact, the remarks of the/

(1) Te Rou, op. cit., p.vi.

(2) White later remedied this defect handsomely by publishing his six-volume Ancient History of the Maori (Wellington, 1887-90).

the latter at the close of the tale illustrate well enough the general unfeeling attitude of natives towards the sufferings of others, a notable characteristic of uncivilized races. This unreflecting brutality is seen again and again throughout the book. The children, for example, play with the bleeding head of a recently killed slave; and there is continual mockery of anyone with a physical deformity, such as a hump back or a specially ugly face. Children of nature are not always attractive and civilisation brings many blessings, not the least being respect for the feelings of others. It is very likely that the reader will be bored by Te Rou; but he may learn a few curious facts that he did not know before.

2.

Another main stream in the development of fiction during the colonial period was the cult of the sheep-farming novel. It did not necessarily have a great deal to do with the practice of sheep-farming; but the writers of these stories usually had farmers and squatters' daughters as their heroes and heroines. The scene was almost invariably set in the South Island, for it was there that the settlers had taken over huge tracts of territory, which, as their soil was comparatively poor, were more suitable for sheep than for crops. These "stations" or "runs" were stocked with thousands of Merinos brought over from Australia,

Australia, and gradually other breeds were introduced from Britain. We have seen how Samuel Butler was able to leave New Zealand after making a handsome profit from his venture in the Canterbury foothills; and given reasonable luck any man who had the capital to establish a hill station would be able to repeat this success story. The settlers of Canterbury and Otago were fortunate that they were not troubled by the Maori wars that retarded development in the North Island for ten years. But their lives were sufficiently adventurous, and yet, paradoxically, comfortable and cultivated, to make them an obvious field for the novelist's endeavour. The social arts were developed by the womenfolk, who, as wives and daughters of the big run-holders, held much the same position, comparatively, in Canterbury as Lady Bertram in Northamptonshire and Lady Catherine de Bourgh in Kent. In spite of the distances between homesteads and the difficulties of travelling on horseback over rugged mountainous country, the ladies and gentlemen of the outback stations managed to pay a surprising number of calls on their friends; neither were they deterred by the prospect of a ride of twenty or even fifty miles to Christchurch to attend a ball. In between their trips to other stations, their entertaining of visitors at their own homesteads, and the performance of their duties as wives of the owners of thousands of acres of land, many wrote journals and some wrote novels. Three of the novelists about to be mentioned are women. It is in the pages of these sheep-/

sheep-farming novels that one may trace the growth of a genuinely New Zealand way of life, one that is allied to the American in its contempt for distances, but, for a time at least, in its respect for "the Hall" and "good blood" still tied to some of the customs of the land from which the colonists had voluntarily exiled themselves.

In no other novel of this period is snobbery less thinly disguised than in Mrs. Evans's A Strange Friendship (London, 1874): "Mr. Ainsleigh seems a thorough gentleman, but his sister is not a thorough lady," went on Kate, musingly, and speaking more to herself than to us. "I wonder who the Ainsleighs are, and what part of England they come from. I never met any people of that name before."⁽¹⁾ Indeed, although many of the colonists had left England in the determination never to accept artificial class barriers that were supposed to pay scant regard to merit, there were just as many others whose views were diametrically opposite. There is always a good deal of snobbery in colonial society, where the second-rate tends to be exalted to a higher place than it deserves, simply because the first rate has, for various reasons, stayed at home. Thackeray would have found a rich field for another chapter in his Book of Snobs if he had gone out to New Zealand in the eighteen-fifties. "It was my fortune to be born with a pedigree," says W.M.B.'s Edward Crewe. "I am a believer in 'birth' and have a proper pride in having sprung, myself, from a good old stock."⁽²⁾

(1) A Strange Friendship, op. cit., p.30.

(2) W.M.B., The Narrative of Edward Crewe, (London, 1874), p.3.

stock."

But it is not easy to transplant an aristocracy from the Old to the New World; and each new country must, to a great extent, produce its own élite, if the tone of society is to be healthy. Once self-government has been obtained the process of finding a native aristocracy is set in motion. Those who deserve advancement will usually get it, for in a small community, or group of such communities, the natural leaders do not long remain undiscovered. Man may be born equal but he soon starts making himself unequal with all the energy he possesses. A man acquires either more money than the next, or more education, or better morals. He may find a congenial niche among the hewers of wood and drawers of water; or he may join the population of Her Majesty's prisons. No one grudges the pioneer families of Australia and New Zealand their present comfortable homes and broad acres, for it was they, or their ancestors, who made the desert bloom. But to the New Zealander of the third generation, as he looks back on those of the first, it seems that the colonists wavered uneasily between two sets of social values, those of the Old World and those of the New. To-day the New Zealander is more sure of himself. He knows whom to respect in his own country. He may be mistaken in his criteria; his standards may be too materialistic, more American than European; the "snobbism" which André Siegfried⁽¹⁾ found so marked a feature of New Zealand society/

(1) Democracy in New Zealand, (London, 1914), Chap. XXI.

This is a translation of La Démocratie en Nouvelle-Zélande
(Paris, 1904).

society at the beginning of the twentieth century may still be rampant. But it does not matter; it is a genuine deep-rooted New Zealand "snobbism", owing as time goes by less and less of its features to the English variety. Nothing is so enduring as one's own faults, even if one is aware of them.

But in A Strange Friendship we are still with the exiles, among whom the only possible happy ending could be a return to the Old Country and to a respected position in County society. So it is that the mysterious young Mr. Ainsleigh turns out to be no other than Sir Alan Carewe of that lovely manorial seat, Curtie Knowle; and Dolly, saved from flood and storm by her lover, lives happily ever after as Lady Carewe, far distant from the crudities of colonial life. The plot is melodramatic and improbable, turning on a quixotic promise made by Alan that he would be responsible for his ne'er-do-well brother for three years overseas. This brother, Richard, is disguised as a woman, and poses as Alan's sister, in order to escape arrest for forgery. The reader is asked to believe that this deception could be practised upon the simple colonists for a quite considerable period. It is really no wonder that Kate felt there was some mystery here, "a fatal family secret,"⁽¹⁾ and that Dolly was sure that Alan's sister was his "evil genius."⁽²⁾ But never mind; in the end justice is done. Dolly becomes the mistress of Curtis Knowle, Richard is drowned, and Violet, Dolly's younger sister, whom Richard had seduced into eloping with him to Australia, returns to be /

(1) A Strange Friendship, op. cit., p.49.

(2) Ibid., p.50.

be forgiven before satisfying the Victorian conscience by dying of her shame and ill-usage.

Mrs. Evans's second novel, Over the Hills and Far Away, (London, 1874), is marked by the same air of improbability. A mysterious Mrs. Keith is the evil genius of the heroine, Lucy Cunningham. She lets it be known that she is the unfaithful wife, Laura, of Dr. Dacre, who has fallen in love with Lucy. Actually she is Beatrice, the dead Laura's twin sister, bent upon taking revenge on her brother-in-law, who, she thinks, had ill-treated her sister. She plans to stop his marrying again, simply by posing as his wife. This idea might have interested a Kyd or a Webster, but most modern readers would wonder why Beatrice should go to so much trouble. The novel has little merit. Its description of the New Zealand scene is as unreal as its plot. The only remarkable thing about the story is that all the less worthy characters remain married and alive, while the best ones are killed off - Effie, Dacre, and soon, one suspects, Lucy. The moral from this is not very obvious.

If one were to search for the "typical" sheep-farming novel, it would be hard to overlook Alexander Bathgate's Waitaruna: a Story of New Zealand Life (London, 1881), for it is the prototype of many subsequent stories of up-country life. In one sense it is a Morality rather than a novel, Gilbert Langton being the Good Immigrant and his friend, Arthur Leslie, the Bad. From the beginning it is obvious that the former is destined to/

to succeed and the latter to fail. In the meantime all the stock situations and characters are produced as mechanically as rabbits from a conjuror's hat. Their interest is extrinsic, depending upon the reader's unfamiliarity with the country and the way of life rather than upon their own complications. Shearing, pig-hunting, eeling, gold-mining, losing oneself in the bush, or drowning oneself in a river - most of these are described mechanically and appear to belong to the journal or travel book rather than to a work of the imagination. One has met these situations so often before. The feeling of boredom is aggravated by the "staginess" of the characters: Michael Donovan, for instance, working his passage as cook's mate: "... but it's Michael Donovan that's my name, sir, and was my father's before me; and sure an' I wish I was back with the ould man in Tipperary...";⁽¹⁾ or Dougal M'Lean, the Highlander: "Pless me, an' it's Mr. Ramshorn herself."⁽²⁾ Then there are the wastrels: Arthur Leslie, whose colonial Rake's Progress carries him from station-cook to marriage with a barmaid and the selling of grog in a "shanty";⁽³⁾ and Percy Brown, the young buck who cuts such a dash on board ship but who is later arrested in Dunedin for fraud. Alexander Bathgate's diligence in collecting together all his different types is admirable; but he makes nothing of them. Most of them are like vaudeville artists, making/

(1) Waitaruna, op. cit., p.4.

(2) *ibid.*, p.54.

(3) "shanty": bush public-house of a disreputable type.

making their appearances on the boards and amusing one a little, without arousing curiosity as to their home life. However, there are a few good things in Waitaruna. There are passages in which the countryside is described in something more than a journeyman style; the drowning of Harry Ewart is not without its pathos; there is a human touch in the two slight love stories of which the plot is composed; and in her own minor sphere Nellie Cameron has a little of the genius of a Becky Sharp. But Waitaruna is only the bare framework, but it is an augury of better things to come.

A greater maturity is discernible in a novel published five years later, Clara Cheeseman's A Rolling Stone, 3 vols. (London, 1886). An attempt, more than partially successful, has been made to portray people with individualities of their own. For the first time we have, in the impetuous John Palmer, a character who runs away with the author. The hero, Randall, is still that hoary type, the man with a mysterious past, who has emigrated in disgrace from the Old Country. But Miss Cheeseman's characters are intelligent, have ideas of their own, and like to discuss them. New Zealand society, rural and urban, was beginning to develop characteristics that could be commented on, with deprecation or with praise. There were the beginnings of those soul-searchings that are always to be found in a country that has passed the pioneering stage. Game laws, the materialism of the farmers, female suffrage, the scarcity of artistic genius/

genius in newly-settled countries - these and other questions vex the minds of the people in A Rolling Stone.

The main plot is simple enough. Henry Randall, a stock character, one of the "outcasts of gentility", (1) is roused from apathy by the good wishes of his New Zealand friends and develops his astounding musical talent to such an extent that he is able to give concerts all over the world. He returns to New Zealand, the affair which had caused his exile is explained, and he settles down with an attractive wife. This bare outline does not really do justice to Clara Cheeseman's powers of invention for there are sub-plots and entanglements, some of which provide a little innocent amusement, not least the skirmishes of the hot-headed, vigorous John Palmer with the designing Mrs. Sligo, who plays Widow Wadman to John's reluctant Uncle Toby. Unfortunately, even the airy spaces of a three-volume novel have not been sufficient for all the characters to be drawn in the round. Langridge, the rich farmer, Wishart, the gentleman of private means, Everard Palmer, a scholar married to a slattern wife, and Maud Desmond, Randall's former betrothed (whom he subsequently marries), are conventional figures, though not without their moments of liveliness. But one of the most encouraging signs in A Rolling Stone is the author's use of the countryside as a background to her story. Though it is authentically described, no attempt is made to play up the/

(1) A Rolling Stone, op. cit., Vol.I, p.110.

the sensational aspects - volcanoes, floods, earthquakes, and so on. Even these grand manifestations of an angry Nature can become monotonous if they occur too frequently in the pages of the books one reads.

3.

One of the most interesting novels of the period is concerned neither with Maoris nor farmers but with politicians. This is Julius Vogel's Anno Domini 2,000, (London, 1889). It is a utopian novel by a writer who had already proved that he was both a visionary and a practical man of affairs. As Minister of Finance in 1870, Vogel had launched the New Zealand Government on an ambitious Public Works scheme (twenty million pounds were borrowed from Britain for the purpose) that spread a network of roads and railways over the country and opened it up rapidly for further development. True, the government nearly went bankrupt in the eighties, but that was not entirely Vogel's fault.

The writer's ideas in Anno Domini 2,000 are as controversial as his financial policy. The novel is significantly sub-titled Woman's Destiny, and equality of the sexes is his theme. Indeed, having propounded his belief that "the bodily power is greater in man, and the mental power larger in woman," (1) Vogel goes on to show that by the end of the twentieth century "woman has/

(1) Anno Domini, op. cit., p.28.

has become the guiding, man the executive, force of the world "(1)
 The Prime Minister of the British Empire, which is now a federation of member states, is a woman, ably assisted by a Cabinet of her own sex. Local government has been conceded to Ireland, though that country remains within the Empire; and the U.S.A. in that eventful year (2,000), after a short but decisive war in which it suffers a resounding defeat at the hands of the British, elects to resume its old allegiance. The union is "celebrated with enormous rejoicing"(2) by both British and Americans. The Empire is a vast Welfare State for "it had long since been decided that every human being was entitled to a share in the good things of the world, and that destitution was abhorrent."(3) To work is voluntary but state pensioners, other than those who are aged, infirm, and helpless, have to wear uniform. The writer is convinced that "every human being is entitled to a sufficiency of food and clothing and to decent lodging whether or not he or she is willing to or capable of work."(4) All the workers start off at a sufficient wage, but there is always the desire to better oneself to make one work harder. There is "no reason to fear that ambition would be deadened because the lowest scale of life commenced with sufficiency of sustenance "(5) Transport among the member countries is/

(1) *ibid.*, pp.28-9.

(2) *ibid.*, p.292.

(3) *ibid.*, p.136.

(4) *ibid.*, p.329.

(5) *ibid.*, p.329.

is largely by air-cruisers of such speed that one can travel the twelve hundred miles between Australia and New Zealand by "public conveyance" in sixteen hours.⁽¹⁾ There are high customs duties ~~in~~ foreign imports - three times the amount levied on the same goods within the Empire - and the Government's revenue is made up from this source, together with income tax (a clear twenty-five per cent on all sums beyond the first five hundred pounds) and death duties.

Vogel's purpose in writing A.D. 2,000 was a threefold one:

First, it has been designed to show that a recognised dominance of either sex is unnecessary, and that men and women may take part in the affairs of the world on terms of equality, each member of either sex enjoying the position to which he or she is entitled by reason of his or her qualifications.

The second object is to suggest that the materials are to hand for forming the dominions of Great Britain into a powerful and beneficent empire.

The third purpose is to attract consideration to the question as to whether it is not possible to relieve the misery under which a large portion of mankind languishes on account of extreme poverty and destitution.⁽²⁾

One no longer marvels, after reading this, at the advanced social legislation of Richard John Seddon's government in the nineties; nor at the fact that New Zealand was the first country in the British Empire to grant the franchise to women.⁽³⁾

The main fault of A.D. 2,000 as a novel is that the writer has, with a certain lack of taste, attempted to give his/

(1) Actually, in 1954 the "public conveyance" takes half that time.

(2) *ibid.*, pp.328-9.

(3) In 1893.

his impeccable heroes and heroines everything that this material world can offer. The blue-blooded Hilda Fitzherbert is not only a cabinet minister and Duchess of New Zealand, but she also earns millions of pounds in gold when the Clutha River is diverted to uncover its deposits, and ends by marrying the Emperor himself. One can only hope that her spiritual values survived the shock of these colossal gifts from Mammon. As a story of "high life" A.D. 2,000 is not perhaps a very valuable contribution to New Zealand's literature; but as a novel of ideas it is a vast improvement on Chapman's Mihawhenua and the anonymous Travels of Hildebrand Bowman.

1860 - 1890.

III

Verse.

There is less reason to feel disappointment with the quality of the verse from 1860 to 1890 than to wonder at its quantity. The colonial Miltons may have been inglorious in the sense that fame has not crowned their efforts - probably the only poem generally known from that period is Thomas Bracken's "Not Understood" - but mute they never were. All their moods were transferred to paper, and many of the poems show how their writers' thoughts harked back to Europe. There is plenty of undergraduate fun in Canterbury Rhymes, the romance in Ranolf and Amohia is more suited to the dolce far niente of Belmont than the savage bush, and the classical imagery in the poems of Bowen and Broome would not be unseemly from the pen of a quiet University don in Britain.

Emigration affected the New Zealand poets in two ways: it both depressed and inspired them. It depressed them because they missed the idealised scenes of their childhood; but it inspired them because they felt themselves to be, in Reeves's words "rough architects of State",⁽¹⁾ creators of a new and better Britain. The nostalgia and hope of the colonists is expressed more or less fluently, sometimes with touching sincerity, by most of the poets; it even underlies the political satire /

(1) Reeves, W.P., "A Colonist in His Garden", l.74. Vide W.F. Alexander and A.E. Currie, A Treasury of New Zealand Verse (Whitcombe and Tombs, 1926).

satire of the Canterbury Rhymes and Golder's rough-hewn verse. There is some exasperation -- with the weather, with grubbing and hoeing, with grasping squatters -- but there is always the feeling that these are only temporary nuisances and that better times are just round the corner; and on the whole, the tone of the verse is placid enough. Most of it was written in the South Island, in Canterbury and Otago, where there were no Maori Wars to trouble the settlers, and where the chief enemies were an obdurate soil and a variable climate.

One of the best of Otago's early poets was a Scot, John Barr, who had come to the colony in 1852 -- four years, that is, after its foundation. His Poems and Songs, Descriptive and Satirical, were published in Edinburgh in 1861. He aspired, with some success, to be the homely poet of the Otago countryside, an Antipodean Robbie Burns, standing like the Cotter with his bible in hand, praising the simple virtues, and lashing vice. An engineer turned farmer, at first he found the going very hard. He learnt the bitter truth that is soon brought home to all pioneers, that in coming to a new land they have taken a step back in civilisation and for a time they must live like more primitive people. This is a challenge which, in most cases, inspires to superhuman exertions, for the settler has a clear picture in his mind of the standard of comfort to which he wishes to attain, and is determined to work as hard as he can until he has lifted himself above the condition of a peasant. Indeed it/

it was to better himself that he had emigrated. Even so, there must have been times when even the staunchest of settlers felt dispirited. So it was with John Barr of Craigielee:

Grub away, tug away, toil till you're weary,
Haul oot the toot⁽¹⁾ roots and everything near ye.⁽²⁾

In such conditions it was perhaps no wonder that he "misca'd Otago weel"⁽³⁾ and

...thought upon my native land
And on the crystal streams.⁽⁴⁾

Fortunately, he had the encouragement of his neighbours, who rallied round to help the newcomer and to banish his homesickness, until finally there came a time when he could write:

I work no more wi' grubbin' hoe,
But whistle at the plough⁽⁵⁾

- and when he could boost his province with a very Habbitt-like enthusiasm:

It is indeed a favour'd spot,
The Emerald of the south;
There's peace and plenty in her gates,
There's bread for every mouth.

With steady hearts and willing hands,
From day to day we toil;
The bread is sweet that labour brings,
Where 'tis our own the soil.⁽⁶⁾

But though the "favour'd spot" was rapidly satisfying most of man's fundamental needs, now that Barr had time to look round he could see that Auld Gloomie was at his work even in the Antipodes. Drunkenness, love of "siller", and scandal/

(1) toot = tutu, a plant which, if eaten in small quantities, is nutritious for cattle, but poisonous if too much is taken.
(2) "Grub Away, Tug Away", 11.5-6.

(3-6 on next page.)

scandal-mongering, were evils rife in the community. At the end of "Robin's Adventures", a long poem reminiscent of "Tam o'Shanter", he exclaimed earnestly, if a little ungrammatically:

Drink brings fair youth to early grave,
The warmest heart it will deprave;
A mother's heart it's often broke,
And wither'd many a father's hope.(1)

To John Barr, happiness in family life was the most desirable thing this world had to offer. "There's no place," he said, "like our ain fireside":

Nae place can warm the heart sae weel,
If peace and love preside;
It's there a man feels like a man,
Wi' a' a father's pride.(2)

Drink could destroy that happiness and so could greed. In "The Love of Gold" he told of a miser's progress on the downward path; and in "Noo, Jock, my Man, Sit Down by Me", an ironical little poem, a mother advises her son to marry a strong wife, "ane wi' siller", (3) and "when ye hae weans",

We'er fash wi' education;
But pack them aff to herd the kye,
Or to some shepherd's station;
An' see that ye get a' they win...(4)

(cont'd.)

(3) "When to Otago first I came", 1.10.

(4) *ibid.*, 11. 17-18.

(5) *ibid.*, 11. 39-40.

(6) "Otago Goes Ahead, my Boys", 11.5-12.

(1) "Robin's Adventures", 11. 111-114.

(2) "There's Nae Place Like Our Ain Fireside", 11. 5-8.

(3) "Noo, Jock, my Man, Sit Down by Me", 1. 17.

(4) *ibid.*, 11, 29-33.

This kind of advice was the exception rather than the rule, for the Scots of Otago wasted no time in setting up schools and a University in their province. In a footnote to "I Wonder What in This Creation", Barr explained: "In this satirical poem the author intends only to represent...the selfish and grovelling feelings of those who, without education themselves, see no necessity for imparting it to others, and devote all their energies to the mere acquisition of money..."(1) He flung into his theme with gusto:

I wonder what in this Creation
 Makes a' this din on education,
 It takes, for bairns o' lowest station,
 Twa pounds a-year;
 It's naecht but downright ruination,
 And waste o' gear.(2)

.....
 The like o' us hae little time
 To waste on books, or prose, or rhyme,
 Especially in foreign clime
 Like oor Otago,
 Whaur gude milk kye and bullocks fine
 Is a' we brag o' (3)

- which is a little harsh towards Otago, the "Emerald of the south".

Drink and materialism - and scandal-mongering: the third disrupter of happy home-life is the purveyor of gossip, somebody like "Clashin' Jenny Tinkler", who gives her name to a bitter little poem, beginning: /

(1) Poems and Songs, (Edinburgh, 1861), p.198.

(2) "I Wonder What in This Creation", ll. 1-6.

(3) *ibid.*, ll. 37-42.

beginning:

O clashin' Jenny Tinkler,
Your tongue gangs like a bell;
For tellin' lees and raising strife
Ye beat Auld Nick himsel'.⁽¹⁾

In the witty "Crack between Mrs. Scandal and Mrs. Envy" these two worthies run through the whole gamut of scandalous topics, and it is evident that Barr has even less love for the scandal-monger than he has for the miser. But it is necessary to keep a sense of proportion and to remember that Jenny Tinklers were not merely a local product, confined to Otago or even to newly-settled countries. They are, of course, ubiquitous and are just as likely to be found in the suburbs of large cities as in the settlements of men and women busily engaged in coming to terms with their environment. The ocean of chat that flows over the New Zealand tea-cups is largely harmless, anyhow. Americans, Australians, Canadians, South Africans, and New Zealanders have in common an insatiable curiosity concerning other people. They want to know as soon as possible what a stranger does for a living (including how much he earns), what he is doing in their village, whether he is a friendly person or not, whether or not they might visit his wife the next day, and whether or not he needs any help. If he settles in the district neighbours begin to drop in within a week, bringing with them a sense of comradeship. In other words, most settlers talk about their neighbours because they want to keep in touch with the human race.

(1) "Clashin' Jenny Tinkler", ll. 1-4.

race. On the whole, they would rather not find any unpleasant characteristics in their fellow-beings - they need friends, not enemies.

The poetry of John Barr is that of a minor Burns, sometimes, as in "Robin's Adventures", pure imitation. His themes were an importation from Scotland, like himself and his fellow-colonists; but greed and drunkenness, family affection, pity for small animals, and courtship between youth and maiden, were just as natural in Otago as anywhere else.

The emotions were genuine enough and it did not matter much if the vocabulary belonged rather to eighteenth century Scotland than to nineteenth century New Zealand. At least the language was virile and without that dreary sing-song quality that marred much of the New Zealand verse of that period. It is probably true to say that the poetic tradition of Otago started with John Barr of Craigielea.

2.

The work of Alfred Domett, politician and poet, is very different from the lyrical and satiric verse of John Barr. Domett has the distinction of having written the longest poem in New Zealand literature, longer than Paradise Lost. This was the narrative poem, Ranolf and Amohia,⁽¹⁾

Domett was born in Surrey in 1811. He was at Cambridge

(1) Ranolf and Amohia: A Dream of Two Lives, 2 vols. (Revised edition, London, 1883).

Cambridge from 1829 to 1833 and made many literary friends there - he himself wrote both verse and prose - but left without taking a degree. From 1833 to 1842 he travelled widely in North America and on the Continent. During this period he also studied for the Bar and wrote verse, many of his poems being published in Blackwood's Magazine. Probably the best poem of this period was "Christmas Hymn", which won the admiration of Longfellow. He was called to the Bar at the Middle Temple in 1841 but he never practised law seriously. In May, 1842, he purchased land in Nelson, New Zealand, arriving in the settlement in August of that year. He entered the public life of the colony and was Premier in 1862-3. He was appointed Secretary for Lands in 1863 and held this and other important offices until his return to England in 1871. There, in retirement, he spent his time in writing. Ranolf and Amohia appeared in 1872; and Flotsam and Jetsam in 1877.

Ranolf and Amohia is a narrative poem of some 14,000 lines, written for the most part in couplets or alternate rhyme, dealing with the love affair of a Maori and a European. It is scarcely an epic in the classical sense: there are few long similes and there is no intervention by the gods; there is no action on a grand scale and no descent into hell - unless one can regard the thermal region of Rotorua as a mild substitute. The poem is chiefly remarkable for its passages of description and for one or two lyrics. Its central episode, the blissful existence/

existence of the two lovers in their forest Eden, is, like most descriptions of perfect happiness, more than a little wearisome. One begins to understand why our first parents welcomed the serpent.

Ranolf, the European hero of the poem, was brought up, as a boy, on the coast in the far north of Scotland. After some voyages to sea he flung himself into his studies, first the Classics, and then Philosophy. Four long Cantos are devoted to cloudy speculations on the nature of the Universe and of God. In the end Ranolf comes to a belief in the immortality of the soul. Such a display of erudition is not really necessary - it is an example of the "embarras de richesses"⁽¹⁾ of which Tennyson was later to complain. When he has to choose a career Ranolf weighs the relative merits of Medicine, the Law, and the Church, and finds them all wanting. However, his father dies before the choice is made and Ranolf, a gentleman of independent means, takes once more to the sea. He is wrecked off the coast of the North Island of New Zealand and rescued by a friendly tribe of Maoris. Wishing to see more of these people, he sends to Australia for supplies, and then, after learning the language, sets off into the interior.

His first encounter with Amohia takes place in the forest near the hot-springs district of Rotorua. She has been seized by two Maoris of Ranolf's own party, men of a hostile tribe, who intend to carry her off into their own territory. Ranolf/

(1) Vide infra, p.208.

Ranolf liberates her and learns her identity: she is the daughter of Tangi-Moana (Sounding Sea), chief of a hapu or sub-tribe living on the island of Mokoia in the centre of Lake Rotorua. Ranolf meets this chief, an upright old man and stern warrior, whom the missionaries had failed to convert.⁽¹⁾ He laughed at their threats of hell: no Maori was bad enough to be detained there for all eternity, he said.

The only member of the tribe who does not welcome Ranolf is Kangapo, the tohunga, or priest, who, seeing in the young stranger a possible obstruction to his schemes for marrying off Amohia in order to form a powerful alliance, takes the first opportunity of kidnapping him with the intention of killing him and then disposing quietly of his body. Nature, however, proves stronger than politics, for Amohia rescues the visitor from his predicament and receives her first kiss as a reward. Ranolf escapes to the mainland, and by now the two are well on the way to being in love. Then, on the island, Amohia hears that, as her first betrothed has just been killed in a landslide, Kangapo is busy arranging a second betrothal, this time with Pomare, a chief of the powerful Ngapuhi. The very next day she is to be rendered tapu and the barrier of superstition and the law will come between her and Ranolf. She decides to flee to the mainland, to join Ranolf. As no canoe is available/

(1) The resemblance to the historical figure, Te Heu Heu of Taupo, is too strong to be overlooked. This remarkable chief made a deep impression on all who met him or heard of him by repute.

available she swims across the lake, like Hinemoa, only in the opposite direction, and, again like her ancestress, is found by Ranolf in the grotto of a warm spring by the shore.

Then, because of the danger of pursuit, the two lovers set off immediately into the bush, but they have not been together for many days before they receive news of the father's forgiveness and Kangapo's departure from the tribe. However, they decide to spend a honeymoon in the forest before returning to the island. There is news also of Amohia's handmaiden, Miroa, who, it would appear, has all this time been concealing a vain love for Ranolf. Te Manu, the messenger, has overheard her singing a song to herself in melancholy fashion. The first two verses indicated her thoughts:

Miroa's Song.

Alas, and well-a-day! they are talking of me still;
By the tingling of my nostril, I fear they are talking ill;
Poor hapless I - poor little I - so many mouths to fill -
And all for this strange feeling, O this sad sweet pain!

O senseless heart - O simple! to yearn so and to pine
For one so far above me, confest o'er all to shine -
For one a hundred dote upon, who never can be mine!
O 'tis a foolish feeling - all this fond sweet pain!(1)

Books Four and Five (seven cantos in each) describe the lovers' delight in each other and in the life they lead. This would be intolerable if it were not for the accompanying description of the thermal area in which they find themselves. It is the strangest part of New Zealand, where the earth's crust is at/

(1) Ranolf and Amohia (Revised edition, London, 1883), Book IV, Canto II (v), ll. 7-14.

The full Song may also be found in A Treasury of New Zealand Verse, op. cit.

at its thinnest and boiling mud-pools and geysers abound. It is, as Domett says, "a wondrous realm";(1) but there is a reverse side to the cameo of calm and beauty he first described:

Aye! in this realm of seeming rest,
 What sights you met and sounds of dread!
 Calcareous caldrons, deep and large
 With geysers hissing to their marge;
 Sulphureous fumes that spout and blow;
 Columns and cones of boiling snow;
 And sable lazy-bubbling pools
 Of spluttering mud that never cools;
 With jets of steam through narrow vents
 Uproaring, maddening to the sky,
 Like cannon-mouths that shoot on high
 In unrelenting loud discharge
 Their inexhaustible contents:
 While oft beneath the trembling ground
 Rumbles a drear persistent sound
 Like ponderous engines infinite, working
 At some tremendous task below! - (2)

With the opening of Book Six the lovers return from the "latter - day Eden", (3) in which they have been dwelling for some fourteen Cantos, to the island of Mokoia and a life of violent action. Some of the neighbouring tribes have been roused by Kangapo to attack the island and under their leader, Te Whetu-Riri ("The Angry Star"), have dragged their canoes overland to the margin of the lake. Once on the island they prepare for the grand assault, with a war-dance. Then battle is joined; the two leaders meet and a terrific hand-to-hand conflict takes place, culminating in the death of Te Whetu, shot by Ranolf,

(1) Ranolf and Amohia op. cit., Book IV. Canto III (iv), 1, 22.

(2) Ranolf and Amohia, op. cit., Book IV, Canto III (iv), 11, 69-85.

(3) *ibid.*, the heading to Book IV.

Ranolf, who steps in to save his friend after the latter has slipped in a pool of blood. The enemy retreats, but Tangi is mortally wounded by a bullet fired from a thicket by one of the defeated tribesman. The fight is over; but it has been one of the highlights of the poem and has made amends for much that was monotonous in the preceding cantos.

In Book Seven Ranolf and Amohia become for the first time something other than pasteboard figures. For a while they emerge as real human beings struggling with a complex emotional problem. The crisis was bound to come; man is distinguished from the angels by his complete inability to dwell in happiness for ever: he cannot live by love alone. Ranolf continues to love Amohia but he begins to yearn for change, for the life of a civilized nation. Amohia is too much the child of Nature, though a very delightful one, to afford him the intellectual companionship for which he now craves. She, poor girl, can think of only one reason for his discontent: he is tiring of her and pining for the love of one of those beautiful European maidens of whom he has told her.

And so the days slid heavily for both -
 Each grief grew daily with the other's growth;
 And from the woods upon his sad return
 The sadness in her eyes he would discern,
 And try to cheer her...(1)

At this stage in their affairs there comes the news that Kangapo has now incited the Ngapuhi to plan an attack on Mokoia, in order to kill Ranolf and seize Amohia as a bride for the son of their chief. Amohia decides to sacrifice herself for Ranolf/

(1) *ibid.*, Book VII, Canto II (1), ll. 109-113.

Ranolf and the tribe. She will go north and surrender herself to the Ngapuhi; then, when the country is at peace, she can take her own life. In a moving passage Domett describes her state of mind during her last night with Ranolf and their final meal together before the latter, all unknowing, goes off to his day's hunting. Amohia leaves the camp, passing by the scenes of her former happiness, and journeys towards the Ngapuhi, until, worn out by her almost ceaseless travelling, she is swept away as she attempts to ford a flooded river. A report that she is drowned reaches Ranolf, and he, realising bitterly the full extent of his loss, makes his way to the coast with the intention of returning to his own country; but in a small village he finds Amohia alive and together they escape in a whaling ship to face life among the white men. In the last Canto Domett returns to philosophy and avoids the practical questions which he has posed earlier concerning the possibility of happiness for Amohia among Europeans. Ranolf had intimated that he would scorn the probable insults of society - it is to be hoped that Amohia would be able to scorn them too.

Such, then, is Ranolf and Amohia, "a Dream of Two Lives", as it is sub-titled. It has indeed a dreamlike quality, for the hero is, on the whole, a shadowy, unsatisfactory figure: he is never as real as Odysseus, or Robinson Crusoe, or even Amohia, who is more sharply defined because, perhaps, more pains have to be taken to make her a sympathetic figure to a British audience./

audience. Certainly one is more interested in her fate than in her partner's if only because it is she who takes the decisive, self-immolating step concerning the Ngapuhi. Kangapo is just another in the long succession of villainous witch-doctors who have been practising their arts in hundreds of melodramas ranging from the Congo to the Amazon. His end is sufficiently remarkable. In a chance encounter with Amohia after she left Ranolf he attempts to take her prisoner but loses his balance in the struggle and falls into a pool of boiling mud. Tangi-Moana belongs to the old school of chieftains extolled by Manning: brave, crafty, violent, strong, wise in council, a leader of men and, like a savage, quite merciless to his enemies.

When Ranolf and Amohia was first published there was a great deal of favourable criticism. Longfellow praised it; so did Sir George Grey, and Sir Henry Parkes, the Premier of New South Wales. A reviewer in the Sunday Times (Oct. 27th 1872) hailed it as "the New Zealand epic". Another, in The Spectator (Oct. 19th 1872), after praising the "buoyancy of the verse", stated: "But its claim to be read is its masterly grasp of the conditions of the modern problem as between Theism and Positivism....". Not everybody would agree. Kant and Hegel and Fichte and the others belong rather to text books on metaphysics than to an idyll of the South Seas. The omission of these speculations, and of the Maori legends later in the story, would have done much to obviate the charge of diffuseness levelled by more than one /

one otherwise sympathetic critic.

Robert Browning, however, was most enthusiastic, but perhaps his friendship⁽¹⁾ for Domett had a bearing on his judgment. In a letter to Domett from Fontainebleau, dated Oct. 18th, 1872, he praised the poem very highly indeed.⁽²⁾ Tennyson, however, was more cautious, although the Poet Laureate saw much/

(1) Domett is the "Waring" of Browning's poem written after the former's sudden departure for New Zealand:

"What's become of Waring
Since he gave us all the slip?"

(2) He wrote:

I rank it under nothing - taken altogether - nothing that has appeared in my day and generation for subtle yet clear writing about subjects of all others the most urgent for expression, and the least easy in treatment; while the affluence of illustration, and dexterity in bringing to bear upon the story every possible aid from every imaginable quarter, and that with such treasures, new and old, of language, and such continuance of music in modes old and new, - well, I hope I am no more surprised at the achievement than is consistent with my always having held to the belief that whenever 'Waring' reappeared, some such effect would follow the phenomenon. I see very well where the dissentients may seek their opportunity; but I know where the compensation lies, and don't mind dear Amo being of such 'gentle savagery' as you yourself said long ago. In fine, the poem is worth the thirty years' work and experience, and even absence from home; and whether people accept it now, or let it alone for a while, in the end appreciated it is certain to be.

Vide Alfred H. Miles edit., The Poets and the Poetry of the Century, 10 Vols. (London, 1898), Vol. IV, pp. 267-8.

much to admire in the poem. Comett received a note from him on the 3rd Dec., 1872:-

Intellectual subtlety, great power of delineating delicious scenery, imaginative fire, - all these are there. Nevertheless I find in it an embarras de richesses which makes it a little difficult to read - to me at least. (1)

Tennyson is probably nearer the mark; the passage of time has not borne out Browning's prophecy, and perhaps never will. But anyone who reads Books Six and Seven, and the descriptions of New Zealand's hot springs district in Book Four, may be tempted to seek further and will not be disappointed in his search for passages of considerable poetic beauty.

3.

A third notable contribution to New Zealand poetry in this period was made, not by one man, but by a group of people who had one thing in common - they all lived in the most "English" of the colony's provinces. The first edition of Canterbury Rhymes (Christchurch, 1868) was edited by Crosbie Ward, a brilliant young Irishman who became Postmaster - General and Secretary for Lands at the age of twenty-nine. The second edition was brought out in 1883 by William Pember Reeves, statesman and historian, who, like Ward, was himself a contributor. In his preface Reeves says: "The Rhymes were written in Canterbury for Canterbury/

(1) A.H. Miles, edit. The Poets and Poetry of the Century, op. cit., p.268.

Canterbury readers, and their best claim to favour on their own soil will be found in the old associations connected with them, and in the pleasant, unpretending record they form of the amusements, quarrels, politics, and progress of Provincial Canterbury".⁽¹⁾ But although the Rhymes are regional verse there is much to interest the outsider, just as one does not need to be Sussex born and bred to appreciate the regional poetry of Hilaire Belloc.

The anthology (2nd edition) opens with James Edward Fitzgerald's "Night Watch Song of the 'Charlotte Jane'", a sentimental poem written on board one of the first four emigrant ships which left England together for Canterbury in 1850. It therefore has the distinction of being the first poem of the Canterbury pilgrims. It is followed by another lyric, equally sentimental, "The Canterbury Emigrant", by an anonymous author, whose theme was that of contentment with the new life "down under". In this poem and, indeed, throughout the collection, there is to be observed a steady undercurrent of affection for England. These were not people who had left their country for their country's good, or because of religious persecution; and so their memories of the mother country were usually nostalgic and pleasant. So the Canterbury Emigrant writes to his friend:

But we'll not forget the Old World,
 In boasting of the New,
 Nor the many friends we left behind,
 The friends both kind and true.
 We'll drink prosperity to all;
 And if they love good cheer,
 And cannot find it where they are,
 Why, let them all come here! ⁽²⁾

(1) Canterbury Rhymes op. cit., p. iv. (2) on next page.

The same love of the Old Country is expressed in two ("The Avon" and "An Historical Picture") of the five sonnets by "J" (Henry Jacobs, the Dean of Christchurch), who then learnedly points out that Canterbury represents, above all, an extension of English culture:

"Tis Greece, where Greeks do dwell!" So spake and thought
That ancient race. The isle-embroidered sea
Was sprinkled with their towns; lo! spreading free
One Greece in many lands. May we be taught
By them to love our country as we ought!
'Tis not thy soil, O England! nor thy scenes,
Though oft on these home-wand'ring Fancy leans;
'Tis not alone th' historic fervour caught
From old association; not thy marts,
Nor e'en thy grey cathedrals, nor thy wells
Of ancient learning, though for these our hearts
May fondly yearn; true love of country tells
A better tale - thy Church, thy laws, thy arts!
'Tis England where an English spirit dwells.(1)

Part of the English heritage was, of course, the right to grumble. No true Englishman would have felt completely at ease if, say, the climate had been perfect. Fortunately, Canterbury province was blessed with such a wide variety of climatic moods that the question of perfection never arose. The winds were especially remarkable. A station-owner in the foothills wrote lugubriously:

I've witnessed all the winds that blow, from Land's
End to Barbadoes -
Typhoons, pamperos, hurricanes, eke terrible tornadoes.
All these but gentle zephyrs are, which pleasantly
go by ye,
To the howling, bellowing, horrid gusts which sweep
down the Rakaiā.(2)

(cont.) (2)

"The Canterbury Emigrant", ll. 25-32.

(1) Sonnet, "Greece is, where the Greeks are".

(2) M.P.S. (Mark Pringle Stoddart), "The Shagroon's Lament",
ll. 5-8.

And Dr. Rouse of Lyttelton looked forward to the time
when he could seek some more congenial home,

Never to return to thee,
Eden of the Southern Sea.(1)

Bitterly he apostrophised his adopted country:

Land where men with brains of fog
Built a city in a bog!
Land of rain, and storm, and flood!
Land of water, wind, and mud!
Where six days a week the gale,
Laden thick with rain or hail,
First from south - west blows a piercer,
Then veers north - west and blows fiercer!
This is what I think of thee,
Eden of the Southern Sea.(2)

But the climate was not the only thing wrong with Canterbury.
It will be remembered that the Wakefield Company had planned that
its settlers should take up plots of land and farm them on the
English pattern - fifty or a hundred acres, perhaps, of agricul-
:tural land, with more for the squire, and a good supply of
hired labourers. But soon came the sheep-men or "shagroons" from
Victoria, prophesying that the "pilgrims" would be ruined if they
kept only to agriculture. The Canterbury settlers were quick
to learn and the Wakefield plan was modified almost immediately.
A new class came into being, that of the big run-holders. So
powerful did these "squatters" become in the course of a few
years that they were seen as a menace by the rest of the commun-
:ity, especially the new settlers who came flooding into the
country, desirous of taking up land. They soon found that /

(1) "Ode to New Zealand: A Growl in a South-easter", 11, 79-80.
(2) *ibid.*, 11, 51-60.

to have been "a colossus among runholders"(1), "stunnen"
(Mr. John Studholme), and others. Oloware, "the long-winded
Secretary", stated the case for the Provincial Council:

Thus he spake for twenty minutes,
Making frequent repetitions
And subdued reverberations,
Like the dropping down of water
From a spout in rainy weather,
Into some half-empty barrel.(2)

Jonnioltok was the first of the squatters to reply. He suggested
that they should take away the rights of everybody - except the
squatters. He finished, and sat down.

So the parson-bird, the tui,
The white-bearded songster tui,
In the morning wakes the woodlands
with his customary music.
Then the other tuis round him
Clear their throats and sing in concert,
All the parson birds together.(3)

One by one the squatters thundered at their timorous opponents:

Few were bold enough to argue
In reply to Bobirodi,
To the bulky Scotje-tomsin,
To the very big man, Stunnen,
To the subtle Jonnioltok.
And the few that stood their ground there,
Stood their ground and asked for justice,
Simple justice to all classes,
They were bullied and brow-beaten,
Called to order, reprimanded,
By the big men, the stockowners,
Squatters and the friends of squatters,
And the timid ones around them
Who would fain be friends of squatters.
So the fluent Secretary,
Oloware the rapid speaker,
With his colleague sitting by him,
Tomicas, the chief surveyor,
Trembled on the crimson cushions./

(1) Canterbury Rhymes, 2nd Edition, (Christchurch, 1883), p.127.

ibid., 11. 102-7.

(3) ibid., 11. 144-150.

that most of the country was locked up in the possession of the squatters, who were by no means willing to disgorge even a few acres here and there for small farmers. This situation is described in the wittiest of the Canterbury Rhymes: Number Six of the Provincial Parodies by Crosbie Ward, entitled "Song of the Squatters. After Longfellow". Unfortunately, it is too long to quote in full, but an extract may help to show that Longfellow was not disgraced. Written in the same metre as "Hiawatha", and with the familiar imagery and epithets in a New Zealand context, it tells how the run-holders gained weighty concessions from the Provincial Council when it amended the Land Regulations in 1858. On that occasion all the big station-owners converged on the provincial capital:

Crafty squatters, subtle shepherds,
From the Southward and the Northward,
From the deep and wide Waitangi,
From the changing Hurunui,
From the gloomy Harewood forest,
From the icy lake of Coleridge,
From the country of Mackenzie,
From the regions of the Westward,
Came together down to Christchurch,
Entered the Provincial Council,
Made orations in the Council...(1)

"Oloware" (Mr. John Ollivier), the Secretary, and "Tomicas" (Mr. Thomas Cass), the chief surveyor, and their few supporters were browbeaten and overborne by "Jonnioltok" (Mr. John Hall - later Sir John), "Scotje-tomsin" (Mr. "Scotchy" Thomson), "Bobirodi" (Mr. Robert Rhodes - founder of one of the most influential families in Canterbury, and said by Mr. Ward to/

(1) "Song of the Squatters", ll. 7-17.

cushions,
 Gave them all that they demanded,
 Granted all the boon they asked for,
 Never dared to raise objections,
 For they feared the mighty squatters.(1)

Then all the stockman departed, triumphant, to their holdings -

And they kicked the farmer backward
 From the fertile spots of country
 In the region of the Westward, -
 Never thinking of hereafter.(2)

Although victorious on this occasion, the squatters did not enjoy their vast possessions for very long. The legislation of the nineties split their runs, and land which had hitherto been idle was put to use, by dairy-farmers, and by sheep-farmers, who were content with two or three thousand acres rather than fifty or a hundred thousand.

The other poems in Canterbury Rhymes and in another collection, Colonial Couplets, by George Phipps Williams and William Pember Reeves (Christchurch, 1889), are very similar to the examples just given: political and social satire of a light hearted nature, not of a very high standard of verse, but a gold-mine of information concerning the personalities of early Canterbury.(3) By editorial policy, nothing really harsh was printed in Canterbury Rhymes; all was kept within the bounds/

(1) *ibid.*, ll. 218-240.

(2) *ibid.*, ll. 254-7.

(3) It is a little ungracious perhaps, to select for quotation an inferior poem from a collection (Colonial Couplets) containing such entertaining verse as "An Old Chum on New Zealand Scenery", "A New Chum's Letter Home", and "A Globe-trotter's Views on New Zealand"; but "A Deserted School Bathing Place" is so completely out of touch with modern New Zealand social thought that it must be pointed out as a /

bounds prescribed by good-humour. Even the Shagroon was appeased after he had left the Rakaia and settled at the coast.

4.

Among the minor poets of the period was Sir Frederick Napier Broome, (1) who came to New Zealand in 1857, and settled in Canterbury. In his Poems from New Zealand (London, 1868) much of the verse is marred either by cloudy, diffuse imagery or by a tendency to rhyme without regard to sense. One poem however, "Rose", captures vividly enough the suffering of a boy who has been deeply in love with an older, but beautiful, woman. For example:

I wonder within those wet eyes
Was there passion and truth for a minute?
Did your soul on a sudden arise
From its sloth to sink down again in it?
'Twas scarcely worth while to begin it,
That dull book, to close
It so soon again, Rose. (2)

"Ceres to Arethusa", one of his poems with a classical theme, is a good example of the uneven quality of his work. This is by no means his worst poem, but it is spoilt by lapses in taste and sheer inability to find the right word. It is easy /

(cont. (3))

a curiosity. One verse will suffice:

Where are the louts, those jeering tones
They flung us o'er the stream, with stones? -
They threw exceeding straight.
Now in a good ear-splitting way
Does College! scare the louts to-day
Where boys do congregate? (ll. 55-60).

Reeves may well ask. Such terms belong rather to Greyfriars and St. Jim's than to present-day Christchurch.

(1) Husband of Lady Barker. (vide supra, pp.124-133).

(2) "Rose", ll. 78-84, Poems from New Zealand, op. cit.

easy to find either false rhyme or inept epithets, as in the lines:

From thy Nerean nook
Come, with thy liquid look,
From the scooped water-ways thy hold unloose,
Arise, wet Arethuse! (1)

- or a strained metaphor such as the following, with its reminder of one of Crashaw's worst verses, and its obscure last line:

It seemed as though her lip
Was wet with over-drip
Of wine new pressed from her heart's gathered grape
Which set its sweet sharp shape. (2)

But that he was capable of apt imagery is shown by the similes in these few lines from the same poem:

Ah! she was ever fond of flowers and fountains,
And knew the paths to every pool that lies
Still, as a molten mirror in the mountains,
Full, as with light of multitudinous eyes. (3)

One of his most ambitious poems was the lengthy "Egeria", a diffuse and introspective hymn to Poetry and Liberty. It has some exalted passages, but the poem as a whole is marred by frequent lapses into bathos or lameness. One example will suffice:

Thus in that dusky hour I sat me there,
And my breasts' portals of themselves did part
To the twain influences of earth and air
Which swelled so high around them, and my heart
Was quickly irrigated by their art,
And from a sepulchre of many days
Forgotten feelings magically start,
And tears track down their unaccustomed ways
While Time and all its tide repass my fixed gaze. (4)

(1) "Ceres to Arethusa", ll. 25-8.

(2) "Ceres to Arethusa", ll. 165-8.

(3) "Ceres to Arethusa", ll. 29-32.

(4) "Egeria", Canto I, Stanza 32.

His "Leave-Taking", which appears also in Canterbury Rhymes and A Treasury of New Zealand Verse, is marred by an obvious sing-song quality and a surprising tactlessness. He is leaving New Zealand where, he says, he has "No friend to recall and regret". (1) "What hand do I find worth taking?" he asks. (2) What he does regret leaving is the land itself:

I will long for the ways of soft walking,
Grown tired of the dust and the glare,
And mute in the midst of much talking,
Will pine for the silences rare;
Streets of peril and speech full of malice
Will recall me the pastures and peace
Which gardened and guarded those valleys
With grasses as high as the knees,
Calm as high as the sky. (3)

The first four lines are evidence of his sympathetic feeling for Nature, though the fifth shows a certain lack of sympathy with Man.

The meaning of Sir Charles Christopher Bowen's poetry is easier to find than that of Sir Frederick Broome, but unfortunately there is a parallel increase in the number of easy rhythms and obvious rhymes in the former's verse. Bowen arrived in Canterbury in the "Charlotte Jane" in 1850 at the age of twenty, became Minister of Justice in 1874, Vice-Chancellor of the University of New Zealand in 1903, and Speaker to the Legislative Council in 1905. Thus, like Broome, he wrote his poetry in the leisure moments of a busy career. His Poems (Christchurch, 1861) are/

(1) "A Leave Taking", l. 40.

(2) *ibid.*, l. 12.

(3) *ibid.*, ll. 55-63.

are distinguished by an idealistic tone, a belief in the influence wielded by heroes, and a similar belief in the sovereign power of action as apposed to passivity. These three elements are all to be found in his short five-act play in verse and prose, "The Poet-Worker", which tells of a man of high ideals who lost an election because he disapproved of the methods of his agent, and who went off to the Crimean War, where he died, because he conceived it to be his duty. Two other poems from this volume should be mentioned because of the attitude they display towards Britain. One, "The Battle of the Free", is almost embarrassingly patriotic, describing with a wealth of repetitions and clichés how the British colonies rallied round the mother country at the time of the Crimean War:

Old England's arms are ringing
 In hamlet and in hall,
 And her sons, the sons of freedom,
 Are coming at her call!
 They are coming - they are coming -
 To upraise the banner of the Island of the Sea,
 And to fight in the Battle of the Free.⁽¹⁾

"In hamlet and in hall" - that platitudinous phrase held for Bowen and the Canterbury pilgrims an idealised and nostalgic picture of the country they had left behind them. They would fight for their country - England - for she claimed their loyalty just as much as their new home did:

Then New Zealand shall be there,
 In the van.
 Young New Zealand shall be there. ⁽²⁾

(1) "The Battle of the Free", 11, 18-24.

(2) *ibid.*, 11, 128-130.

The other poem, "The Old Year and the New", again shows the dichotomy of the exile, who like Janus looks both ways: backwards longingly to the country of his birth -

For we still, through old affection,
Hear the old year's dying sigh,
Through the sad sweet recollection
Of the years that are gone by(1)

- and forward to the "bright golden promise"(2) of the future:

But our sons will see the glory
Of the young and springing year;
Where the green earth tells the story
Of a younger hemisphere.(3)

Facile writing though this is, yet, like Fitzgerald's "Night-Watch Song of the 'Charlotte Jane'", it fits naturally into its historical setting and expresses an emotion felt deeply, almost religiously, by the pioneers of the Church settlements of the South Island.

Scotland has had more skilful poets, but very likely not many who were more fervent, than Dugald Ferguson, who combined pride in his new country with a deep-seated nostalgia for his former homeland. Like so many others in Canterbury and Otago he was living in two worlds, the old world and the new, and succeeded in being patriotic towards two countries at once without any feeling of incongruity. Love poems, or rather, poems about lovers, bulk even more largely than patriotic poems

(1) "The Old Year and the New", ll.21-4.

(2) *ibid.*, l.26.

(3) *ibid.*, ll.9-12.

poems in Castle Gay, and other Poems (Dunedin, 1883), teaching the joys of pure love in a humble though contented sphere. Like John Barr of Craigielea, Ferguson believed wholeheartedly in the virtues of the ploughboy and his strapping, frolicsome Jean. Ferguson's outlook was a pious one - there are several poems with biblical themes in this collection but his piety informs the secular ones as well - and he stood for the solid virtues of hearth and home. His elegies and dirges are the least successful of his verses in Castle Gay, being gloomy without originality and interminably prosy. His humorous verses - "The Lambs" is the best - lean to the farcical and are nearly always so pointless that one wonders if the jokes are worth even a quarter of the number of lines devoted to them. Much of Ferguson is frankly sentimental, the attempt to wring a tear being the obvious motive. All these faults combine with a marked lack of technical skill to make of Ferguson a most undistinguished poet, capable of such lines as:

There's a remarkable person, who lives at Waihola,
Who mid the various parts there comes out strong as a solo. ⁽¹⁾

In justice to Ferguson, however, it should be stated that these lines are not really representative. The title poem, "Castle Gay", is the most pretentious in the volume, telling pleasantly enough, in some 750 lines that do not relapse into doggerel, a simple story of success and contentment on the land.

Three other writers of verse remain to be mentioned, not because of the quality of their poetry, for it was poor, but /

(1) "Sketch (Written on Mr. J- D-, storekeeper)", ll. 1-2.

but because of its nature. Thomas Bracken, C.J. Martin, and William Golder, were all popular poets, the last two possessing only a local reputation, the former being known also in Australia and Britain. Douglas Sladen, in his Introduction to the anthology, Australian Poets, referred to Bracken somewhat ambiguously as a "manful poet".⁽¹⁾ Bracken was certainly prolific, if that was what Sladen meant. He emigrated from Australia to New Zealand and settled down to journalism in Dunedin, from which city he was elected to Parliament in 1881, but he was defeated at the next election. He produced several volumes of verse, of which Lays of the Land of the Maori and Moa (London, 1884), and Musings in Maoriland (New Zealand, 1890), are the most representative. For maudlin sentimentality, platitudinous expression, bombast, and needless repetition, Bracken has no equal in New Zealand verse. It is not easy to select the worst out of such a wide range, but the seeker after sentimentality should read "M'Gillivray's Dream",⁽²⁾ "Little Violet",⁽²⁾ and "Mother's Grave",⁽²⁾ for bombast one need go no further than "The Golden Jubilee"⁽²⁾ (of Sydney) or "The Melbourne Exhibition",⁽²⁾ for repetition, even one of his better poems, "The March of Te Rauparaha",⁽²⁾ will suffice; and, as for clichés, they may be found everywhere. However, it is possible for an anthologist to be very kind to Bracken, for, from the mass of his verse in the Poets' Corners of newspapers and in his published volumes, /

(1) Vide, Douglas B.W. Sladen, edit., Australian Poets 1788-1888 (London, 1888), Introduction, pp. xxvi-xxvii.

(2) Lays of the Land of the Maori and Moa (London, 1884).

volumes, a few poems may be extracted that, taken by themselves, furnish him with a modest reputation: "Not Understood" (1) is one - perhaps his best-known poem outside New Zealand; within the Dominion "God Defend New Zealand" (2) has become a second National Anthem; and, as for the others that might be chosen, a light-hearted little love poem, "The Opposite Seat", (2) has much to recommend it, and a few lines in blank verse from "The March of Te Rauparaha", which manage to catch something of the genuine pathos of departure from a well-loved home, might perhaps have been added, with advantage, to the passages from that poem which have found their way into A Treasury of New Zealand Verse.

Part of Bracken's local fame was due to his function as a composer of occasional verse. Addresses to famous people who had died, and to others who were still alive, addresses on important occasions, and anniversary poems - these were all part of Bracken's stock in trade. William Goldier was no less interested in topics of the moment but his attitude was a little more critical than Bracken's. A school teacher in Wellington district, he set up an amateur press in the Hutt Valley, and there, at "Mountain Home", printed his satirical poems. With their mis-spellings, faulty punctuation, and excruciating tricks with syntax (for example:

Since man, to brother man must be, -
What expectations have must we? (3))

his verses are worth considering only as historical curiosities./

(1) Lays of the Land of the Maori and Moa (London, 1884).

(2) Flowers of the Free Lands (Dunedin, 1877).

(3) The Pigeons' Parliament: a poem of the year 1845, in four cantos with Notes, (Wellington, 1854), p. 10.

curiosities. "The Pigeons' Parliament", from which the above two lines are taken, is a crude satire in octosyllabic couplets on the state of New Zealand in 1845. The device, familiar in mediaeval literature, of a council of birds, is a useful one for comment on the vagaries of man, and Golder's "Pigeons' Parliament" registers some heavy blows. Another long poem, "The New Zealand Survey", attempts a history of the islands from the time they arose from the sea, and ends with an optimistic vision of the future;⁽¹⁾ and a third, "The Philosophy of Love", enters the regions of morality and metaphysic.⁽²⁾ But Golder was more amusing as a satirist, where he was in the same tradition as Butler and Skelton, though his was pioneer verse of the roughest kind.

The most utilitarian verse of all that has yet been described was written by C.J. Martin, who composed "Locals", containing thinly disguised allusions to Canterbury politicians and other celebrities, and then sang his verses to well-known airs in the Christchurch Town Hall. He owed much of his popularity to the community singing atmosphere he thus aroused. A few examples will be sufficient to give an idea of the contents of Martin's Locals (Christchurch, 1862):

"Here's a Jolly Lark!". A Farewell Address to
E.A. C-r-r-e, Esq.,
Air. - "The Power of Love". - Satanella.

-
- (1) The New Zealand Survey; A Poem in five Cantos. With Notes illustrative of New Zealand's progress and future prospects. Also, The Crystal Palace of 1851; A Poem in two Cantos. With other poems and lyrics. (Wellington, 1867).
- (2) The Philosophy of Love: a plea in defence of Virtue and Truth. A Poem, in Six Cantos. With other poems. (Wellington, 1871).

"Quite Colonial". (Slightly altered from Mulholland's celebrated Australian Song, and inserted by particular desire).
Air. - "King of the Cannibal Islands."

And,

"Hoop-de-dooden-doo!"

Sung by Mr. C.J. Martin, in his Entertainment. "Motley" in the Town Hall, Christchurch, New Zealand, on Thursday, February 7, 1861.

The latter commences:

The song I am going to sing about
 I think will leave you all in doubt,
 But what it means you might find out,
 Hoop-de-dooden-doo! (11, 1-4)

- and continues with riddling references to horses and their owners at the local race meetings.

A further account of the verse of this period would involve a repetition of themes already described at some length, for the poets selected were typical of their time and place. A vigorous, ebullient population had produced the topical verse of Canterbury and Otago and, to a lesser extent, of the North Island settlements. This interest in verse at all levels, from the scholarly, if dry, "Ranolf and Amohia" to the choruses of C.J. Martin, was an encouraging sign for the future. Would the New Zealand poets be able to force the pace and produce genuinely indigenous verse, unhampered by the spiritual restrictions that had always affected exiles from Europe to the New World? Signs of a separate New Zealand individuality did, in fact, appear in the next period; but time has shown that New Zealand is not an exception to the general rule. Almost a hundred years had to elapse after the arrival of the first settlers in 1840 before New Zealand poetry came to maturity.

Chapter IV.1890-1914.History and Non-Fiction.

1.

With an ever increasing number of books of all kinds being written in New Zealand, works of non-fiction tend in this period to lose the relatively important position that they have hitherto held. Thus it will be necessary to consider in detail from now on only those major works of non-fiction that possess literary merit above the average. One such work was written in the period now under consideration: William Pember Reeves's The Long White Cloud (London, 1898)(1) - and, as it covers in detail the political and social developments in New Zealand in the nineties, it will be convenient to combine a study of this work with the normal short historical introduction to the chapter.

Between 1854 and 1890 New Zealand was governed by a group of men whom Reeves has termed "the Oligarchs", under which heading he included the wealthier and better educated men among the settlers - the landowners, financiers, merchants, and professional men. Members might come and go, but the "Continuous Ministry" remained, and on the whole did well by the country. But at the /

(1) There have been four editions: First edition, 1898; Second edition, 1900; Third edition, 1924; Fourth edition, 1950. The third was extensively revised by the author himself, and, like the fourth, given supplementary chapters by an author other than Reeves to bring the history up-to-date. The fourth edition includes a short comment on Reeves by Bernard Shaw, in answer to a question by C.E. Carrington concerning Reeves and the Fabians.

the General Election of 1890 the voters ousted the oligarchs and put in their place a Liberal-Labour coalition which was to last at full strength for the next sixteen years and then, in a weakened form, for a further six, until 1912. Thus, in 1890, New Zealand democracy widened in scope, and very soon had a demagogue at its head. André Siegfried, who visited the country some thirty-seven years later, saw that date as a decisive one in New Zealand's history. In Democracy in New Zealand(1) he wrote:

The fact is, indeed, that the change of direction, which occurred in 1890,....was deep enough to require a complete change of political personnel. At this decisive turning-point in the history of New Zealand many men dropped behind, never again to take their place in the front rank of the people; and many new ideas and fashions came into being, destined to change completely the political outlook of the country. In 1890 the historic period of New Zealand came to an end, and a new era began the course of which is not yet run.

Historians are in general agreement as to the reasons for the fall of the oligarchs. These were mainly economic. The advent of refrigeration in 1882 had opened up a huge market for dairy produce in Britain, and thousands of would-be yeoman farmers eyed hungrily the vast estates of the sheep-farmers in both Islands. Much of this land was poor and fit only for sheep; but much again was good, fertile land, eminently suitable for dairy farming. The time was ripe for the squatters to allow part of their estates/

(1) La Démocratie en Nouvelle Zélande (Paris, 1904). Translated by E.V. Burns (London, 1914) p.42. This illuminating study of conditions in the Dominion stands in something like the same relationship to New Zealand as that of Siegfried's countryman, De Tocqueville, to America. See Democracy in America, (London, 1835). Like De Tocqueville, he was not altogether enchanted by what he saw.

estates to be sub-divided for closer settlement, but this they were reluctant to do on any terms. The presence of hundreds of unemployed farm labourers tramping through the countryside in search of work served only to aggravate the situation. Further, the population of the towns was growing, with a consequent growth in urban industry. Organised Labour was increasing in strength and demanding better conditions of work. Thus, in 1890, there was a pressing need for reform in the two spheres of land and industry. In fact, the era of the "small man" was at hand.

In the new government which took office in January, 1891, John Ballance was Prime Minister, while Reeves⁽¹⁾ and John McKenzie held the key portfolios of Labour and Lands respectively. When Ballance died in 1893 the programme of reform to which the Liberals had pledged themselves in 1890 had already been put in motion. The unpopular Property Tax had been replaced by a graduated Land and Income Tax and the first of McKenzie's important Land Acts had been passed. Also, a Truck Act and a Factories Act had been passed to improve the financial and working conditions of employees. It is worth noting, too, that Penny Postage had been introduced by Joseph Ward, who was Postmaster-General under Ballance and Treasurer under Seddon. Thus Seddon inherited a policy which, Reeves observed, had already captured the imagination of the country.

Richard John Seddon, the new Premier, was one of the most/

(1) Reeves was also Minister of Education and of Justice under both Ballance and Seddon.

most remarkable men ever to figure in New Zealand political life. So much has been written about him that it is necessary only to fill in the outline here. The most revealing portrait, which all other historians have had to take into account, is undoubtedly that of Reeves,⁽¹⁾ who, of course, knew Seddon intimately. "King Dick", as he afterwards came to be called, took office in May, 1893, six months before the Election of that year and stayed as Prime Minister until his death in 1906. Equally indefatigable as a talker and as a traveller, he was called both demagogue and dictator: but if he was a demagogue he was a prudent and cool-headed one; and Reeves has probably uttered the wisest words on the question of his dictatorship:

A dictator is a ruler who governs a people as they like or as they do not like, according as he thinks proper. Seddon held power as the result of a long and untiring effort to find out what the people did like, and then, if it was at all reasonable, to do it for them. If he was a dictator he was a dictator with his ear to the ground. He may have been a dictator in his Cabinet; he may have been a dictator in his party; outside Parliament he was the assiduous, though wary, servant of the people.⁽²⁾

Morrell⁽³⁾ thought that Seddon did a disservice to the political education of the New Zealanders, for, he said, although the Premier was by no means an ordinary man himself, he liked to pose as one, and thus encouraged the people to believe that ordinary men were good enough to run the country. Reeves, too/

(1) The Long White Cloud, (London, 1924), Chap. XXIV.

(2) ibid., p.301.

(3) W.P. Morrell, New Zealand (London, 1935), p.82.

too, commented upon this "fetish of the commonplace in public life", (1) but chose rather to put the blame on "that mainstay of his country, the farmer", (2) who usually preferred the solid matter-of-fact to flights of the imagination. He wrote:

The last legislator known to have made a good joke died quietly at Wellington in 1897. New Zealanders appeared to distrust distinction, dislike brilliancy, and doubt originality. Their idol in those years was honest, wholesome Mediocrity - that which sees clearly but not far, and walks steadily because it never looks aloft. (3)

As Harold Miller has pointed out, (4) Seddon ran the country as a big business, and made it a paying proposition. He was a "practical" man, who subjected everything to the test of utility; but at the same time he had a genuine sympathy with the ordinary people from whom he had sprung, especially the old and the poor whom life had hit hard through no fault of their own. J.C. Beaglehole has condensed his career into a paragraph:

No colonial minister centred on himself more amazement or amusement; none more broadly, even blatantly, breasted the ridicule of merely rationalist criticism. None certainly had a country more securely within his grasp; no benevolent dictator was ever more shrewd in buttressing the structure of his popularity. Seddon was a Lancashire emigrant; then an Australian gold-miner and engineer; then a west-coast storekeeper and miner's agent; then a member for his district, infinitely tedious in speech but with an extraordinary application to the details of parliamentary procedure; then Minister of Public Works and Mines; then a Premier profoundly suspect of the socially discriminative; then finally and triumphantly, "King Dick". Inescapably genial, inexhaustibly itinerant, expansive in body and in claims, with an unrivalled capacity for identifying the workings of the Deity with the politics of New Zealand, /

(1) The Long White Cloud, op. cit., p.302.

(2) ibid.

(3) ibid.

(4) Harold Miller, New Zealand (London, 1950), p.112.

Zealand, radical with a real sympathy for the oppressed under his eyes, and imperialist with a vulgarity noisy and flamboyant, devoid of theory but shrewdly apprehensive of the concrete fact, an astute manager and a good administrator, he united within himself a whole orchestra, or, rather, brass band, of achievement; and as a performer on the big drum he was without a peer. Yet the noise did, it must be noted, signify something.⁽¹⁾

Seddon was, in fact, not mankind's, but his Parliament's, epitome, and it is impossible to think, or write, of the nineties without seeing his figure standing expansively in the foreground.

The lack of Socialistic theory behind the experimental laws of the period has been widely commented upon. In point of fact there was no need for theorising, for any extensions of State enterprise were usually the outcome of a practical problem that had to be solved. It was a tradition in that new country that if private enterprise were in trouble it should look to the State for aid. As Reeves explained:

There was nothing novel there in the notion of extending the functions of the State in the hope of benefiting the community or the less fortunate classes of it. Already, in 1890, the State was the largest landowner and receiver of rents, and the largest employer of labour. It owned nearly all the railways and all the telegraphs, and was establishing a State system of telephones. It entirely controlled and supported the hospitals and lunatic asylums, which it managed humanely and well. It also, by means of local boards and institutions, controlled the whole charitable aid of the country - a system of outdoor relief more needed then than now. It was the largest trustee, managed the largest life/

(1) J.C. Beaglehole, New Zealand: a Short History (London, 1936), pp. 57-8.

life insurance business, and educated more than nine-tenths of the children. Nearly all the sales and leasing of land went through its Land Transfer Offices.

It will thus be seen that the large number of interesting experiments sanctioned by the New Zealand Parliament after 1890, though they involved new departures, involved no startling changes of principle. The constitution was democratic; it was simply made more democratic. The functions of the State were wide; they were made yet wider. The uncommon feature of the eight years, 1890-8, was not so much the nature as the number and degree of the changes effected and the trials made by the Liberal-Labour fusion.⁽¹⁾

André Siegfried quoted Sir Robert Stout⁽²⁾ as having said that there was no social wrong that the State could not put right.⁽³⁾ In other words, the New Zealand government, with the full approval of at least half the electorate, carried out a programme of social reform whose only philosophy was, in Airey's phrase, "a kind of empirical humanitarianism".⁽⁴⁾ To an intellectual like Siegfried this Anglo-Saxon distaste for abstract thought was a curious phenomenon. The New Zealanders, he commented sadly, "reck little of general ideas and great principles".⁽⁵⁾ His witty exposition of the reasons for the spate of social legislation has been frequently quoted, and should be read as a corrective to complacency:/

(1) The Long White Cloud, op. cit., pp.282-3.

(2) A Liberal Member of Parliament, a fine debater, and a rival of Seddon, who opposed the latter's Old Age Pensions Bill. After its passage in 1898, he tacitly admitted defeat by accepting the position of Chief Justice and retiring from politics.

(3) Democracy in New Zealand (London, 1914), p.56.

(4) W.T.G. Airey, "New Zealand in Evolution", Chap.V, p.95, of New Zealand, H. Belshaw, ed., (University of California Press, 1947).

(5) Democracy in New Zealand, op. cit., p.90.

complacency:

A people can advertise itself, just as a merchant or a manufacturer can. The New Zealanders are quite aware of it; and if their object has been to get talked about, they have not chosen the worst means, for, since the passing of such measures as those for compulsory arbitration and woman suffrage, everybody has heard of the little antipodean colony, of whose very existence people were once scarcely aware.

This method of carrying forward a people by appealing to its vanity, without letting it lose sight of the advantage of clever self-advertisement, is very efficacious. For more than ten years the New Zealanders have been won over to a policy which both serves their interests and flatters their pride. They are proud of their innovations and their trials of what has been tried nowhere else; they enjoy being able to smile at the timidity of old countries, and to believe that they are giving them lessons. Votes for Women? Why not? It is new: it is something to try. Is not New Zealand peculiarly fitted to undertake it? Is it a matter of old-age pensions, or some other reform of the sort? The same temptation is at hand, that of out-distancing others. And it is the same with all kinds of measures. For this strange rage for novelty lies at the inception of most of their laws.

Such are the motives on which the citizens of this too new country usually act - a country where the most advanced ideas do not meet with the necessary, though often galling, check of tradition and of the past. What the New Zealanders most need, in fact, is principles, convictions, reasoned beliefs. Parties are based much less on ideas than one might at first argue from their pretentious legislation, and much more on the interests of sections, classes, and groups. As for the influence of imagination and sentiment, it shows itself under the curious form of a patriotic vanity, which makes the New Zealanders believe that the world expects much of them, and that they must not be false to their destiny. This blend of a too practical outlook with a too exalted sense of apostleship will meet us over and over again in our study of New Zealand.⁽¹⁾

(1) Democracy in New Zealand op. cit., pp.61-2.

It is interesting to note that Morrell has given a quite different reason for the introduction of the Women's Franchise in 1893. He states that the passing of that Bill and the Local Option (Liquor) Bill was due to the failure of Seddon's first political manoeuvre after assuming office as Premier.

New Zealand.

The Liberal-Labour coalition was in power from 1891 to 1912 and this period can be divided into three phases. In the first, between 1891 and 1898, there was a great rush of legislation affecting land, labour, and finance; then, between 1898 and 1906 there came a period of consolidation; and finally, with the death of Seddon in 1906, there came a third phase marked by the decay of the coalition as the cleavage between small farmers and Labour became more distinct. In 1912 a Conservative government was elected to office, remaining until 1935, by which time the country felt in need of a change and voted wholeheartedly for Labour. That party held its majority until 1951, when, having exhausted both its programme and its credit, it gave way to the present Conservative (National Party) government. It will be seen from the above dates that New Zealanders are slow to change their governments, in spite of the custom of holding triennial elections.

Some of the Bills passed in the first phase - Reeves's "eight years' tussle" - have already been mentioned, and it is unnecessary to describe all the measures in detail here.(1)

(Cont.(1))

Premier. He had not really desired the passage of either Bill, but had wished a troublesome Legislative Council (Upper Chamber) to incur the odium of rejecting them. But the Council perceived his purpose and passed the Bills". New Zealand op. cit., p.74.

(1) Detailed information may be obtained from The New Zealand Official Year Book, for the years concerned; Siegfried, Democracy in New Zealand (London, 1914), (Part III); Reeves, The Long White Cloud (Chaps.XX-XXV) 1924, 1950 editions; Reeves, State Experiments in Australia and New Zealand, 2 vols., (London, 1902); J.B. Condliffe, New Zealand in the Making, (London, 1930), chaps. V + VIII.

here. But a summary of the more important Acts will show the extraordinary comprehensiveness of the new legislation.

The Land and Income Tax Act of 1891 introduced the progressive principle into direct taxation in New Zealand and replaced the Property Tax, which had consisted of a flat rate of a penny in the pound imposed on all assessed property above the value of £500. The Act also paved the way for the breaking up of the big estates. In this connection a test case arose in 1893, when the trustees of the Cheviot Estate challenged the Government to buy it at their estimate of its value or else reduce the assessment for tax purposes. The Minister of Lands, John McKenzie, called their bluff and bought the estate of 84,000 acres, on which he proceeded to settle some hundreds of small dairy and sheep farmers. The experiment proved to be a successful investment for the Government. McKenzie implemented his policy of close settlement of fertile land with two Land Acts, one in 1892 and the other in 1894. When, owing to ill-health, he left the Department in 1900 he had in a large measure succeeded, mainly through his policy of leasehold tenure.

When Seddon became Prime Minister in 1893 he faced what Reeves has called "the strongest social agitation ever known in the Colony".⁽¹⁾ One has only to read Kathleen Inglewood's Patmos (London, 1905) to realise the almost hysterical atmosphere in which he was called upon to settle the Prohibition question./

(1) The Long White Cloud, op. cit., p.298.

question. It was made all the more difficult for him because, rightly or wrongly, he was regarded as a secret supporter of "the Trade". This suspicion was natural, for the West Coasters, of whom Seddon was one, were not normally given to temperance. Be that as it may, a Bill was passed before the Election of that year granting local option to each electoral district, the vote to be taken concurrently with the General Election every three years - an expedient which still remains in force. With this measure behind him, and the granting of the franchise to women (both being linked with the movement for Women's Rights described in the novels of Edith Searle Grossmann), Seddon's government was assured of a majority at the polls.

Then, in 1894, as Reeves said, "the Liberals reaped their harvest".⁽¹⁾ This year was Condliffe's "annus mirabilis of New Zealand legislation", when, for example, the "Compulsory Arbitration Act, Lands for Settlement Act, Shops Act, and Advances to Settlers Act were all passed in one famous session."⁽²⁾ The most widely known and most controversial of these Acts was the first, the Industrial Conciliation and Arbitration Act, of which Reeves was the architect (as he was, also, of the thirteen other Labour Bills passed between 1891 and 1896). This Act provided for the peaceful settlement, by discussion, of disputes between employers and Labour.⁽³⁾ The trade unions registered/

(1) The Long White Cloud op. cit., p.286.

(2) New Zealand in the Making, op. cit., p.178.

(3) For an interesting short study of the working of the I.C. and A. Act, see D.W. Oxnam, "Labour Legislation and Organisation", pp. 182-197 New Zealand (University of California Press, 1947) edit., H. Belshaw.

registered under the Act were bound to submit their disputes to a Conciliation Council, and then, failing an agreement, to the Arbitration Court, which would make an award that would be binding for a certain time. Over a long period the Act has done much to smooth relationships between employers and employed, though it has not been universally supported.

In 1894, too, the Liberals came to the rescue of the Bank of New Zealand, which was in serious difficulties, owing to the depression. Seddon ignored party barriers in this crisis and for the first time showed that he was capable of real statesmanship. But the measure which brought him the greatest popularity, and for which his name was to be most warmly remembered, was the Old Age Pensions Act of 1898, a measure which he regarded as peculiarly his own. It aroused great opposition on the grounds that it would create a nation of beggars, but Seddon was determined to push the Bill through.

On one occasion (writes Morrell) there was a committee sitting of ninety hours and with brief respites for meals Seddon sat through the whole. It was a decisive victory for him, and the political lull which followed was the real beginning of the reign of "King Dick."

The electors had begun by voting for a policy and a party: from now on they voted for a man.⁽¹⁾

Condliffe dates from the passing of that Bill the humanitarian trend which has "subsequently proved to be the most characteristic expression of New Zealand public opinion".⁽²⁾ Other observers/

(1) New Zealand op. cit., p.81.

(2) New Zealand in the Making, op. cit., p.202.

observers would be equally inclined to say that Seddon, with his usual instinct for what the mass of the people wanted, had merely tapped a current that was already running strongly in the national character.

The eight years after 1898 provided a breathing space in which the new laws were given a chance to prove their value. If, as Siegfried suggested in 1904, the Liberals had set out to attract notice by their "strange rage for novelty", (1) one may be sure that, as they looked back on what they had done, the rank and file must have felt a little uneasy in their minds. It was time to cry halt, if only for purposes of digestion. Reeves was ahead of his time and the full implications of his Labour laws, particularly the Industrial Conciliation and Arbitration Act, were not completely understood and approved until later, even by the House that passed them. However, by the end of the century, when students of social affairs were coming from overseas to report from first-hand on the legislation of the little colony, a feeling of complacency must have been sufficiently obvious to call for Siegfried's sardonic comment. By 1912 the Liberals had lost the initiative. Sir Joseph Ward, a fine Treasurer under Seddon, but not an inspiring Prime Minister, had been ousted from the Party leadership in 1911; Labour had formed a separate Party in 1910; and the small farmers who had been put on the land by McKenzie were clamouring for conversion of the leasehold into freehold and allying themselves/

(1) see above p.232.

themselves with the business men of the towns in opposition to the wage-earners. As Miller has observed⁽¹⁾ the Conservative Party ("Reform") which came into office in 1912 under Massey was still the party of the small man, but of owners rather than tenants. Even so, it continued to extend the activities of the State in the time honoured New Zealand tradition.

As we shall see when reading the literature of the period, the New Zealanders were strongly attached by emotional ties to the Mother Country. The words of the Labour Prime Minister, Michael Savage, in 1939 - "Where Britain goes, we go" - might equally well have been spoken by the Liberal, Seddon, in 1899, or the Conservative, Massey, in 1914. Imperial federation was popular in New Zealand at the time of Seddon, but not Australasian federation. To use Siegfried's phrase, New Zealand accepted "with enthusiasm"⁽²⁾ her isolation from Australia, preferring to keep her autonomy. Siegfried found, indeed, that the mild climate and easy life were making the New Zealanders into a somewhat new colonial race, differing from the Australians as well as from the English. However, although they had not succeeded in carrying with them to the Antipodes a European atmosphere they still felt themselves to be "citizens of a mighty empire, giving their attention to the great affairs of the world".⁽³⁾ "It is apparent from reading these papers (the daily press), as from a thousand other signs, that it is London which is the true /

(1) H. Miller, *New Zealand*, op. cit., p.117.

(2) *Democracy in New Zealand*, op. cit., p.5.

(3) *ibid.*, p.327.

true capital for New Zealanders and that they derive thence their ideas, their fashions, and their watchwords." (1) This provincialism had its effect on the verse written in New Zealand in this period: too frequently it was a pale imitation of the minor verse written in Britain at the same time. But it must not be imagined that in peacetime New Zealand always followed where Britain led. From the first the settlers had been distrustful of the Colonial Office and the question of the payment of British troops in the sixties was only one of many disagreements between the colony and the Motherland. Then Britain had been very reluctant to support Vogel's and, later, Seddon's, plans for a South Pacific empire: those distressed statesmen saw Britain phlegmatically allowing foreign powers to annex New Guinea, New Caledonia, Samoa, Hawaii and the Philippines, while New Zealand was fobbed off with the Cook Islands and Niue - she was not even given a hand in the administration of Fiji, Tonga, or the Society Islands. Later, between the two World Wars, New Zealand's voice was not always in harmony with Britain's over matters of foreign policy. But during the years we are considering now, and especially between the outbreak of the Boer War and the nineteen-twenties, the sentimental attachment to an idealised Britain was very strong in the breasts of the New Zealand people.

(1) *ibid.*, pp. 327-8.

So many references have already been made in the foregoing pages to the last chapters of Reeves's classic, The Long White Cloud, that it now remains only to say a few words about the book as a whole. As a politician Reeves was naturally interested in the machinery of government, and his study of the internal problems of the New Zealand administration and of the legislation of the nineties is valuable and interesting to the specialist in New Zealand affairs. However, it is probable that the earlier chapters of The Long White Cloud have a greater appeal to the general reader. There we have the story of New Zealand from the very beginning of its colonisation by the two races that now share the country. With the advent of the white men it is the old and rather melancholy story of the impact of a "superior" (technical) culture on an "inferior" (non-technical) one. The cynic might remark that the Maoris survived only because they were a strong and intelligent race; but it should be pointed out that not every defeated native race has been treated with the humanity with which the colonists treated the Maoris. Certain it is, however, that the varying attitudes of the Maoris in contact with the whites, running through the different stages of welcoming approval, distrust, violent resistance, apathy, and resurgence, form the most colourful strand in the fabric of New Zealand's immediate past. A history, unlike Vanity Fair, is usually a book with many heroes, and here, in The Long White Cloud,

Cloud, they are to be found in both races. Indeed, Reeves was already like the Modern New Zealander in his feeling of pride in the strenuous resistance put up by the Maoris. The importance of individual leaders is, however, an integral part of Reeves's conception of history; and his character studies of such complex personalities as Wakefield, Grey, Tamihana, and Seddon, to name only a few, will be, to some students of New Zealand, the most valuable portions of his book.

Tastes differ, and perhaps not everybody will enjoy the tales of slaughter and treachery which Reeves unfolds in Chapter Seven with something of the relish of a Maning. But the fact remains that they are an essential part of New Zealand's history, and it should be noted that there is nothing barbaric about the author's style. Flexible and attractive, it varies in mood with the topic under discussion, without attempting purple passages. It is always perspicuous, and never obtrusive, so that one is carried along without being over-conscious of the writer's personality. His delight in antithesis is shown on the first page, where he lists a number of contradictions that could easily, he writes, be expanded into an essay on the vanity of human wishes. The same vein of contrast is to be found in his study of Grey, an administrator for whom he had the profoundest admiration in spite of his faults:

I have known those who thought Grey a nobler
Gracchus and a more practical Gordon; and I
have known those who thought him a mean copy
of Dryden's Achitophel. His island-retreat,/

retreat, where Froude described him as a kind of evangelical Cincinnatus, seemed to others merely the convenient lurking-place of a political rogue-elephant. The Viceroy, whose hated household the Adelaide tradesmen would not deal with in 1844, and the statesman whose visit to Adelaide in 1891 was a triumphal progress, the public servant whom the Duke of Buckingham insulted in 1868, and the empire-builder whom Queen Victoria honoured in 1894, were one and the same man...(1)

But Reeves does not overdo it, and there is no hint of euphuism. He keeps to a middle style of writing which is expository as well as pungent, though sometimes, as in the above quotation, he allows the reader to perceive his art.

New Zealand is not in itself a dramatic country. It lacks the stark quality of the Australian interior and the illimitable distances of the North American prairies. Its perspectives are those of the sea, not of the land, which is, in the North Island anyway, a comfortable home for man, rather like Britain. The violent phase of its history has been, as far as the Europeans are concerned, brief. The Maori Wars in the North Island - "the fire in the fern", (2) Reeves called it - and a gold rush or two: these are the most colourful episodes in which whites have taken part, except for the overseas conflicts of the two World Wars. But it is possible to find one's drama in the rise of a nation and one must be grateful to Reeves, not only for his pin-pointing of episodes and individuals, but also/

(1) The Long White Cloud, p.175. The whole of this study of Sir George Grey (pp.174-6) merits more than one reading. It is a very fair assessment of one of New Zealand's greatest Governors - perhaps the greatest. See also p.249, *ibid.*.

(2) *ibid.*, chapter xvii (chapter heading).

also for being like Herodotus in tracing the growth in stature of a small nation, though in circumstances far different from those affecting Athens, and on the other side of the world. Like Herodotus, also, Reeves has left the subject of his story at a hopeful period in its development. If New Zealand ever has to fall, there may be a Thucydides at hand to tell of that, too.

CLYDE

BOND

1890 - 1914.

II.

Fiction.

1.

During this period New Zealand fiction became, in the hands of its best exponents, more mature and, without being humourless, more serious in purpose. With the growth of a national consciousness in the community the novelists found it possible to examine specifically New Zealand situations without having to explain them too noticeably for a British public. They probably expected to have their books published in Britain, and to obtain their biggest sales there; but they were beginning to write as if their most important readers were New Zealanders. Exotic characters and episodes, supposedly exciting to people living in the cities of Britain, were still appearing, but in the work of the serious novelists were not introduced merely for their own sake. In the melodramatic but entertaining The Web of the Spider (London, 1892) written by that lesser Henty, H.B.M. Watson, Maoris and white men continued to play a kind of antipodean "Settlers and Indians" among the trees, but in Satchell's carefully documented The Greenstone Door (London, 1914), they became dignified human beings engaged in a tragic conflict. The beautiful half-caste still played her rôle as a romantic heroine in Harry B. Vogel's A Maori Maid (London, 1898), but was studied as a social problem /

problem in Jessie Weston's Ko Meri (London, 1890). The native bush had to be carefully explained in Colonel G. Hamilton - Browne's stories of the Maori War, With the Lost Legion in New Zealand (London, 1911), but it appeared as a living force in Satchell's The Toll of the Bush, (London, 1905), like the sea in Conrad's novels. It is interesting to compare the way in which the forest is described in these two books.

Here is a passage from With the Lost Legion in New Zealand:

Here and there amid the undergrowth springs up an elegant punga (tree fern), a broad leaf or a koninonino (fuchsia tree), while an occasional patch of laways, a thorny bush whose name is most appropriate, for if you once get into its clutches you can only get out pretty nearly naked, lies in wait for the unwary, these and many more being bound together into an impenetrable tangle by the ever-present souple jack and ground vine.⁽¹⁾

Satchell, on the other hand, fits the scenery naturally into his narrative. Here one of his characters pauses in the middle of an argument over religious principles:

Eve looked round her with musing eyes. The yellow road, blotted here and there with shadow, wound gradually downwards through the unbroken forest. On its margin, fern-tree and palm and springing sapling formed a continuous curtain of greenery at the feet of the lofty trees. A sweet earthy odour mingled with the honeyed breath of a myriad flowers. High in the flaming rata trees the wild bees hummed. Now and again a pigeon flew with a silky whisper of wings from one bough to another. The tui's note sounded briefly, a scatter of pearls. No jarring sound broke the serene peace of this temple of life.⁽²⁾

(1) Col. G. Hamilton-Browne, With the Lost Legion in New Zealand, op. cit., pp. 117-8.

(2) W. Satchell, The Toll of the Bush, op. cit., p.148.

There were thus signs, few but hopeful, that soon somebody would produce an authentic New Zealand novel. Satchell came nearest to it, but like the others he failed to make his characters speak like New Zealanders, as distinct from Englishmen. Actually, it was not until John Mulgan wrote Man Alone in 1939 and Frank Sargeson his short stories in the thirties and forties, that New Zealanders could feel that here at last were characters who spoke in a recognisable New Zealand idiom.

Although the Maori Wars and sheep-farming still formed part of the novelist's theme, only Satchell and George Chamier can lay claim to serious attention in this connection. Chamier wrote also of life in a country township and Satchell described the North Auckland gumfields and the bush of the Hokianga, as well as devoting one of his novels to the story of a voyage. Of the other important writers, Edith Searle Grossmann was concerned with Women's Rights and the relationships between men and women in marriage; Blanche Edith Baughan gave us some fine sketches of colonial life on the east coast of the South Island; and Professor James Macmillan Brown wrote two books, one a satire, the other a Utopia, on the failure and success of human beings in society.

The work of the other novelists makes little demand upon the reader's intellect, beyond an occasional strain on his/

his credulity; but quite frequently an amusing or dramatic situation, a witty piece of dialogue or social commentary, or a vivid passage of description, redeems a novel from complete mediocrity or worse. Success stories were still the most popular. For instance, in Dugald Ferguson's Mates (London, 1911), Donald Fraser emigrates to Australia, where he becomes a shepherd on a large sheep-station near Ballarat; then, with his mate, he goes across to the gold diggings in Otago, where he strikes gold and is soon possessor of a pretty wife and a ten thousand acre sheep run. In Harry B. Vogel's A Maori Maid, already mentioned, Ngaia, the half-caste daughter of John Anderson, is admired by no less a person than the Governor-General, marries Archie Deverell, the only son of a baronet, and goes prospecting for gold with her husband in the Kaimanawas, where they discover about fifty thousand pounds' worth, after which they step into the "first rank of Society", in England. In Kathleen Inglewood's Patmos (London, 1905), a competently written novel which is on a higher level than the two just mentioned, but which is marred by the too frequent interpolations of tedious narratives of drink tragedies, John Saxon, earnest and warm-hearted, fights strenuously for the cause of Prohibition and achieves a certain measure of success in conflict with the Prime Minister himself.

The nostalgic feelings of homesickness experienced by settlers and exiles for the land of their birth were still so common as to/

to be a theme for the novelist, and this subject was effectively handled by B.E. Baughan in her admirable short story, "Café au Lait", in Brown Bread from a Colonial Oven (London, 1912).

Arthur Henry Adams probably gave the best expression to a variation on the theme. Usually the homesickness was that of the emigrant from Europe; but in Tussock Land (London, 1904 - 2nd impression), King Southern, working, like Adams himself, in the heat of Sydney, yearns for the cloudy skies and fresh winds of New Zealand. He returns to his homeland with a feeling of relief:

As the steamer swung into the narrow entrance of Wellington Harbour, King felt his heart go out in a great friendship for his own land. The bare, bleak, cleared steep hills that guarded that inland lake from the tumultuous currents of the Straits spoke to his flaccid heart of strength and the strenuous life. Here was energy and youth. The little, crowded city, flung recklessly down into the narrow nest of valleys amid that wild tumult of rugged hills, seemed to him to embody the splendid enthusiasm of youth.(1)

It was another indication of emergence from the purely colonial phase of New Zealand's history that Adelaide Borlase, in/

(1) A.H. Adams, Tussock Land, op. cit., p.271. It is interesting to compare this with the homecoming of another expatriate, probably the best known in Australian fiction:

When, for the third time, Richard Mahoney set foot in Australia, it was to find that the fortune with which that country but some six years back had so airily invested him no longer existed...

Twice in the past he had plucked up his roots from this soil, to which neither gratitude nor affection bound him. Now, fresh from foreign travel, from a wider knowledge of the beauties of the old world, he felt doubly alien; and with his eyes still full of greenery and lushness, he could see less beauty than ever in its dun and arid landscape. - It was left to a later generation to discover this.... ./

in Edith Searle Grossman's Heart of the Bush (London, 1911), when confronted with a choice between an English gentleman and a New Zealand farmer, prefers to marry the latter - the backblocks in preference to the Hall.

There was a growing interest, too, in the life of the small towns. George Chamier's A South Sea Siren (London, 1895) provides a good description of one of these little communities that had passed the raw pioneering stage of development and was just beginning to acquire the social graces. "Progress" was the watchword in Sunnydowns just as it was in the Middle West townships of Sinclair Lewis. But together with American "hustle" there was also present an English atmosphere of afternoon teas and social distinctions. In Mrs. Glenny Wilson's Two Summers (London, 1900), the hero, Lindsay, noticed that Alicia's circle and atmosphere were "too much and too consciously a copy of the English original; they were much the same as would be met in any smaller English centre, but tinned, as it were, and of rather provincial flavour at that."⁽¹⁾ It was very much the same in the cities, probably because they had not yet passed beyond the size of an English county town. In Ko Meri Jessie Weston had Auckland for her scene, and there behaviour that would be tolerated in Chelsea did not stand a chance of passing muster: /

(cont.(1))

Of ties such as these, which end by drawing a man home, Richard Mahoney knew nothing. He returned to the colony at heart the stranger he had always been. Henry Handel Richardson, The Chronicle of the Fortunes of Richard Mahoney (London, 1930), pp.701-2.

(2) (1) Anne Glenny Wilson, Two Summers, op. cit., p.21.

muster:

The Brookes were by no means considered as good as the Daytons and the Morgans. Many people who held Dr. and Mrs. Brooke in high esteem were forced to exclude them from their visiting list on account of the Miss Brookes' reputation for fastness. The hostess of the garden party to which the Daytons had been invited held them in special aversion for their loud style.⁽¹⁾

City life did not feature prominently in the novels of the period, except in those of A.H. Adams, who, having emigrated from New Zealand to Australia, centred his stories on Sydney, which became an individualized city in his novels, not just a representative colonial one as in Ko Méri. In spite of this, however, Adams did not fulfil his earlier promise. His poetry,⁽²⁾ written in New Zealand, England, and Australia, had been so good that when he turned to prose, everybody who had read his work hoped that he would be a major New Zealand or Australian novelist. Instead, his novels proved to be light, frothy stories of the love affairs of Sydney shop and office workers, which, in the absence of O. Henry's deeper humanity and dramatic gifts, were sufficient to provide entertainment for an idle hour, but not much more. Tussock Land was the only one that could reasonably be claimed as belonging to New Zealand literature. It was his first novel and to some extent autobiographical, though his hero, Southern, returned to New Zealand; Adams stayed in Sydney, and in a later book, The Australians (London, 1920), showed his/

(1) Jessie Weston, Ko Méri, or "A Cycle of Cathay": a story of New Zealand Life (London, 1890), pp.240-1.

(2) Vide infra, pp.296-312(Verse).

his complete acceptance of his adopted country. Madge Harpur, in The Australians, found within a year of her arrival in Sydney from England that she had lost all desire to return. Australia offered freedom of movement and wide opportunities for work; an inspiring country, it gripped and held her.

One of Adams's favourite themes in his verse was that of predestined love. The same idea is found in Tussock Land. In the moment of the lovers' first meeting "the earth completed her deliberate, age-old plan"⁽¹⁾ - these two had been meant for each other since time began. The novel also preached the moral that the enthusiasms of youth do not come to much; a human being will find his life full enough if he does the ordinary work of the world, however hum-drum. Southern wanted to paint masterpieces of art; in the end he found to his surprise that he was happy as a respectable lawyer in a New Zealand country town. But in spite of some evidence of thought Tussock Land is not very successful even as light entertainment, for the hero is not always as honourable as one could wish; it even seems at times as if the author despises him. Adams was happier in his choice of heroes for his later romances,⁽²⁾ which, however, belong more to Australia than to New Zealand.

Jessie Weston's Ko Méri, or A Cycle of Cathay is the tale of a half-caste girl, brought up in European luxury and comfort, who returns to her tribe rather than spend her life among the/

(1) Tussock Land, p.18.

(2) These were: Galahad Jones (London, 1909); A Touch of Fantasy (London, 1912); A Man's Life (London, 1912) - another autobiographical novel, consisting of a series of flash-backs; Grocer Greatheart (London, 1915); The Australians (London, 1920).

the whites. -- In the hands of a more skilful writer this could have been made a very moving story but the writer fails to bring her principal character, Mary Balmain, to life. The dialogue, too, is frequently stilted, and the descriptions of insipid social activities in Auckland are unexciting. However, although Jessie Weston has followed the usual custom and made Mary both beautiful and accomplished, she has managed to lay her finger on the crux of the problem - the difference between the European and Polynesian temperaments. Mary's faults are those of her mother's race. She is indolent, voluptuous, insensible to the full meaning of Christianity, and lacking in that spiritual toughness which more often than not enables a European to survive bitter disappointment. From the European point of view she is a failure, for she has preferred the lower to the higher civilisation. Looked at in another way, western civilisation has failed her, for it has not succeeded in convincing her of its superiority. It is a problem that still confronts modern New Zealand society.

Jessie Weston was more realistic in describing the attitude of the whites towards Maoris in European society than, for instance, Harry Vogel. In the latter's novel, A Maori Maid, Ngaia is courted by the wealthiest in the land. If there is any drawback at all to her desirability it is that she is supposed to be the half-caste daughter of a common shepherd. But in Ko Meri, Mrs. Dayton tries to warn Leslie off from marrying Mary even though she is the daughter of an English General: /

General:

"How is Mary?" she asked, feeling that she was bungling most dreadfully.

"She is quite well. You know you saw her yesterday, Aunt Marion," he said, in wonder.

"Yes; so I did. I think she grows handsomer every day - for a half-caste she is really beautiful. You know, Leslie, there is a prejudice against them here."

He frowned at the allusion.

"She is beautiful without the qualification, Aunt Marion, and her manner is superb. Mr. Morgan has educated her finely."

"Yes; but you will not find many men of her position in life willing to marry her, rich and cultivated as she is," said Mrs. Dayton, angry with herself for thus speaking of her old friend's niece - adopted though she might be.

"Why?" he asked stoutly, and standing up in front of her.

"Because - surely, Leslie, you must have seen it yourself - it is considered a great misfortune for a girl to have Maori blood in her veins. It is the same everywhere." (1)

In the end Mary Balmain does not choose Leslie: which settles his problem for him, but leaves another one unanswered. If he had married her, how would their marriage have worked out? (2) There is room in New Zealand literature for a novel that will answer such a question, for mixed marriages have been common in the course of her history.

2.

George Chamier's Philosopher Dick: Adventures and Contemplations of a New Zealand Shepherd (London, 1891) is a loosely-knit story of life on a sheep-station, its simple plot/

(1) Ko Méri, op. cit., pp.249-50.

(2) It will be remembered that Domett balked the same question at the end of Ranolf and Amohia.

plot being little more than a vehicle for the author's reflections on the nature and conditions of human existence. It is difficult to believe that Richard Raleigh's calm assumption of the rôle of philosopher-in-ordinary and man of intellect on the Marino station, and later in the township of Sunnydowns,⁽¹⁾ should have been accepted so ungrudgingly and with such a complete absence of hilarity by these Philistine communities as the author would have us suppose. But once the reader has become reconciled to the idea he is not so likely to be disconcerted by the frequency with which the narrative is interrupted for the sake of philosophical discussion. It might be a question of pancakes: "Raleigh who was ever ready to moralise on the things of this world, favoured the company with a short address on the subject."⁽²⁾ A Scots wayfarer stays for the night in Raleigh's hut; but before anyone gets to sleep there must be a little philosophising on Success and Robert Burns. The presence of his dogs and cat gives rise to reflections on the pugnacity of God's creatures and their different weapons of offence and defence, which culminate in "the exquisite art of talking anyone to distraction, which can only be practised by man, and is carried to its utmost perfection by woman."⁽³⁾ The dialogue is at times inflated and unreal but frequently there are moments of perception in the narrative that raise Philosopher Dick above the average level of the pastoral novels of the first fifty years. The chapter/

(1) In the sequel, A South Sea Siren: A Novel descriptive of New Zealand Life in the Early Days, (London, 1895).

(2) George Chamier, Philosopher Dick, op. cit., p.142.

(3) ibid., p.208.

chapter on the baneful effects of solitude⁽¹⁾ is one of the most telling ever written in New Zealand about shepherds; and the lawyer, Pike, with his scale of charges according to circumstances and the character of his clients, could have come straight from Dickens. "I also charge for my exasperated feelings, and I live in an atmosphere of exasperation."⁽²⁾ Again, the curse that Raleigh puts upon his errant sheep is sure of a sympathetic reception from a pastoral nation:

The sheep were consigned with one breath to everlasting perdition; he d-d them singly and collectively, at all times, and under all conditions; he cursed them for their cunning, he cursed them for their stupidity, he cursed them for activity, he cursed them for their sloth, and above all he cursed them for their cursedness.⁽³⁾

What Chamier has done is to take a normally intelligent and sensitive young man, educated a little better than average, put him down on an up-country sheep station, and see what happens to him. The result in fiction is the same as it usually is in real life. Raleigh finds that his own company in a solitary mountain hut is driving him in on himself to the verge of melancholia; and in the absence of congenial company among the other shepherds he has to return to the nearest township. He is a pessimistic philosopher, but that does not prevent him from being good-tempered and warm-hearted; for as Chamier explains in an essay written in 1911 a pessimist is simply a realist.⁽⁴⁾/

(1) Chapter IV.

(2) *ibid.*, p.449.

(3) *ibid.*, p.111.

(4) War and Pessimism and other Studies (London, 1911), p.35. In this essay (on Pessimism) he compares the two philosophical systems of Optimism and Pessimism. In the same essay could be found a partial explanation of the half-caste girl's return
cont

realist. Above all, he likes to think; and that is something almost unheard of in the sheep-farming novels of the period. The critical note of Samuel Butler: "But it does not do to speak about John Sebastian Bach's Fugues, or pre-Raphaelite pictures", (1) is echoed by Chamier speaking through Raleigh: "But the uncivilised predominate here. The fine arts, my dear Val, are at a heavy discount, the state of polite learning is at a low ebb." (2) Butler wrote in 1863, Chamier in 1891: the cultural climate had not improved much in thirty years.

Philosopher Dick is a great sprawling, shapeless novel, made up of passages of narrative interspersed with anecdotes, letters, extracts from a diary, and the long, frequently irrelevant philosophical discussions from which the hero derives his title. In some places it is well-written, in others badly. Sententiousness, crude punning, and a conscious striving after effect, are combined with naturalness, humour, and gleams of insight. It is the work of a man who has something interesting and instructive to say, but who has not considered himself bound/

(cont.(4))

"return to the mat" in Ko Meri: "Hunger and cold are hard to bear; but for the largest proportion of mankind the sorrows, the disappointments, the anxieties and worries of an artificial existence, are much harder still. In this respect civilisation has brought about a multitude of bodily and mental ailments unknown to the savage state". p.27. The "other studies" in this volume are literary ones, showing very fair perception and some originality, of works by Carlyle, Emerson, More, Ruskin, Ibsen, Marcus Aurelius, and Shakespeare.

(1) A First Year in Canterbury Settlement, op. cit., p.51.

(2) Philosopher Dick, op. cit., p.42.

bound to reduce his material to a tightly-woven form. There is some excuse for him, for he was writing of the most spacious life, physically, that New Zealand has to offer.

Like Philosopher Dick, its sequel, A South Sea Siren: A Novel descriptive of New Zealand Life in the Early Days (London 1895), is very uneven, but it has some sound comments on small town life in the nineties. As in a real country town the different personalities of the district of Sunnydowns were well docketed. It was widely known that Mrs. Wyld, the "siren", and Mrs. Seagul were outrageously flirtatious; that Mr. Seymour was "an English gentleman of the old school"; and that the O'Neils would always provide hearty hospitality and whisky. The customs of the district, too, conformed to the common rural pattern. All the inhabitants of Sunnydowns, except perhaps for a few who preserved a cynical silence, had an unshakeable belief in Progress, by which they generally meant that the town would grow bigger and that they would grow richer.

For the prevailing notion was then, very much as it is now, that the salvation of mankind lay in energy. The trumpet call was to be "up and doing". The universal motto was PROGRESS. It was blazoned forth in the press, placarded in high places, expounded in the lecture room, and even promulgated from the pulpit. The destiny of man was to advance. The precise nature of this forward movement - its purpose and direction - might be moot questions, but no difference of opinion existed as to the paramount necessity for "getting on".⁽¹⁾

(1) A South Sea Siren, op. cit., p.147.

getting on".

Other features of life in Sunnydowns were: the lack of maids, so that nearly every housewife had to do without domestic help; the established practice of paying informal visits in the afternoon; the universal habit of gossiping,⁽¹⁾ and the unbreakable custom of sharing drinks.⁽²⁾ Riding parties, picnics and dances were popular entertainments and were usually arranged on the spur of the moment. The stage had not yet been reached that H.C.D. Somerset mentions in Littledene where the youth were robbed of their personal leisure "by a monstrous over-organisation",⁽³⁾ although the seeds were there. The biggest/

(1) Then scandal, ever rife in small communities, was particularly busy at Sunnydowns. It was the black spot on the otherwise fair face of an artless and amiable existence. There was so little to occupy attention in these secluded parts that gossip ran wanton. Everybody had something to say about everybody else. In most cases it was only tittle-tattle, but prying eyes and backbiting tongues were never loth to seize upon the most trivial incidents, and turn them to the worst possible account. (p.138).

(2) The one thing a man would not get away from in the good old times was a drink. There was no escape unless, indeed, through a registered vow to teetotalism, which was always respected if known to be genuine. But there was no dodging allowed, no playing fast and loose with the nobbler. It was an institution, the social law of the land, the recognised pledge of good-fellowship. To refuse to drink with a man was not only an ungracious act, it was a personal offence, and often resented as such. Moreover, a man was never supposed, except as a last resource, to drink by himself; to pay for one drink only was deemed the height of meanness; he had always to "shout", if only for the barman. (p.206).

Compare David Ballantyne, "And the Glory", in New Zealand Short Stories (Oxford University Press, 1953), p.386:

He looked anxiously at the clock. It was five minutes to six. He hoped they took their beer easily so's he could get out of paying for his round....

(3) Littledene: A New Zealand Rural Community. (Wellington, 1938), p.53.

biggest diversions were supplied by the race meetings, when visitors flocked into the town and all routine was upset for the week. Like other thoughtful men of his time Chamier was disappointed with the way New Zealand society was developing; but it was, after all, fairly easy to explain why the high ideals of Wakefield, John Robert Godley and others had not been realised

The new settlement was then only in its infancy; it had got over the first rude stage of its existence and was just budding into civilisation; it had a fair and fresh field to thrive upon, free from all the corruption and hereditary taints of the Old World; but human nature remains always the same, and the Englishman, away from his native land, carries with him all the customs, tastes, and prejudices, and most of the vices of his nationality.

Thus life in the colony, wherever circumstances would permit, was but a rather servile imitation of life in the Mother Country; there was little or no attempt to revert to a purer, simpler, and more primitive mode of existence. People strove after social distinction, and gave themselves aristocratic airs. They aped the Parisian fashions, kept up artificial appearances, practised Old-World foibles, and got monstrously into debt.⁽¹⁾

The first pages of Chamier's description of the Races in Sunnydowns are Dickensian in their exuberance; but he is more like Thackeray in his habit of armchair philosophising, of pulling the reader aside and commenting on the significance of events. When he does this in his own person, as author, he is very good, but when he makes Raleigh his mouthpiece, one tends to notice the young man's insufferable conceit rather than the truth of his observations. The artificiality of Raleigh's rôle//

(1) A South Sea Siren, op. cit., pp.257-8.

role as "the philosopher" is even more apparent in this novel than in Philosopher Dick, discussions on such subjects as religion, education, and the meaning of truth being inserted into the narrative for no other reason than that Raleigh and his friends are holding one of their fortnightly meetings.

As in Philosopher Dick the plot is very slight, being the story of Dick Raleigh's embroilments with Mrs. Wylde on the one hand, and his idealistic love for Alice Seymout on the other. Mrs. Wylde and her husband, the self-styled Commodore, are characters straight from *Vanity Fair*. They belong to the same demi-monde of Society as Thackeray's shady military captains and their card-sharpping friends, accumulating debts, dodging their creditors, living with ostentatious ease and then fleeing when they have made the place too hot for them - in this case, to Australia.

In spite of its misleading title and the tediousness of Raleigh's philosophising, A South Sea Siren has a special place in early New Zealand literature because of its shrewd comment on the raw townships of a newly-opened country. It is enlivened by gleams of sardonic humour:

Captain Stoutman, a heavy dragoon of fifty, on the retired list, with a gay young bride, who seemed inclined for active service, shot rapidly by in a park phaeton, drawn by a smart little pair of rat-tailed ponies.⁽¹⁾

Sunnydowns is another Gopher Prairie; and, as with/

(1) *ibid.*, p.260.

with Sinclair Lewis, one is not sure in the end whether George Chamier hates the small-minded inhabitants of Sunnydowns as much as appears on the surface. Certainly, he allowed his hero to leave for the wider opportunities of Wellington, whereas Carol Kennicott returned to make the best of life in Gopher Prairie. Yet Chamier has this to say of his rural community, and, though he took care to qualify it almost immediately, it is a sign of mixed feelings:

It was a sort of patriarchal existence in modern life, primitive yet cultured; rough in exterior, but refined at heart; with the charm of civilised society, without many of its irksome restraints and cold artificialities.(1)

The pattern of life described by Chamier has persisted in New Zealand, and the Littledene of H.C.D. Somerset is a true descendant of Sunnydowns, more prosperous,(2) more highly organised with its multitude of clubs for young and old,(3) but still a curious mixture of American small-town and English village.

3.

Whereas George Chamier was a reporter and interpreter of life as he saw it, Edith Searle Grossmann was a propagandist, whose interest in, or rather passion for, Women's Rights, was/

(1) *ibid.*, p.138.

(2) *Littledene*, op. cit., pp.44+5: A visitor from London was recently amused to see the two captions in front of the main entrance: one reads 'Littledene Workingmen's Club' and the other, with a hand pointing to the second entrance, reads/

(2) and (3) on next page.

was the main reason for the writing of at least two of her novels. For her the problem was not that of women's suffrage - the vote was granted without much difficulty to women in New Zealand - but of the wife's position in the event of an unhappy marriage. Her first novel, In Revolt (London, 1893), is a study of what would come under the heading of mental cruelty in modern divorce courts; and it depicts the hopelessness of a woman's position when her husband succeeds in keeping up a pretence in public. Not allowed to continue her studies or to engage in any useful work in one of the professions, but kept merely as the beautiful appendage of a rich man, Hermione Carlisle was unhappy enough; but when Bradley thrashed their son to death she reached breaking point. The murder could not be proved; so there was nothing for the wife to do but leave her husband, which Ione did, escaping, after a temporary fit of insanity, over the mountains.

The action takes place in Victoria, mostly on the sheep-station of Moorabool, frequently in Melbourne. Sometimes turgid in language and melodramatic in plot, In Revolt is yet a serious/

(cont.(2)) reads 'Members' Cars Only.' The visitor took a photograph of this evidence of democratic spirit, but Littledene could not understand the point of the joke.

(3) Littledene, op. cit., p.52:

Littledene loves meetings. It is the proud boast of the really important people that there is 'always something on.'

(And see also Littledene p.53, mentioned above (p.258) where Somerset refers to the "monstrous over-organisation" of youth, who have too many clubs provided for them).

serious and disturbing novel, as is its sequel, A Knight of the Holy Ghost (London, 1907). Hermione commands both sympathy and respect as a suffering but indomitable human being, helpless in the hands of men and watched by an indifferent God. In the end, in A Knight of the Holy Ghost, she takes her own life. It might be said that the tragic hero does not commit suicide. Oedipus merely blinds himself; Lear dies of a broken heart; Beowulf resists to the end. But that is only one conception of the tragic hero. In some cases, there is nothing left to do, but die. It is either a supreme act of despair or a supreme act of defiance. With Othello it was despair but with Hermione it was a mixture of the two. In A Knight of the Holy Ghost she lost her divorce suit and the law commanded her to return to her husband. So she took laudanum and defied the inhumanity of man. At that moment one feels the same pity for her that one feels for Anna Karenina, when she is about to throw herself underneath the train; or for Madame Bovary racked by convulsions after taking arsenic. But unlike Madame Bovary, Hermione Carlisle did not offend against morality. She left her husband, but did not desire to live with another man as his wife. Her companionship with the elderly Dr. Earle in Australia, Florence, and Corfu, was a contrast to her marriage with Bradley, an idyll of sublimated love, of the purest emotions possible between man and woman.

Unfortunately for these two novels as works of art, Edith Grossmann was a campaigner for Women's Rights and she made it/

it too obvious that she was running a crusade. With the people for whom she has sympathy - downtrodden women, gentle and noble men like Dr. Earle, young children - she has no difficulty in engaging our interest. But let the Dominant Male rear his ugly head and he becomes a type of beast. Bradley Carlisle was far worse than poor Soames Forsyte ever was. Soames was unlovable, but never consciously cruel. Bradley, besides wanting a properly subdued, obedient chattel, was innately vicious. The author's presentation of the opposite sex was warped by the necessities of her campaign to raise the status of women; her male characters in these novels had to be fitted to a theory and too often they are impossible creations, mere figures of lechery and brutality.

Yet, if the long Women's Rights discussions had been ruthlessly pruned, A Knight of the Holy Ghost would be one of the foremost novels written by a New Zealander. No one could fail to be moved by the scenes in the Divorce Court where Hermione fought for her reputation and for justice; or by her retreat to the lonely hut in the bush, where she intended to die. Like the timeless countryside she had "outlived the last of sensations"⁽¹⁾. The whole passage is worth quoting, for its own sake and for its reflection of an attitude towards the bush that is common amongst Australians and is to some extent shared by New Zealanders with regard to their hills:/

(1). A Knight of the Holy Ghost, op. cit., p.405.

hills:

Out of the cities and the streets, the senseless talking of the law courts done at last; away from all those eyes that kept following her and the foolish tongues that were whispering wherever she went - the forest took back the child that was born of it.

Gradually, as Hermione rode on and the heat increased, thought became extinct in mere sensation, such as a wandering child might feel. Everything she passed took on some strange significance. It had been so in the earliest dawn of consciousness; it was deeper wonder now, when all consciousness was about to change or cease. The forest stretched all around, hour after hour, hundreds and hundreds of miles, an interminable plain of gum-trees, as sapless as if they had never known even the memories of youth and spring. Sometimes the heat held every leaf motionless, and sometimes, in the hot wind, a rustling went through the branches overhead, and Hermione imagined they held communings with another world, and that they would have spoken to her if only her senses could follow their meaning. The drought still held. Every blade of grass was dried up. The water-courses were cracked, dry soil; the muddy rivers scarcely crept along. Every green thing was shrivelled from the face of the earth. The earth itself was turned to dust. It was not tired of living, this aged forest; it had outlived the last of sensations, and continued its endless days in mere endurance. The bush wore the expression of remote antiquity, beside which the rich maturity of English country seems mere infancy - the expression of immemorial and unnumbered centuries. Even Egypt had left memories and monuments, but the age of this continent had passed the span of history and fallen into voicelessness. Or, if ever it spoke, it was in an untraceable and undecipherable tongue, in vague whisperings of the night that found no interpreter.

At last the solitude began to exhaust the human nature in her, though she herself was scarcely aware of it until about noonday, on a lonely sheep farm, she found Prudence waiting for her.(1)

Like Satchell, Edith Groseman uses the bush as a natural background to human action. She does not point to it, like a guide with a party of tourists.

Hermione's personal tragedy, though it was part of the/

(1) *ibid.*, pp.404-5.

the general subjugation of women by men, was yet caused by the clash of two irreconcilable natures. When Bradley drank himself to death, he "died without a glimmering perception of the real mistake he had made in trying to conquer what was unconquerable, and to destroy all that he should have adored - a free, tameless, noble will, a pure, subtle, and delicate spirit, and a loving, passionate heart." (1) Hermione demands all our sympathy, with the result that little is left for anybody else. Her disaster overshadows those of the thousands of anonymous women who are not receiving their "rights", and to that extent the novel is successful. And if such establishments as the Commune of Sisters for Women's Rights seem a little unnecessary to us nowadays, like the more hysterical activities of Mrs. Pankurst's suffragettes or of the modern Scottish Nationalists, one must remember that it has always been a struggle to preserve the liberty of minorities and especially of that greatest minority of all, the individual. The evangelistic Hermione is contemptuous of such men as the parson Holdsworth whose doctrine is that of passive endurance of evil. In her view submission propped all vices, and in the last resort it was better to take one's own life than to submit to injustice. (2)

Just as In Revolt and A Knight of the Holy Ghost show the/

(1) *Ibid.*, p.420.

(2) For the purposes of her novel, E.S. Grossmann appears to have exaggerated the harshness of the divorce laws of Victoria. Relevant clauses from The Marriage Act, 1890, concerning grounds for divorce in Victoria are as follows:

"(1) desertion during three years without just cause or excuse;

"(2) habitual drunkenness, with cruelty, in the case of a husband,....

" (5) adultery of the husband in the conjugal residence, or/

the misery and degradation that result from an unhappy marriage, so The Heart of the Bush (London, 1911) is made to present the happier side of the union. The heroine, Adelaide Borlase, returns to New Zealand after ten years in England, and gives up the prospect of marrying the son of a wealthy squatter in order to marry her childhood friend, Dennis MacDiarmid. After an idyllic honeymoon in the mountains they settle down on a farm, and Dennis grows deeply interested in the Valley development schemes. His interest leads to misunderstanding, Aidie thinking his love for her is diminishing the more he becomes wrapped up in his work. But unlike Hermione and Bradley Carlisle, Dennis and Aidie love each other deeply and their unhappiness is only temporary, Aidie quickly learning the lesson that possessiveness brings misery, a lesson that Bradley never learnt. The plot is frail enough, but it is delicately handled and there is some witty, though kindly, satire on social pretensions in New Zealand. The visit of the Brandons, the family of the rejected suitor, to Adelaide to congratulate her on her engagement to MacDiarmid,

(cont.)

or with circumstances of aggravation, or repeated adultery.

"..... The order may provide for weekly payments by the husband to the wife and give her the custody of children under sixteen."

There is a clause, however, which was used against Hermione in the trial:

"If the petitioner's habits or conduct induced or contributed to the wrong complained of, the petition may be dismissed."

Nevertheless, although she failed in her petition, there is nothing in the law that says she would have been compelled to return to her husband.

Vide A.W. Renton and G.G. Phillimore, The Comparative Law of Marriage and Divorce, (London, 1910), p. 885.

MacDiarmid is written in a much lighter vein than one would expect from the author of In Revolt. Aidie felt, we are told, "as if she had chosen Paradise for her portion and had had the world thrown in." (1) Major and Mrs. Brandon come in for a good deal of attention as examples of an attitude that never was properly in keeping with the New Zealand social climate, as the following passage shows:

The farewells were not over when Major and Mrs. Brandon arrived in state, that is to say in the best carriage with a liveried groom on the box seat. Mrs. Brandon wore a very costly dress, but her manner showed the artistic simplicity which is a great improvement on nature, while her husband chose the out-of-door bluff British style. These amiable people had a high opinion of Dennis MacDiarmid, and favoured him with that affability which never fails to endear the aristocracy to its social inferiors. Major Brandon in particular possessed that preternatural gift for detecting merit and ability even in the most unlikely circumstances, which is one of the special characteristics of the English nobility. It is only the middle class who, in spite of repeated exposures in society novels, still ignore and spurn modest merit, and the Brandons would be anything rather than middle class. (2)

But the sword of Edith Grossmann's irony, though sharp, does not bite deeply and she does not deny the Brandons' good qualities. She has a taste for the epigrammatic - "Being at home is not quite the same thing as coming home" (3) - and considerable skill in planning a novel, a good illustration being the gradual clearing of the veils from Aidie's mind in the first days of her return.

(1) The Heart of the Bush, op. cit., p.122.

(2) Ibid., pp.124-5.

(3) Ibid., p.26.

return.

Before leaving this writer, mention should be made of her biography of Helen Macmillan Brown,⁽¹⁾ the first woman to graduate with honours in a British University. Canterbury University College was founded in 1873, with lectures starting the following year. Helen Cannon matriculated in 1876 and studied under Professor James Macmillan Brown who at first held the Chairs of Latin, Greek, and English. She took her B.A. in 1880 and in 1881 graduated M.A. with First Class Honours in Latin and English. She became Principal of the Christchurch Girls' High School at the age of twenty-three and very quickly made her mark in the educational field. She married Professor Brown in 1886 but stayed on at the High School until 1894.

It is obvious that Edith Grossman had Helen Macmillan Brown in mind when she constructed the character of Hermione Carlisle. The same intelligence, the same strength of character, the same charm, are to be found in both. The devotion of Hermione's sisterhood to their leader was equalled by the devotion of the girls of the High School to their headmistress. And in a much quieter and happier way Helen Cannon was a champion, too, of Women's Rights, for she was the first girl to be enrolled at Canterbury University College. Like Hermione, she also travelled widely in Europe. But there the parallel ends, for Helen Brown's married life was eminently happy, just as if Hermione had never/

(1) The Life of Helen Macmillan Brown, (London and New Zealand, 1905).

never met Bradley Carlisle and had married Dr. Earle instead. Edith Grossmann came under Miss Connon's influence when she entered the Christchurch Girls' High School for a final year before going on to Canterbury University. She herself graduated in 1885 with First Class Honours, taught for a while in Wellington and then married Professor Joseph Penfound Grossmann. The tone of her short biography of Helen Macmillan Brown is laudatory, at times almost worshipping, but there would seem to be some justification for it.

4.

The scene of two of William Satchell's four novels is laid in North Auckland: the first, The Land of the Lost (London, 1902), in the kauri gum fields, and the second, The Toll of the Bush (London, 1905), in the thick forest of the Hokianga district. His third novel, The Elixir of Life (London, 1907), is the story of a voyage from Britain to New Zealand; and the last, The Greenstone Door (London, 1914), tells of a white trader in the Waikato, of Auckland, and of the Maori Wars in the sixties.

The Land of the Lost has a melodramatic plot of violence and murder, love and hate, against a background of immense tracts of land covered with manuka scrub where once forests of the gigantic kauri pine had grown. At the time that The Land of the Lost was written the kauri had not totally disappeared, but the seekers after the gum or resin were being forced by the scarcity/

scarcity of the trees to look for deposits underground. All they needed were a sack, an iron-shod stick, and a spade; and the beginners soon learnt to pick out the likeliest spots in that desolate tract of sterile soil. It was not a life that tempted the ambitious; but if a man had no other job he might make a pound a week by digging for kauri gum that would be sent away to be made into varnish. By the end of 1922, Reeves informs us, (1) twenty million pounds' worth of gum had been obtained from the fields. Satchell's description of the gumfields conveys very forcibly the sense of dreariness and hopelessness the landscape inspired. In The Land of the Lost the gumfields have become the refuge of society's outcasts and failures, a place where a man can cast aside his former identity and become one of an anonymous army lost in the grey waste. To Upmore's lonely inn, "The Scarlet Man", come such varied human flotsam and jetsam as the murderer, Brice, the madman, Jess Olive, the remittance man, Bart, and the hero, Hugh Clifford, who had fled from his home in order that his inheritance should go to his younger brother. The novelist's machinery creaks as he brings about the conventional happy ending; and when the book is finished it is not the human beings one remembers but the region that engulfs them.

The Toll of the Bush shows a marked improvement in structure, dialogue, and characterisation. It is a revenge story that almost ends in tragedy and sails at times a little too closely/

(1) The Long White Cloud, 4th edit., (London, 1950), p.234.

closely to melodrama. From the shilling novels of the period it borrows the idea of an avenger coming from Europe in pursuit of the man whom he believes to have wronged him. Wickener, the seeker after revenge, corrupts a clergyman, Fletcher, who has power to break up the romance between Wickener's enemy, Geoffrey Hearnshaw, and Eve Milward. Fletcher takes part in Wickener's scheme in order to marry Eve Milward himself, although he knows that Hearnshaw is guiltless. It seems scarcely credible that a clergyman as fanatical as Fletcher could so divorce his actions from his religious creed, but the author is at pains to explain that, like Faust, Fletcher was prepared to suffer punishment after death for the sake of realising his ambition in this life. Just after the marriage ceremony Eve finds out how she has been tricked, and flees into the bush, where she encounters Geoffrey. A forest fire, which had been started by a drunken Swede, drives them deeper into the bush until they lose all sense of direction. Suspense is skilfully contrived as the search party nears the place where they have made their last halt, too weak from lack of food and water to go any further.

It is with the minor characters, however, that Satchell is the most successful. The theme of young love is tenderly handled in the story of Geoffrey Hearnshaw's younger brother, Robert, and Lena Andersen, whose love of books has been developed in the most unlikely surroundings. Her excursions into /

into literature, from Green's Short History of the English People⁽¹⁾ to Shakespeare, with the unlettered Robert, form incongruous but idyllic episodes against the background of primeval bush. Lena's father, too, is a memorable figure as he gazes despairingly from the forest at the happy face of the wife who had left him and to whom he had hoped to return with his wages, and with three months' sober living to his credit.

The novel derives its title from a superstition of the bushmen that every so often the forest exacted a toll for the destruction that was being wrought upon it by man:

Every bushman knows the toll of blood demanded by the virgin forest. It is fixed and inexorable, and though skill in bushcraft will carry a man far in the avoidance of accidents, it counts for nothing when the time comes for the bush to demand its price. There was a superstition in the settlement that so long as Mark Gird lived the woodman was safe, and many besides the devoted wife watched for the dying out of the flame.⁽²⁾

Mark Gird had been crippled for life by a falling branch; and it was not difficult to credit the forest with malignancy when a healthy man could be struck down so swiftly. The bush held its hand while he lived, but when he died at the time of /

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- (1) John Richard Green, A Short History of the English People (1st edit. London 1874, and several subsequent editions). It appears to have been popular reading. In Mrs. Glenny Wilson's Two Summers (p.90) Julia is "determined" to read Green's Short History to improve her education.
- (2) The Toll of the Bush, op. cit., pp.50-1.

of the fire, it took toll of two more lives before it could rest appeased for a further period.

The Toll of the Bush gives the same impression of nature's immensity that one gains when reading The Land of the Lost, though there is not the same feeling of dreariness. Instead, as has been mentioned before, the bush is more often like the sea in its smiling, sunny moods, only occasionally changing to anger and violence.

On the framework of the voyage of the emigrant ship "Waima" Satchell has, in his next novel, The Elixir of Life, constructed a story that it is difficult to condemn even though it is inherently improbable. In order to examine the problems arising from cases of serious illness, he has brought together a number of people in various stages of consumption, and put them on board the "Waima" together with a young ship's doctor who happens to be a brilliant specialist in that disease. In spite of the fantastic conclusion - the discovery of an elixir conferring immortality and freedom from disease - the characters themselves are credible and interesting people. As in The Toll of the Bush the minor characters - Westland and Isabel, Street, and Mrs. Fotherington - tend to steal the limelight from those cast for the leading role, but this is a flaw in composition common among even the greatest novelists; and for such delightful episodes as the conducted tour of "the ladies and gentlemen of England" through the streets of Teneriffe by their precocious twelve-year/

twelve-year old guide, William Satchell may be forgiven a great deal.

The last of his novels, The Greenstone Door, was first published in 1914, but the outbreak of war prevented it then from obtaining the recognition it earned, in New Zealand at least, when it was reprinted in 1936. The scene is laid in the Waikato district of Auckland, "the King Country" as it has come to be called, because it was there that the first Maori King was chosen in the sixties in a vain effort to unite the Maori tribes. The story covers the period of what, according to James Cowan,⁽¹⁾ was the golden age of the Waikato - the forties and fifties - and the opening years of the Maori War, when that period came to an end. This is Satchell's most vigorous, and at the same time his most carefully documented, novel. He has an eye for the dramatic, shown in such scenes as the burning of the Ngatimaru pa, the saving of Cedric's life by Rangi in Pahuata, and the siege at Orakau - the latter, according to Reeves, "the most heroic incident in the Colony's history."⁽²⁾ If at times one is inclined to think that this is an excellent story for boys, that is partly the fault of the subject chosen. Skirmishes in the bush and dangerous encounters in native villages belong more to the fiction of action than of reflection, even though there is a good deal of New Zealand history woven skilfully into the narrative. However, Satchell has given us in The

(1) James Cowan, Settlers and Pioneers, (Wellington, 1940), Chap. 6.
 (2) W.P. Reeves, The Long White Cloud, (London, 1924), p. 208.

The Greenstone Door lifelike portrayals of Sir George Grey and Bishop Selwyn, and a lively description of the bustling town of Auckland as seen through the eyes of a youth who had been brought up among the natives of the interior and who had never seen a horse or a white girl before. The fictional characters are not all as satisfactory as the historical ones. It is doubtful whether the savage ever was quite as noble as Rangiora; and it is absurd to make the child Helenora discourse with the wit and grace of a woman of thirty. But all the characters are presented as they would appear to a boy who has only just reached manhood when the story ends, and children and youths always tend to see people in black and white.

The work of William Satchell is of about equal interest to the literary critic and to the sociologist. As a writer of both period and regional novels he has helped to establish tradition in New Zealand and that is always a useful contribution in a new country. But he is not another Scott - his output is smaller, for one reason; and, for another, his characterisation is weaker. There is a host of Scott's characters who enlarge our experience of humanity, but there are only a few of Satchell's. On the other hand, there are probably more characters that one remembers from Satchell than from any other novelist in this period, even though they are not drawn completely in the round./

5.

There remain two other writers of fiction deserving of special mention in this pre-War period: Blanche Edith Baughan and James Macmillan Brown. Professor Brown's Riallano and Limanora come first chronologically, but as they are outside the ordinary realm of fiction they may safely be left till the end of this section.

B.E. Baughan's Brown Bread from a Colonial Oven (London, 1912) is a collection of ten short stories and sketches, the greater number of which had already appeared in some of the New Zealand papers. The author says in her preface:

The reason why I want to put into book form efforts so fugitive and meagre is, that, with all their faults, they do yet seem to me honestly to delineate in some degree a phase of New Zealand life that is already passing, and that, so far at least as I have been able to gather, lacks not only an abler chronicler, but any chronicler at all.(1)

These are tales of "the early days", the first twenty or thirty years of settlement. Most of them are simple stories of success or failure on the land, and with one or two exceptions there is a sameness and sentimental flavour about them which is a little cloying. But even in the slightest of the sketches there is an occasional happily chosen phrase that gives life to a scene - in "An Early Morning Walk", for instance, where "a flutter of little girls came frolicking out of Morrisby's gate."(2)/

(1) Brown Bread from a Colonial Oven, op. cit., p.v.

(2) ibid., p.126.

gate ". The monologue, "Grandmother Speaks", is an authentic record of the primitive conditions with which the settlers had to contend. The speaker came out as a girl of seven with her parents who settled in "the Bay", a day's sail by cutter down the South Island coast from the nearest port -

an' by the time we got there, in the evenin',
it was a-rainin', an' a-blowin' very cold;
an' never will I forget the look upon my poor
dear mother's face as she sat in that boat
a-gazin' an' a-gazin' on the land, an' a-seein'
what she'd left London town for!(1)

Once one has become used to Grandmother's diction one can appreciate the realism of this story of hardships borne cheerfully, by the children at least, and usually by the parents, too; a rough new life it was, in a bush-felling community very different from "London town". Grandmother had no illusions in retrospect about the difficulties of such a life:

But yet I'm not a-goin' to say as we had all the best of it either. The want o' too much jam on your bread don't make everythin' else sweet, so far as I can see; an' ours was a rough life, an' a narrow. It's good to think as the children can be taught. It's good to think as the men needn't now to drop asleep all wore out, or to stay awake fit for nothin' but liquor, after the tough day's work o' sawin' or burnin'; an' to know that the women can have their washin' machines an' their sewin' machines, an' stoves - yes, an' their pianos, too, an' their time to think as there's somethin' else in the world besides children an' the Bay.(2)

But, when she came to sum up her experiences, she was glad she had lived in the old days:

It's good to be in at the sowin' o' seed
that's bound to grow, be it cabbage, or a country.(3)

(1) *ibid.*, p.16.
(2) *ibid.*, pp.32-3.
(3) *ibid.*, p.33.

country.

And there, though in more homely language, she echoed the thoughts of all those dreamers and men of action, such as Edward Gibbon Wakefield and Sir George Grey, Captain Gargill and John Robert Godley, who had done so much to shape the destinies of people like herself.

This tale is one of the best in the collection, but it is marred to some extent by a certain childishness observable in *Grandmother*. No such criticism need be levelled against the fourth story of the series, "*Café Au Lait*". This is a most convincing and sympathetic study of the homesickness of a dignified old man yearning for the sights and sounds of the Swiss canton of his youth. There was a French settlement not far from Christchurch at Akaroa, the "Pakarua" of the story, dating from 1840, when there was a brief possibility that the South Island would be annexed by the Government of France. The settlers tried to preserve their national way of life; but death, removal, and intermarriage destroyed much of the distinctive character of Akaroa. Old Philippe, in "*Café Au Lait*", is the last of the "Originals", fifty-one years after the coming of "*La Belle Etoile*" from Le Havre; and everything seems to have combined at this moment to produce a rush of memories of his former companions and his earlier home in Switzerland. Not even the fortunate sequel can destroy the impression of misery /

misery conveyed by these words:

And for the right one, for that far-away lost country, of his childhood, of his early strength, of his first and only love, a desperate longing fed by all these strangely awakened memories and associations grew and grew, until it overwhelmed him: until there was no more room in his mind for anything but remembrance, no more room in his heart for anything but regret. It was the true, the terrible nostalgia. He wanted his country, his own familiar country, as a little child wants its mother, as a sick child cannot do without her; and the slow, pathetic, helpless tears of old age escaped from his closed eyes, and ran down his pallid cheeks unhindered.(1)

In its restraint, its pathos, its perfect, almost clinical, selection of everything that could contribute to the homesickness of the exile, this is one of the best short stories to have been written in New Zealand.

6.

In Riallaro: the Archipelago of Exiles (New York and London, 1902), and Limanora: the Island of Progress (New York and London, 1903), James Macmillan Brown(2) ("Godfrey Sweven") has attempted with considerable success the two complementary tasks of satirising contemporary human institutions and of suggesting ideal ones. He has imagined an archipelago surrounded by a thick belt of fog in the South-East Pacific, comprising five/

(1) *ibid.*, pp.87-8.

(2) Professor J.M. Brown (1846-1935); *vide supra*, p.269. Besides being Foundation Professor at Canterbury University College, he became Vice-Chancellor of the University of New Zealand in 1916, and Chancellor 1923-1935.

five main islands and a great number of lesser ones. The inhabitants of the chief island, Limanora, have completely isolated themselves from the rest, and have made the most extraordinary advances in knowledge. This is the ideal community which is examined at length in the second of the two books. To the four other large islands the Limanorans had long previously exiled all of their number who had shown signs of hereditary vice. The warlike and ambitious were sent to the island of Broolyi, which, by a species of Orwellian double-talk, meant "Peace"; the hypocrites and liars to Aleofane, which, by the same process, meant "Truth"; the licentious to Figlefla, where they worshipped the gods of matrimony and domesticity; and the socialists and thieves to the island of Tirralaria. Each of these four ancient nations had also adopted the principle of exile for their own benefit, and regularly deported alien elements to other and smaller islands, of which one large group formed their lunatic asylum.

Aleofane, "the gem of truth", was the first island visited by our traveller, whose primary task was to master the intricate language, which depended so much on physical contortions to express its finer shades of meaning.

Every word and phrase and idiom had countless variations of meaning dependent on the intonation of the voice and the peculiar gesture or facial expression adopted. There was a grammar and vocabulary of tone as well as of actual speech. And, besides this, gesture and grimace contributed their own shadings to every expression. The twitching of an eyebrow would turn "God bless you" into "God damn you."/

you." A peculiar curl of the upper lip would change an inquiry into the state of a man's health into a doubt as to the morality of his ancestors. A shrug of the left shoulder would make out of a fervid "I love you" as fervid an "I hate you"; whilst a shrug of the right shoulder would change it into "I despise you." The eye had to be on the alert as well as the ear in finding out what a man meant; and every limb had to be watched as well as every feature of the face. (1)

The language of these people was thus the language of hypocrisy, unlike "the sacred or rotten tongues", Thribbaty and Slapyak, for which they professed peculiar reverence. When their visitor remarked that these tongues were simple and direct he was assured that he was mistaken: "great scholars had shown how there were depths beyond depths of reflected and refracted meaning in every word of the great Thribs and Slaps". (2)

An ambiguous language, a cynical alliance between Church and Journalism - both state-controlled and managed by the "milder type of higher-class criminals" - a Bureau of Fame, for puffing up a person's reputation: these were the main features of life among the ruling class on the Island of Truth. After an injudicious attempt to find out what the common people thought of the behaviour of their masters, the traveller was held in open arrest by the king, but made his escape to the neighbouring island of Tirralaria. There, in contrast with the firm state control of Aleofane, there was complete anarchy, no co-operation, every man for himself in the utmost poverty and filth. Anything/

(1) Riallaro, op. cit., pp. 26-7.

(2) Ibid., p. 31.

Anything that could make one man superior to another or happier than his neighbour had been completely abolished. Everybody could vote, even the infant, as soon as he or she could toddle to the polls. It was a mad-house of equality.

The traveller did not visit the island of Figleflia but proceeded from Timalaria to the series of islets which formed the lunatic asylum of the archipelago. For many ages their cranks had been classified and quarantined on these small islands. There was the Isle of Philanthropy, where everybody was crusading for some absurd cause or reform with much the same useful results as those obtained by Mrs. Jellyby; their statute book contained myriads of regulations for unimportant details while real evils were neglected. Then there was the Land of Lofty Lineage in which the Church had organised a traffic in ancient lineages, which were publicly auctioned in the temples. A third territory, the Isle of Journalism, was used by every island but the Island of Truth "as an asylum for those who were afflicted with the desire to address their neighbours in writing or type concerning their neighbours' affairs and characters".⁽¹⁾ They were so thick-skinned that among themselvesalanders and lies had no effect, and they had to resort to physical means of attack, using noisome stinking pellets discharged from air-guns. Their religion was that of the Veiled Ego: "a voice from behind any veil, however tawdry or foul, becomes the voice of the people; and the voice of the people is the voice of God".⁽²⁾

(1) *ibid.*, p.237.

(2) *ibid.*, p.240.

God".

Another island contained those who had been exiled for over-astuteness in diplomacy. The homoeopathic cure finally led them into direct and simple methods amongst themselves though they still practised labyrinthine deceptions on strangers. Then there was the Island of Palindicia, which was colonised by "justitiomaniacs", who had a passion for criminal trials. The longer these lasted the better.

In fact, they rather preferred an innocent man for their experiments in justice; for, they often said, where lay the talent or ability in sheeting a crime home to one who was guilty? There was something of true genius in convicting an innocent man, and in making his friends feel that there was something wrong about him.(1)

There were many other communities, each curious, and sometimes amusing, in its own way, but not sufficiently so to detain the traveller for very long. He finally visited Broolyi, the Island of Peace, where everyone was bent upon enforcing that blessing on his neighbour, and there he came into contact with an exiled Limanoran who expected to be allowed to return to his own land. He taught the Englishman his language, and together they landed on Limanora.

Whereas Riallaro is satirical of human weaknesses and institutions, Limanora portrays a very advanced civilisation, where belief in the possibility of unlimited progress had been raised to the status of a religion. By tapping the central earth fires the inhabitants of the island had provided themselves/

(1) *ibid.*, p.263.

themselves with an inexhaustible source of power for industrial and domestic use. They had no army or navy, and no foreign policy, for they had isolated themselves from the rest of the world by means of a "storm cone", which could raise a tempest of wind sufficient in strength to repel from their island any invading force, no matter how powerful. Thus the community had long devoted itself solely to the arts of peace; and this is the author's opportunity to show what strides it would be possible for the human race, or any one section of it, to make if it could only rid itself of the plague of war.

The central idea of Limanora is that any advance in civilisation must mean an advance in ethics. For that reason no book could be held sacred for long and there should be no blind worship of the past. Brown, in fact, appears to be fully conscious that he is living in 1903, in what Toynbee has called "the post-Christian era". The Limanorans were religious, but they had no Church or priesthood. Instead, their whole life was dedicated to the moral improvement of the individual and they believed that any advance in ethics went hand in hand with an advance in knowledge. Limanoran science "was never weary of listening to the voice of God in the cosmos and ever looked upwards and onwards to a wider and loftier creation".⁽¹⁾ Their life was a gradual change from the mortal to the immortal as the soul became more sublime. Eventually the time for death would come and the soul would join the spirits that moved throughout/

(1) Limanora, op. cit., p.680.

throughout the universe. It was a joy to approach death, because that meant the release of the spirit to enter a higher form of existence. Brown's optimistic humanism is nowhere better illustrated than in his references to the spiritual life of the Limanorans.

Although the external features of Limanoran civilisation are as interesting and ingenious as its philosophy there is no space to describe them all here; which is a pity, for it is pleasant to escape for a while into a roseate dream of the future. The bare mention of some of these features must suffice - the invention of wings for individual flight; education during sleep; the Halls of Nutrition and Medication, where any sickness at all could be cured without trouble; the Valley of Memories (a vast museum); the specialisation of whole families in certain aspects of scientific work; the development of "personal magnetism" or telepathy, especially between husband and wife but also a sympathetic current vibrating through the whole nation; and the constant search for means of contact with life in outer space. Limanora was a more vigorous, more intellectual, and more purposeful Shangri-La, whose every inhabitant was engaged in mental and physical activity of the most intense but most rewarding nature. There was no friction in Limanora, nothing but complete harmony among individuals who were valuable and valued members of a team working religiously to add to the sum/

sum total of the nation's knowledge.

Before concluding, a word should be added concerning the Limanoran view of education and literature. Particular care was taken over the education of a new human being. There were no schools or universities, for the Limanorans had found gregarious education to be a grievous blunder because of the moral contagion that imperfect natures brought to bear upon one another. The best teachers were the parents; and in a country where life could be indefinitely prolonged no one was held to be fit for parenthood until he or she had reached the seventy-fifth year. Education extended up to the fiftieth year. Thus parenthood was

by far the most important, if not really the only, profession in the island. But they must bring one child up to maturity before they undertook another. For, they held, there was no problem so complicated, no duty so responsible, no task so exhausting for every faculty, as the training of a human being in its earlier stages; to sculpture a new and noble nature was considered the greatest creative work that a Limanoran could achieve for the state; the greatest talents that ever appeared on earth could not be better spent than on the parental profession.⁽¹⁾

Brown's Utopian dream has, unfortunately, little chance of being realised, for it demands perfection in the parents, and a very high general standard of living.

In the chapter on literature the writer seizes his opportunity to attack once again the ambiguities and pitfalls of European languages. A man, he says, who can express his meaning clearly,/

(1) *ibid.*, p.586.

clearly, aptly, and musically in one of the European tongues, is hailed as a genius. The Limanorans had no literature as we know it.

One of the striking features of the civilisation was the complete absence of a literary class or profession or group of families. They smiled at the "pure frippery" of European literature, which used imagination as a mere means of entertainment. It seemed a complete inversion of the natural order of things to make that faculty which was the prerogative of everyone who could speak, and the servant of the highest purpose of life, into a special art to suit the pleasure of the idler hours. They held that the man who had thought a thing out could express it best. So they trained up every citizen to the fullest power of lucid and final expression. In their language, so perfect was it, there was one best way of saying a thing; and everyone who knew the language aright and understood the thing could find this best way. Style as a matter of mere expression they laughed at as linguistic trickery; the force and life of everything lay in the idea, and the expression grew out of that and was a part of it, as the colour was a part of the flower. It was only a clumsy and inchoate language that could admit of style or literature as a special art; and it was trifling with one of the most divine faculties to prostitute it to the entertainment of leisure hours; it was to class imagination with the arts of the mimic, the buffoon, and the juggler.⁽¹⁾

Their literature was all science - the science of the future - and their "books" were acted in the theatre. Tentative fiction was "the only unstagnant truth".⁽²⁾

One would expect a work of more than seven hundred pages devoted to a description of a community in which there is no conflict, and no human passion save a religious fervour for ethical and scientific progress, to be anything but enthralling./

(1) *ibid.*, pp.79-80.

(2) *ibid.*, p.429.

enthralling. It says much for the skill of the author and his abundant flow of ideas that, for one reader at least, this was a most interesting, even absorbing volume. Its style is lucid, though the paragraphs are Miltonic in their length. A Utopia must of necessity be didactic; but the didacticism is welcome for it serves to counterbalance the iconoclasm of the author's satirical strictures on European society. It is perhaps unfortunate for Professor Brown's reputation as a writer of fiction that the general public has not yet endorsed his preference for that "tentative" kind which describes an ideal community without including a long tale of romantic love. There is a "romance" in Limanora but it is very slight; and Riallato is about as romantic as A Voyage to Laputa. Limanora is contemplative and placid, more discursive than Erewhon, and less humorous, but nevertheless sufficiently well-written and thought-provoking to merit resurrection.

1890 - 1914.

III

Verse.

1.

As the author of The Long White Cloud, William Pember Reeves has been mentioned earlier in this chapter.⁽¹⁾ He also deserves notice as a poet, for, although his output was not very large, he has contributed to that "handful of poems" which, one of the moderns, Allen Curnow, has stated, "a New Zealander cannot cancel from his past".⁽²⁾ Curnow cites "The Passing of the Forest", and to this could be added "A Colonist in His Garden" and, possibly, the hymn of praise, "New Zealand", which is the opening poem in A Treasury of New Zealand Verse.⁽³⁾ In collaboration with George Phipps Williams he published in New Zealand two volumes of verse - Colonial Couplets (N.Z., 1889); In Double Harness (N.Z., 1891) - and later in England his own New Zealand, and other poems (London, 1898). In addition he edited the second number of Canterbury Rhymes (Christchurch, 1883), to which he was also a contributor. /

(1) See "Non-Fiction", p.225, et seq..

(2) Allen Curnow, edit., A Book of New Zealand Verse, (Christchurch, 1945), p.23.

(3) W.F. Alexander and A.E. Currie, edit., A Treasury of New Zealand Verse, (London and N.Z., 1926). First published in 1906 under the title, New Zealand Verse. The Treasury is a revised and enlarged edition of New Zealand Verse, providing a very large but representative number of poems drawn from the first seventy-five years of New Zealand's versifying. As in Palgrave's Golden Treasury the poems are grouped according to theme. The three poems just mentioned are in Alexander and Currie's anthology, together with "The White Convolvulus" and "Night Island".

contributor.

The verse he wrote in collaboration with Williams was of a light-hearted, undergraduate nature, most of it humorous satire, both social and political. It includes "An Old Chum on New Zealand Scenery" (with comments on the use of such terms as "gully", "bush", and "scrub"), "A New Chum's Letter Home" (illustrating the colonial propensity for spinning a tall yarn), and "A Globe-trotter's Views on New Zealand" (introduced by the criticism, still relevant to-day, that

a globe-trotter can't with authority speak
Of your places and politics, manners and ways,
Not unless he indulge in unqualified praise.⁽¹⁾
The italics are mine.)

New Zealand, and other Poems contains the hymn, "New Zealand", which, though jingly in metre, yet fittingly expresses some of the humanitarian aspirations of the colonists which have persisted throughout the Dominion's brief history and which every political party has had to recognise. It has been a basic principle since 1840 that everybody should have a chance to carve out a reasonable livelihood for himself according to his abilities, and that the State will help him whenever it can. The Minister of Labour who helped to frame the legislation of the nineties speaks in these words:

Her youth is made heir of the ages,
Her children are freemen and peers,
Plain workers, yet sure of the wages
Slow destiny pays with the years; /

(1) "A Globe-trotter's Views on New Zealand", ll. 4-6.

Though little and latest their nation,
 Yet this they have won without sword,
 That woman with man shall have station,
 The toiler be lord.

Not multitudes starving and striving,
 Not bondmen of misery's dearth,
 But builders with patience contriving
 A kindlier realm upon earth,
 Where pity worn age shall environ
 Where the young start abreast in their race,
 Nor shall fate with a gauntlet of iron
 Smite Poverty's face.(1)

Another anthology piece of Reeves's is that stately poem, "The Passing of the Forest", which, like the above hymn, first appeared in New Zealand, and other Poems in 1898. A revised and superior version is to be found in A Treasury of New Zealand Verse. Its sub-title is "A Lament for the Children of Tane", (2) and the very slowness of the beat of the modified Spenserian stanza lends it solemnity and adds to the sense of sorrow for an irretrievable wrong done to the forest by those who burned it down. It has, too, something of the richness of Spenser, and of Keats, in such images as: "The frail convolvulus, a day-dream white", dead trunks that are "slow-mouldering, moss-coated"; and the river that flows

With dreamy murmur through the slumbering day
 Lulling the dark-browed woods now passed away.(3)

It is true that

All glory cannot vanish from the hills.
 Their strength remains, their stature of command
 O'er shadowy valleys that cool twilight fills..(4)

- (1) "New Zealand", ll. 25-40 :- revised version in Treasury of Verse.
 A slightly different version is to be found in the 1924 and 1950 editions of The Long White Cloud.
 (2) Tane: the God of the Forest.
 (3) "The Passing of the Forest", ll. 71-2.
 (4) *ibid.*, ll. 1-3.

but Reeves felt that to cover them with grass was a poor substitute for the royal garb of the forest. Even in his day the results could be seen in eroded cliff-faces in the ranges. The destruction of the trees meant also the banishing of the flowers, of the forest trails, of wood smoke and "the resinous, sharp scent of pines". The birds were gone, "those gentle forest-haunting things"; and worst of all, perhaps, was the loss of that

sense of noiseless sweet escape
From dust of stony plain, from sun and gale,
When the feet tread where quiet shadows drape
Dark stems with peace beneath a kindly veil.(1)

All the powerful voices that have ever been raised against the materialism of their age are joined by Reeves in the last two lines of this stanza:

The axe bites deep. The rushing fire streams bright;
Swift, beautiful and fierce it speeds for Man,
Nature's rough-handed foeman, keen to smite
And mar the loveliness of ages. Sean
The blackened forest ruined in a night,
The sylvan Parthenon that God will plan
But builds not twice. Ah, bitter price to pay
For Man's dominion - beauty swept away!(2)

In "A colonist in His Garden" Reeves considers what is still a relevant problem in New Zealand, that of emigration back to Europe. The question that was always in the forefront of an/

(1) *ibid.*, 11.57-60.

(2) *ibid.*, 11.81-88. See also "Dead Timber", by Alan E. Mulgan, and "The Last of the Forest", by Dora Wilcox - poems with the same theme as "The Passing of the Forest" - in A Treasury of New Zealand Verse, op. cit., pp.59-63. For an example of the kind of destruction lamented in these poems refer to Laurence J. Kennaway, Crusts: A Settler's Fare due South (London, 1874) p.131.

an immigrant's mind was: What do I gain and what do I lose by this action of mine?⁽¹⁾ The advantages for most of the New Zealand immigrants in the nineteenth century were obvious enough: the prospect of improving their material well-being, of making a fresh start, and of obtaining greater independence, and more sunshine; and the idealists among them were fascinated by the opportunity they had of creating almost from the beginning a brave new world fashioned after the best patterns that the country of their birth could afford. But what did they lose? They lost friends, and dear relations; they exchanged a green, settled countryside for a parched plain, a wild forest, or a range of windy hills; many left a home where all was ordered and customary⁽²⁾ for one where, at first, everything was disordered and comfortless; they left a land of ancient universities, with a deeply-rooted artistic and literary tradition, for a new land where the only native traditions were Polynesian and where, as Thomson has indicated in his history of New Zealand, ditchers were "more esteemed than poets" .⁽³⁾

Reeves's poem posed, therefore, a vital question, and then provided one man's answer to the problem. The colonist receives a letter from a friend in England. "Turn back," cries the friend,

(1) For example, H.W. Harper, Letters from New Zealand, (London, 1914), pp.170-1. (Vide Supra Chap.III, pp.149-150).

(2) W.B. Yeats, "A Prayer for My Daughter":
And may her bridegroom bring her to a house
Where all's accustomed, ceremonious. (ll. 73-4.)

(3) A.S. Thomson, The Story of New Zealand, 2 vols., London, 1859, Vol. II, p. 314.

friend, "to England, life and art." He continues:

"Write not that you content can be,
Pent by that drear and shipless sea
Round lonely islands rolled,
Isles high as empty as their deep,
Where men but talk of gold and sheep
And think of sheep and gold.

"A land without a past; a race
Set in the rut of commonplace;
Where Demos overfed
Allows no gulf, respects no height;
And grace and colour, music, light,
From sturdy scorn are fled..."(1)

But the colonist muses on what he has achieved in his adopted country. Is he to leave all this, to return to friends whom he remembers as being in their youth but who must now be wrinkled men and women? As for the lack of art, that depends upon one's interpretation of the word:

"No art?" Who serve an art more great
Than we, rough architects of State
With the old Earth at strife? (2)

And as for history - the settlers have begun to fashion their own:

"A land without a past?" Nay, nay.
I saw it, forty years this day.
- Nor man, nor beast, nor tree.
Wide, empty plains where shadows pass
Blown by the wind o'er whispering grass
Whose sigh crept after me.(3)

So the colonist makes his decision: he will remain in New Zealand. "Me shall he never spur"...."Here am I rooted..." But in actual fact, Reeves left, and spent the second half of his life in Britain, himself an emigrant. Perhaps one clue to the reason is to be found in a nostalgic admission by his colonist: /

(1) "A Colonist in His Garden", 11.7-18.

(2) *ibid.*, 11.73-75.

(3) *ibid.*, 11.79-84.

colonist:

Yet that my heart to England cleaves
This garden tells with blooms and leaves
In old familiar throng,
And smells, sweet English, every one,
And English turf to tread upon,
And English blackbird's song.(1)

But no doubt the main reason was that, for him, Britain was a land of wider opportunities; and it offered him that cultured way of life for which Katherine Mansfield's soul was to hunger when in 1906, as a girl of eighteen, she returned to New Zealand for a year and a half of what seemed to her then to be spiritual exile.

2.

Arthur Henry Adams (1872-1936) was a younger contemporary of Reeves and, like the older man, was a New Zealander born, though he spent the latter part of his life out of the country. He graduated B.A. at Otago University College in 1894 and then studied law for three years, but abandoned that profession for journalism, which he practised in New Zealand, China, England, and Australia, settling finally in Australia in 1906, when he accepted a post on The Bulletin in Sydney. He has already been mentioned as a writer of novels, but these have not the same importance as his poetry. It is interesting, however, to note how some of his ideas overflow from one literary form into the/

(1) *ibid.*, 11, 67-72.

the other - his obsession, for instance, with the idea of two souls' being destined for each other from the beginning of time.

His first volume of poetry, Maoriland and other Verses (Sydney, 1899), is divided into four main sections: "Maoriland"; "Love Motives"; "Sonnets"; and "Other Verses"; and concludes with a one-act verse play, "The Minstrel". Many of the poems from this volume are repeated in The Collected Verses of Arthur H. Adams (Melbourne, 1913), but there are some that have been omitted from the later work and yet have been included in A Treasury of New Zealand Verse. Two that should be mentioned are "The Coming of Te Rauparaha" and a group of sonnets, "The Four Queens". Written in blank verse the former tells how the young Te Rauparaha came forward at a critical moment in his tribe's history and offered to lead the Ngatiraukawa to a new home further south. It is useful to compare Adams's favourable view of Te Rauparaha, given here, with the opinions of men like Edward Jerningham Wakefield, and others of the New Zealand Company, who knew him as an old man still waging strife between the Maoris and the settlers, until he was kidnapped by Grey in 1846. They saw him only as a crafty, treacherous, and smooth-tongued politician, and could scarcely understand the reasons for his immensely high prestige among the Maoris with whom, indeed, as Reeves has indicated,⁽¹⁾ he stood in a similar relation to that of Odysseus/

(1) The Long White Cloud, op. cit., p.170.

Odysseus among the Greeks. In the poem, Te Rauparaha is a young and untried chief eager to unite the tribes against the white strangers with their flaming weapons.

Think, we shall be saviours
Of a race, a nation! (1)

As it turned out the struggle was a hopeless, though not ignoble, one, and was waged in the sixties by other hands than Te Rauparaha's, that chief having died in 1849. For the evocation of sympathy, however, for a heroic warrior race, "The Coming of Te Rauparaha" is one of the most successful of New Zealand narrative poems.

In "The Four queens" Adams has set himself to catch the essential quality of each of the main New Zealand cities. The sonnets have, with the possible exception of "Christchurch", little of the magic of Wordsworth's "Upon Westminster Bridge", but each has expressions that seem to fit the place described. The tutelary queen of Wellington is throned on a "wounded hill-side steep"; (2) the face of Dunedin's is "strung with winter's kisses" (3) the queen of Auckland, with sunlight in her hair, "Over a tropic city holds her sway"; (4) and in Christchurch she

.....within a level city lies;
To whose tree-shaded streets and squares succeeds
A vista of white roads and bordering meads
Until each suburb in the great plain dies. (5)

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- (1) "The Coming of Te Rauparaha", 11.168-169 (in Treasury of N.Z. Verse;
(2) "Wellington", 1.6. 11.183-4 in Maoriland and other Verses).
(3) "Dunedin", 1.2.
(4) "Auckland", 1.2.
(5) "Christchurch", 11.1-4.

dies.

Her eyes are "quiet with a student's reverie"⁽¹⁾ and in her hair there "lurks the fragrance of some older place".⁽²⁾

The Collected Verses of Arthur H. Adams contains, as the author has remarked in his foreword, all the verse which he thought representative of his own work, except two series of poems, The Nazarene and London Streets, each of which he regarded as being complete in itself.⁽³⁾ The collection is divided into six sections: "Maori Legends"; "Verses of the Dominion and the Commonwealth"; "Lyrics"; "Sonnets" (including "The Star Sonnets"); and "Interrogations". "Puhihua" is the most attractive of the legends, telling the story of a chief's daughter who slopes with a squire of low degree. The second section contains several poems from Maoriland and other Verses, among them the most important of Adams's specifically New Zealand poems, one of Allen Curnow's "handful".⁽⁴⁾ This poem, "The Dwellings of Our Dead", evokes the loneliness of death in a new and thinly-peopled country, where the dead "lie unwatched, in waste and vacant places".⁽⁵⁾

No insolence of stone is o'er them builded;
By mockery of monuments unshielded,
Far on the unfenced plain
Forgotten graves have yielded
Earth to free earth again.

Above their crypts no air with incense reeling,
No chant of choir or sob of organ pealing; /

(1) *ibid.*, l. 9.

(2) *ibid.*, l. 11.

(3) They were published as separate volumes: The Nazarene (London 1902) and London Streets (London and Edinburgh, 1906).

(4) *Vide supra*, p. 290 (Verse).

(5) "The Dwellings of Our Dead", l. 1.

pealing;
 But ever over them
 The evening breezes kneeling
 Whisper a requiem.(1)

Even in death nostalgia for the land of their birth grips
 them. Their lament rises from plain, gully, bush, and trench:

"Unchanging here the drab year onward presses;
 No Spring comes trysting here with new-loosed tresses,
 And never may the years
 Win Autumn's sweet caresses -
 Her leaves that fall like tears.

And we would lie 'neath old-remembered beeches,
 Where we could hear the voice of him who preaches
 And the deep organ's call,
 While close about us reaches
 The cool, grey, lichened wall."(2)

The poem views the familiar theme of homesickness from
 a fresh angle and serves to emphasise the loneliness felt by
 those first settlers who had come from a populous country to
 one that was comparatively bare of inhabitants - in the South
 Island especially. That the new land needed the comfort and
 warmth of human occupancy is stressed, too, for the poet points
 out that "jealously we hold them".(3) Even as the anonymous
 dead they helped to establish tradition in a country which
 wanted it badly.

Most of the "Verses of the Dominion and the Commonwealth"
 are about Australia, a country, which, even more than New Zealand,
 if one can judge from much of its verse and fiction, one had to
 learn to love, for affection did not come naturally and immediately./

(1) *ibid.*, 11.6-15.

(2) *ibid.*, 11.41-50.

(3) *ibid.*, 1. 51.

immediately. Australians born and bred were to find in its interior something of that awe in the presence of Nature's magnitude which young Aram in the Saroyan story experienced when he crossed the Arizona desert by coach. As Henry Handel Richardson puts it in a passage, part of which has already been quoted:

...To them, the country's very shortcomings were, in time, to grow dear: the scanty, ragged foliage; the unearthly stillness of the bush; the long, red roads, running inflexible as ruled lines towards a steadily receding horizon...and engendering in him who travelled them a life-long impatience with hedge-bound twists and turns. To their eyes, too, quickened by emotion, it was left to descry the colours in the apparent colourlessness: the upturned earth that showed red, white, puce, gamboge; the blue in the grey of the new leafage; the geranium red of young scrub; the purple-blue depths of the shadows. To know, too, in exile, a rank nostalgia for the scent of the aromatic foliage; for the honey fragrance of the wattle; the perfume that rises hot and heavy as steam from vast paddocks of sweet, flowering lucerne - even for the sting and tang of countless miles of bush ablaze.(1)

But Arthur Adams, coming to the heat of Australia after the fresh winds of New Zealand, felt little of the intense Australianism of such writers as Joseph Furphy and Henry Lawson and the bush balladists. His homesickness finds expression in "Written in Australia":

The wide sun stares without a cloud:
Whipped by his glances truculent
The earth lies quivering and cowed.
My heart is hot with discontent;
I hate this haggard continent.(2)

This poem appeared in the earlier Maeriland and Other Verses and Adams was still struggling with his medium. He had not yet/

(1) H.H. Richardson, The Fortunes of Richard Mahoney, (London, 1930), p. 701.

(2) "Written in Australia", ll. 1-5.

yet emancipated himself from that jingly metre which was the bane of Broome and Bowen and other early New Zealand poets.

"Written in Australia" is marred by such strumming lines as the refrain:

But over the loping leagues of sea
A lone land calls to her children free;
My own land holding her arms to me -
But oh, the long loping leagues of sea.(1)

But even so he could write such evocative lines as the following:

The land lies desolate and stripped;
Across its waste has thinly strayed
A tattered host of eucalypt,
From whose gaunt uniform is made
A ragged penury of shade.(2)

However, unlike Richard Mahoney, who never grew reconciled, Adams did finally accept Australia, as it accepted him. Just as in his novel, The Australians, he could describe enthusiastically the Australian way of life, so in an attractive little poem, "The Coming of Pan", he could visualise the ready acclimatisation of the Greek god in a country that was "a larger, sun-laved Greece":(3)

Triumphantly he trod;
To sunny glades he shouting skipped,
And out from their grey eucalypt
The joyous wakened dryads slipped
To frolic with their god.
He blew his pipes along the sand,
And to him rippled sea-nymphs, tanned
With sunshine - surely this his land!(4)

If humanism means the exaltation of the human being to a position of supreme importance in the universe, then Adams was/

(1) *ibid.*, ll. 6-9.

(2) *ibid.*, ll. 20-24.

(3) "The Coming of Pan", 1.45.

(4) *ibid.*, ll. 49-56.

was a humanist, declaring in "Recognition", "Chance", "A Pair of Lovers in the Street", "To You", "Reincarnation", "The Goal", "On the Sands" and "Afterwards" that the stars and the planets and all living things have been created for the one purpose of furthering the human race - that the most important thing that can happen is the mating of two lovers who have been destined for each other since the beginning of time. In "Recognition" two of these soul-mates pass each other by, one in a cab, the other on top of a bus, and both instantly recognise the one they are looking for. They had met aeons ago for the first time and aeons may pass again before they are finally thrown together. Similarly, Aroha Grey and Southern felt the significance of the moment when they first met, in Tussock Land. His theory is stated plainly in "A Pair of Lovers in the Street". With hyperbole worthy of Tamburlaine's vision of the reception of Zenocrate in heaven he points to the significance of these two lovers in the universe:

For these the distant goal have won
For which God made the plasm and the sun;
His patient laboring is done.

For these each Spring has been a bride,
And lonely worlds were spawned and died.
Chaos for them in birth-throes cried.(1)

All Time, expectant of their bliss,
Hangs fearful. Space through her abyss
Shudders if they this hour should miss.(2)

(1) "A Pair of Lovers in the Street", ll. 10-15.

(2) *ibid.*, ll. 34-6.

In "To You" two lovers wait through the ages, dreaming of the perfect love. Like the wife in "Loneliness" one of them may have thought she had found her true lover, and married, only to find out her mistake too late; or she may never have discovered her mistake, and lived in seeming content with her soul unawakened; or she may have been true to her dreams and was waiting "starving and passionate still."⁽¹⁾ It may be noted here that there is a warm sensual element in Adams's verse, present even when he is most idealistic. Some of his most vivid images have this physical passion - the opening lines of "To You", for example:

So you have come at last!
And we nestle, each in each,
As leans the pliant sea in the clean-
curved limbs of her lover, the beach;⁽²⁾

And in "Written in Australia" that country is personified as a listless girl, in whose dark hair
A starry red hibiscus burns;⁽³⁾

- - - - -

swift passions brim
In those brown eyes too soft for blame;
Her form is sinuous and slim -
That lyric line of breast and limb!⁽⁴⁾

The idea of a soul-mate is not perhaps strikingly original, but it is one that has a certain appeal. Adams frequently manages to touch on the universal sorrows and joys of mankind even in his most personal poetry. "Bereft", for example, is a genuine cry of grief for a dead child; there is an intense/

(1) "To You", first version (in *Macriland: and other Verses*), 1.49.

(2) "To You", ll. 1-3.

(3) "Written in Australia", ll. 36-7.

(4) *ibid.*, ll. 41-44.

intense feeling of loss in such lines as these:

I lie awake
 And whisper to my heart, "To-night I'll hear
 Her petulant hands knock at my dreams' shut gate -
 And oh, the gladness when I let her in!
 Hush! what a patter of impatient feet
 Down the long staircase of the dark! And then
 I sleep, and with an endless weariness
 I grope among the spaces of the dark
 For rhythm of her unresting feet, or touch
 Of her caressing fingers, or the kiss
 Of wilful-shaken curls against my cheek.
 And there is nothing but the empty night. (1)

Other poems of loss and deprivation are "Lament" and "And Yet-!", the first spoken by a woman who mourns for the babe she has never had, for love has been denied her - she was unwooded and unwed; the second being the thoughts of the poet, who has lost the one he loved - something of her may still be glimpsed in someone passing in the street, and so she is immortal; and yet he is inconsolable. It is just this ability of Adams to see things from a slightly different angle and still make one feel the truth of his special vision - the pattering of a child's feet down "the long staircase of the dark", (2) or the girl listening and leaning across the universe, knowing that she will be born after her lover is dead and that she will be glancing piteously back to the days that were his on earth - that marks him off not only from the facile rhymesters but also from most of the other serious New Zealand poets. For to read Adams is to enter a special world, where Time and Space are one and the/

(1) "Bereft", ll. 47-58.

(2) "Bereft", l. 52.

the same thing and death is a sad barrier to physical, but not always to spiritual, union, where souls call across the universe or yearn to be buried in their proper hemisphere; and although one finds after a while that certain ideas keep recurring, and that others shock by their extravagance, the poet has had sufficient poetic ability to make the excursion into his world an interesting and a valuable one.

Like H.G. Wells and O. Henry, Adams was an apostle of the essential individuality and humanity of the obscure - people like Mr. Polly, and the "shop girls" of "The Trimmed Lamp". Atropos, Andromeda, and Eurydice, in the "Interludes" of London Streets (London and Edinburgh, 1906), are timid, gentle little creatures, waiting for some resolute male to rescue them from the toils of the city. With a fine disregard for classical truth Adams makes Atropos into a "little pale-cheeked milliner", (1) plying the shears all day in the back room of a shop.

But when the gods in thunder speak
And grant me two pounds ten a week,
A loathly dragon I shall slay
And reave my Atropos away,
And rent a palace for my sweet
In some dear dull suburban street! (2)

Similarly, Eurydice, in the most attractive of the three Interludes, is a typist in an office high above the street.

Who would not be
In Hades with Eurydice? (3)

asks the poet lyrically. Every evening he takes her to her home where a "gaping blackness waits for her", (4) and she is lost to/

(1) "Atropos", l. 2.

(2) *ibid.*, ll. 43-8.

(3) "Eurydice", ll. 41-2.

(4) *ibid.*, l. 56.

to the upper world.

But every morn at half-past eight
At those dark portals I await,
Where the pale prisoners of Night
Are spilled again up to the light.
The black earth yields her up to me:
I look not back - Eurydice.(1)

Adams was divided between his desire on the one hand to cherish woman as the weaker sex and on the other hand to meet her on equal terms, like a heroine from Shaw. Probably his earlier ideal of womanhood was represented in the Interludes of London Streets and such poems as "My Love" and "Just a Woman" in Maoriland and other Verses. In the latter poem he says:

There is no hint of heaven
Or glimpse of deep thought even
In her eyes;
She is warm and she is human,
Just a weak and wilful woman -
Not too wise.(2)

But in "A Portrait" and "The New Woman", she is more self-reliant and queenly, man's counterpart and equal. By the time Adams has come to write his novels, the "weak and wilful" women usually provide the hero with only temporary satisfaction - which is a pity, for Atropos and Andromeda and Eurydice are sympathetic creations.

Adams has already been described as a humanist, and it must not be forgotten that he was in London at the turn of the century, /

(1) *ibid.*, ll. 67-72.

(2) "Just a Woman", ll. 31-6.

century, when the cult of humanism had reached one of its peak periods in Britain. But there are different varieties of humanism. Professor Brown's, for instance, was optimistic and Utopian in character; and in *Limanora* man was not at cross-purposes with God. But Adams belonged to those humanists who were, in Mr. Watkins's phrase, "angry with God".⁽¹⁾ It was God, for example, who had created the criminal; and so, on Judgment Day, for "By your works you shall be judged, you know",⁽²⁾ it was the criminal who unseated God and who condemned them all -/

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- (1) J.W.N. Watkins, "The Strange Face of Evil", pp.522-3, The Listener, September 30th, 1954. He States:

The humanist is a man who is angry with God. He argues that if God exists God must be responsible for the evil in the world. The kind of evil the humanist has in mind, when he condemns God for allowing it, is inhuman evil which impinges on man from without, like famine or disease. He insists that it is immoral to worship a being who allows unnecessary suffering for some inscrutable purpose of his own. 'Whatever power such a being may have over me', wrote John Stuart Mill, 'there is one thing he shall not do: he shall not compel me to worship him. I will call no being good, who is not what I mean when I apply that epithet to my fellow-creatures; and if such a being can sentence me to hell for not so calling him, to hell I will go'.

The humanist says that if there is a God who runs the universe, then he runs it badly. Man, on the other hand, says the humanist, has come of age; he has defiantly eaten from the tree of knowledge of good and evil and he can accept no authority but his own conscience. He has taken charge of his estate and he will put it in order. (p.522).

The humanist thinkers of the Enlightenment regarded history as a long record of unnecessary suffering; but they repudiated the doctrine of original sin and attributed the suffering partly to physical causes which might be revealed by science and controlled by technology, and partly to superstition and ignorance, products of bad education which, they said, had rendered Man's natural goodness impotent. But when this natural goodness is allied with scientific enlightenment, then evil, they proclaimed, can be methodically exterminated. (pp.522-3).cf. Professor J.M. Brown, *Limanora*, (New York and London, 1903). Vide Supra, pp.285).

- (2) "The Ballad of Judgment Day", 1.40.

Fiction.

all - Evolution, Love, Hatred, Kings and Conquerors,

And all the Gods that Man had made;
And, lastly, he doomed Life.

And so at last he was left alone,
This King of claw and fang,
A sideways thing on a tottering Throne:
There were no more to hang!
And, from that desolated place
At the end of Time, far out through Space
His bitter laughter rang.

The crumbling walls of Space were rent
The stars rained in a rout;
And, shattering, through each atom went
A cataclysmic Doubt.
And, like a sickening candle light,
Into its old, primeval Night
The Universe guttered out.(1)

Thus Adams made God responsible for the creation of evil human beings as well as "inhuman evil which impinges on man from without". This Ballad is Adams's bitterest poem. He is a little more hopeful in "God and Supra-God": Man, says Adams, is greater than God, for he has taken over God's clumsy plan for the world and is re-fashioning it. God left the world half-finished; Man is continuing where God left off. Here Adams takes his place among Mr. Watkins's "eccentric humanists like Nietzsche", who "even wanted to change places with God".(2) But Man cannot control death. Life is like being in a tavern with lights and companionship, and then there comes a fumbling Hand at the door and it beckons you away into the night. ("The Tavern").(3) There is/

(1) "The Ballad of Judgment Day", ll. 90-105.

(2) op. cit., p.523.

(3) It is interesting to compare this version with the Anglo-Saxon simile of the bird flying into the lighted hall. See "The Alfredian Bede" ("Edwin and Gefi") ll. 40-56, p.49 of Alfred J. Wyatt's Anglo Saxon Reader, (Cambridge, 1919).

is in fact something stronger than both God and Man, and that is Fate, in whose grip we are caught ("The Yoked God"). The best and for us all is oblivion and silence,

To feel the nagging nerve of Self
Die slowly down and throb to rest.(1)

Here Adams appears to have forgotten for a moment his faithful lovers yearning for each other across the universe, and seemingly desirous of immortality.

But humanism is not opposed to Christianity. The Son of God raised the dignity of the human race and in the end died in his efforts to help Man. So Adams, the humanist, wrote The Nazarene: a Study of a Man (London, 1902), a series of poems in blank verse emphasising the part played by Jesus as a human being beloved of little children and of the sinful and weak, as he appeared in the eyes of his mother, John the Baptist, Judas, Pilate, and Mary Magdalene. As in Dorothy Sayers' cycle of plays, Adams's interpretation of the characters of Judas and Pontius Pilate is a sympathetic one - more so in the case of Judas, for he goes to greater lengths in finding excuses for the betrayer than does Miss Sayers. But on the whole, The Nazarene is a conventional, and sometimes quite moving, portrayal of the greatest Humanist of them all.

One of the points to note about Adams is the geographical scope of his work, which is unusually wide for a New Zealand poet of his period, in the sense that he was writing from actual/

(1) "Requiescat", ll. 15-16.

actual experience. His poetry ranges from New Zealand to China and from there to England and then back to the southern hemisphere, to Australia - all countries which he had seen for himself. This, of course, would mean nothing if he had had nothing significant to say about those countries or had been unable to make others share sympathetically in his emotional reactions to England, Australia, and New Zealand. But the fact is that he has managed to catch and interpret something of the essential qualities of Australia and New Zealand; and though there is nothing very new in what he has written about the Strand and Fleet Street, Hyde Park and Chelsea, in London Streets, yet these places spelt romance to his New Zealand public, who were, as Curnow put it, "provincial twice over".⁽¹⁾ Especially romantic to the New Zealander was the kind of English countryside which Adams describes in his sonnet, "Night in England", with its sleeping villages, the quiet broken only by a passing train or the chiming of the hours from picturesque church towers. On the other hand, much of his verse has no connection with any particular place or time - the bulk of his love poetry, for instance, and his philosophical poems - the "Interrogations" of The Collected Verses. And this is as it should be, for no one wants a New Zealand poet to write only about New Zealand. As Robert Graves has said, "Novels are in the public domain, poems are not".⁽²⁾ It is the poet's first task to please himself; although, to quote further from Robert Graves, /

(1) Allen Curnow, A Book of New Zealand Verse, 1923-45, (Oxford Press, 1945), p. 21.

(2) Robert Graves "A Poet and His Public", The Listener, October 28th 1954, p. 711.

Graves,

a poem is seldom so personal that a small group of the poet's contemporaries cannot understand it; and if it has been written with the appropriate care - by which I mean that the problem troubling him is stated as truly and economically and detachedly as possible - they are likely to admire the result. The poem might even supply the answer to a pressing problem of their own, because the poet is a human being, and so are they. (1)

Adams has not always recollected his emotions tranquilly or detachedly, and one may not agree with certain of his more extravagant philosophical visions, but to write on his plan, as Dr. Johnson conceded with respect to the seventeenth century Metaphysicals, "it was at least necessary to read and think". (2).

3.

If one had to pin Adams down to a local habitation and give him a name, one could say that he was a poet of the cities. At any rate, he lived most of his life in them, and, quite apart from London Streets, his verse seems to be about city people - probably because he, a city dweller, was coming to terms in his verse with life as he saw it. However, if Blanche Edith Baughan, the author of Brown Bread in a Colonial Oven, is to be mentioned at all as a poet, it should be as a poet of the "backblocks" in the days of the early settlers, when they had to break in the land, plant pine wind-breaks, build wire fences, grub up the /

(1) op. cit., pp. 711-2.

(2) Samuel Johnson, The Lives of the Poets: "The Life of Abraham Cowley", "Everyman's" series, No. 770, Vol. 1, p. 13.

the tree-stumps, and contend with rain, wind, mud, frost and drought in order to make a rude home for themselves in a raw new country. A glance at the titles in Shingle-Short and Other Verses (N.Z. and London, 1908) confirms this. Among them are: "Burnt Bush", "Early Days", "A Bush Section", and "The Paddock". These and one or two others - "A March Evening", in Verses (London, 1898); and "The Old Place", in Reuben and Other Poems (London, 1903) - are perhaps the most important poems to a New Zealander, for in the absence of any great poetic merit Blanche Edith Baughan's work must be judged from the sociological standpoint as well as the literary. Apart from her "settler poems" (which include "Shingle-Short"), she has written a number of short poems, some of them infused with a vague religious warmth and colour - "Church", "Saint Margaret", "Dives and Lazarus", and "Renaissance", for instance⁽¹⁾ - and a few longer narratives, of which the best are probably "Reuben",⁽²⁾ "Leon",⁽³⁾ and "The Eternal Children"⁽⁴⁾ In the concreteness of its imagery and simplicity of statement, "Church" is reminiscent of Herbert, though its conclusion is Wordsworthian in spirit. It has only two stanzas:

The people bent above their books,
And sweetly prayed the priest,
My heart stay'd frozen by their fire,
And fasted at their feast.

But where the lonely breezes blow
Above the lonely sod,
Where mountain-heads are hid in mist,
My heart was hid with God.

(1) All in Verses (London, 1898).

(2) In Reuben and Other Poems, (London, 1903).

(3) In Verses (above).

(4) In Shingle-Short and Other Verses,
(London, 1908).

"Reuben" is the tale of a simple couple working their farm on the downs overlooking the English Channel. Misfortune strikes them as it does a rather similar pair, Michael and his wife; but the poem is not a mere copy of Wordsworth. It would have been better, however, if the story had been left to point its own moral and the trite philosophical soliloquy of Reuben on the cliff omitted. Reuben's thoughts lead him to the same conclusion - that God has a use for all his creatures - as that which is discovered in the course of another, inordinately long, interior monologue, "Shingle Short". "Leon" links up with the Arthurian legends, and its story of a crippled lord who helps Morgan le Fay, and then is rewarded by his finding a wife on the sea shore, succeeds in evoking something of the romance of that far-off misty time. The last of the three narrative poems just mentioned, "The Eternal Children", has a touch of Barrie's whimsy; it describes the light-hearted, fairy-like play of a troop of golden youngsters on the beach where the poet lay dreaming in the sun. Night came and they sank to rest, one of them in her arms. They were children who had never been born, the dream-children of childless lovers on earth. The poem is a very successful piece of fantasy, unmarred by sentimentality.

The longest of the "settler" poems is "The Paddock", in Shingle-Short and Other Verses. It consists of long soliloquies by people living on, or loosely connected with, a farm that has/

has weathered the pioneering stage of its development, these soliloquies being interspersed on the one hand with short passages of dialogue in prose, and on the other with lyrics sung by plants and by the creek and the wind. Pruned of its commonplace prose dialogues and perhaps of its songs, this poem would be a very fair portrayal of three different women whose attitudes of mind are not peculiar to New Zealand, though they are frequently found there. Elizabeth, the farmer's wife, is middle-aged, contented, loved and loving, proud of the place in the sun she and her husband have carved out of the bush. To her the countryside is beautiful and the memory of past struggles only helps to bind her affections to her home. But Elizabeth's younger sister, Janet, eighteen years of age, is like Beryl in the Katherine Mansfield stories, "Prelude", and "At the Bay". To her budding young life the farm is a prison, the home of monotony and dullness. She cannot regard the place as hers, the tangible result of years of labour, as Elizabeth does. She wants Life, and that means the company of other young people - not crops and animals and scenery. The daily round that is to her elder sister a succession of minor delights is to Janet nothing but drudgery, endured only for the sake of those whom she loves:

Wash up the dishes,
Sweep out the kitchen, put on dinner (Oh,
That hateful, daily, never-done-with dinner!
Why do we have to eat?), then, that disposed of-
Oh, what's there ever to look forward to?
Well, it is coach-day, though; I can ride Dapple/

Dapple

Out to the road, and take these strawberries down,
 And wait for mail - and, save newspapers, get none!
 Oh dear! There's scarcely anyone goes by coach,
 There's never anyone up or down the road,
 Much less along the track, of course. Heigh-ho!
 Eternal Paddock's dull!...Then, when I'm back...
 Oh, what does it matter? Play with Andy, read
 Some stale old book, I've read six hundred times,
 Get tea, and clear it; then - the empty evening!
 Once in a blue moon, some one may drop in -
 Night after night, they don't, and there I'll sit,
 Jean's frock, or Andy's overall to patch,
 While Andrew reads aloud, of wheat and wool,
 And 'Lizabeth listens. Nine o'clock at last!
 I'll light my candle, let out, full, the yawn
 Kept in since daybreak, get to bed. - That's all!
 That's my whole day. (1)

Fortunately she finds a solution to her problem: she will exchange places with her cousin, who is in town pining for the country.

The third soliloquy is spoken by Hine, the ancient Maori woman, who is longing for rest and the peace of death now that all her friends and the old Maori way of life have gone. She sinks into her last sleep in the sunshine.

Prolixity is one of Blanche Edith Baughan's besetting sins and it has a ruinous effect on the interest of "Shingle-Short", an interior monologue by Barney, a simple-minded farmhand. The message conveyed by these thirty pages of octosyllabic verse can be summed up in a few words: even though it appears that all Creation is flawed, in reality everything is part of God's plan and He has a use even for such imperfect creatures as the speaker. But it is doubtful whether it is worth wading through mountains/

(1) Shingle-Short and Other Verses, (London, 1908), pp. 161-2.

mountains of nonsense to find this much-handled pearl. The following is typical of the whole poem - a grain of truth in a mass of verbiage. One can see the poet's intention, and admire her pertinacity, but one does not have to like it:

Oh, ain't it paltry! Ain't it poor,
 An' loo'-warm, an' soul-sickenin'!
 Not on'y me, an' my poor fake
 (I wish it was!); but - Rotten Roots!
 Failure bang in Creation's make,
 Somethin' at fault in Everythin'.
 Good Gum! I'm fair full up of it.
 It's all to pot, an' so am I.
 Seems such a general, livin' lie...
 If there was just, for comfort's sake,
 One rightness under the round sky!
 But, nothin', nowhere, all it ought?
 The whole show with a taste o' taint?
 The whole caboodle shingle-short?
 Oh, stinkin'! Makes you kind o' heave!
 Fair makes you want to cut an' quit.
 Wish I was dead, an' done with it. -
 I do, old Stars! (1)

And so it goes on, page after page, while one thinks wistfully of the limpid simplicity of her few early religious poems. But even this is not so depressing as the childish drivelling of the middle-aged farmer's wife in "Outside O' the Mail into Mennen" (2) who indulges in such expressions as "pop-wallopy-plop", without the excuse of acknowledged imbecility. It is a relief to turn to the genuine and adult pathos of "The Old Place" (3) in which a settler bids farewell to the farm that has never been a success but which now seems to be part of himself./

(1) Shingle-Short and Other Verses, p.33., op. cit.

(2) Reuben and Other Poems, op. cit.

(3) ibid.

himself.

Yes, well! I'm leaving the place. Apples look
red on that bough.
I set the slips with my own hand. Well - they're
the other man's now. (1)

Then there is a macabre little monologue, "The Hill", (2) which presents the thoughts of a murderer bound by his fear of discovery to the hill where he has buried a friend whom he slew in a fit of rage twenty years before. In healthy contrast is "A Bush Section" (3) in which a little boy of ten, surrounded by the silence of the hills, counts as treasures whatever moves about his "unchanging existence"; (4) but he himself, though he does not know it, is the most important and radiant excitement of all. "Early Days" (5) is another monologue, this time spoken to an audience, and is the verse equivalent of the prose "Grandmother Speaks" in Brown Bread from a Colonial Oven. It gives a vivid picture of hardships that were cheerfully endured because of their effect in knitting the family close together. Thus, as a writer of verse descriptive not only of a "phase of New Zealand life that is already passing", (6) but also, in "The Paddock" for instance, of a rural way of life that is still fairly common, B. E. Baughan has her place, though a minor one, among the poets of her country./

(1) "The Old Place", 11, 15-16.

(2) Shingle-Short and Other Verses, op. cit.

(3) Shingle-Short and Other Verses, op. cit.

(4) "A Bush Section", 1, 169, *ibid.*, p. 85.

(5) Shingle-Short and Other Verses, op. cit.

(6) Brown Bread from a Colonial Oven, (London, 1912), Preface, p. v.
see p. 277.
(Fiction).

country.

4.

Another writer of minor verse with a claim to notice is Will Lawson, who has specialised in the robust life of the railroad and the sea, where women rarely intrude. The Red West Road and Other Verses (N.Z. 1903), Between the Lights and Other Verses (N.Z. 1906), Stokin' and Other Verses (London, 1908), and The Three Kings and Other Verses (London, 1914)⁽¹⁾ celebrate the stokers and the engineers, who grumble and grouse but who never change their jobs in spite of the hardships and few tangible rewards. If there is any philosophy in Lawson's poetry it is that man must work and that even the hardest toil carries a certain satisfaction when it is connected with something as alive and responsive as a ship or a locomotive. There is a thrill in sending the ship crashing through the seas that is felt even by those in the engine room, for they can feel the ship's movement and see the powerful action of the piston rods ("Forced Draught"). Sometimes, though rarely, danger is deliberately courted, as is seen in "Two River Men", a humorously pathetic tale of two old sailors who take their crazy river boat beyond the bar, out to the deep sea, to have a look at Death. But generally the ordinary perils of the sea are quite sufficient, especially in the coastal trade, where the ships are pursued by waves that resemble wolf-packs in their ferocity ("Coasting" and "The Hunters"). There is a good deal of monotony, too, /

(1) Many of his poems are reprinted in each succeeding edition until the final one (The Three Kings), which presents a selection of his best verse.

too, in life at sea, either the arduous monotony of trimming coal in the bunkers, or the boredom of keeping watch, waiting for something to happen. A man cannot be blamed for feeling a little cynical about the necessity for keeping proper watch - at least, that is the attitude of the sailor in "Lookin' Out":

One of these nights I s'pose I'll see
 Somethin' to recompense -
 Some sword-fish havin' a sewin'-bee,
 Fillin' themselves with cake and tea;
 Or a bull-whale full of prosperity
 Buildin' a boundary fence.⁽¹⁾

But boredom or danger make it all the more pleasant to reach port, and so there are poems of arrival, either long ago, as in "Tasman's Ship"; or in an exotic land, as in "The Hearts at Sea", which tells of a battered tramp steamer reaching harbour at night after a six weeks' voyage and the hard-boiled crew listening in silence to the voice of a young girl singing, "like a virtue mourning sin",⁽²⁾ in a boat out on the river:

The boats drew near; the steamer's crew,
 Six weeks from the port of Perth,
 Came to the rail for a closer view
 Of the beauty that is of earth.
 From the weary war of the ocean wide
 Where Time is the passing of hours,
 They heard, out there on the jewelled tide,
 Music that sang of flowers.⁽³⁾

In spite of his clichés and recurring images, and his occasional jingoism, Lawson manages to communicate something of that fascination the sea has for men like Marlow, Conrad's prime story-teller. There are scenes and characters that linger in/

(1) 11.7-12.

(2) "The Hearts at Sea", 1.42.

(3) "The Hearts at Sea", 11. 56-63.

in the mind after a reading of his verse: the stokers leaning bashfully on their shovels when the ladies come down to the engine room; (1) a bull-whale leading his little convoy of cows to safe feeding-grounds; (2) the sharks following a cattle-ship from Argentina; (3) the Three Kings islands looming out of the mist; (4) the battered cruiser limping into port at dawn; (5) the two old river men heading out to sea; (10) the tramp-steamer's crew leaning over the rail and listening to a girl's song in the same kind of harbour as that into which sailed the youth who had been so wishful to reach Bangkok and the East; (6) and in his poems of the railroads, the mangled body of the shunter who had been struck by a truck; (7) the engine-driver, more concerned with the physical discomforts of his job than with being a "poet's bloomin' hero"; (8) and the eight stone four fireman, who was at last given charge of an engine, a huge new one, in spite of his smallness of stature.

He looked like a stamp
On a kitchen stove,
But he made her tramp
Up the hills above.
So he swells his chest,
And he earns his beer,
The oldest, littlest
Engineer. (9)

Lawson was the kind of poet that every new country should, and/

(1) "Ladies in the Engine-Room".

(2) "The Old Bull".

(3) "The Cattle-Boats".

(4) "The Three Kings".

(5) "The Cruiser".

(6) "The Hearts at Sea".

(7) "The Shunter".

(8) "Drivin'".

(9) "A Song of Size", 11, 90-7.

(10) "Two River Men".

All of these are in The Three Kings and Other Verses,
op. cit.

and usually does, have. Like Robert Service of Canada, A.B. Paterson of Australia, and John Runcie of South Africa, he celebrated a colourful life of danger and swift movement. Theirs is not intellectual verse, and their rhythms easily become monotonous; but, like the others, Lawson fills a gap and in his limited field provides adventure and a hint of the exotic. If it is escapism, it is, like the modern Western films, in a healthy form.

5.

Writing in Scholefield's Dictionary of New Zealand Biography Eileen Duggan says of Jessie Mackay (1864-1938): "She represents the period of transition, when New Zealand first became country - conscious".⁽¹⁾ Ten of her poems have found their way into Alexander and Currie's Treasury of New Zealand Verse⁽²⁾, all from her most important collection of poems, Land of the Morning (New Zealand, 1909). They are: "For Love of Appin", "Spring Fires",^{*} "Rona",^{*} "The Noosing of the Sun-God",^{*} "A Folk Song", "Slumber Song", "The Nixie's Prayer", "The Burial of Sir John McKenzie",^{*} "The Gray Company",^{*} "Song of the Drift Weed"; and of these five are connected with New Zealand.⁽³⁾ In Land of the Morning ten out of fifty-two are/

(1) G.H. Scholefield, A Dictionary of New Zealand Biography, 2 vols. (Wellington, 1940), Vol.II, p.22.

(2) op. cit., 1926 edition.

(3) Those marked with an asterisk.

are New Zealand poems. The rest are mainly concerned with, or contain references to, Norse and Celtic mythology and legendary history, the diction of many of the poems being as cloudy and obscure as their themes. The New Zealand poetry is, on the whole, clear in meaning and not over-burdened with allusions. Jessie Mackay takes kindly to the repetitions, ejaculations, and apostrophes of the Maori idiom, as in "Maori War Song" and "The Noosing of the Sun-God", and these habits carry over into her other verse, where it is frequently pointless and nearly always distracting. One thinks in this connection of the repetition of the phrase "all the way" in "The Burial of Sir John McKenzie". After reading a score or so of her poems, their meaning shrouded in a dream-cloud of musical mysticism, one longs for the clear imagery of Reeves or Adams. One soon tires of all these Ossianic invocations and runic rhymes and circumlocutions. "Phantom Ford" (which, incidentally, has some good lines) provides a typical example of this kind of writing:

Yo ho, sweet is the yellow land, -
 Billow on billow of tussock afield!
 Heart thrills warm in the mellow land. -
 What's to be said and what's to be sealed?
 The gull to the gorge and the Sun to his rest, -
 Glory! the shoaling of shells in the west,
 Shoaling divinely! O come to me soon;
 Reach me the iris and read me the Rune!(1)

And who ever heard of a "world-weary child"? This phrase in the second line of the poem does not seem a very apt simile:

Yo ho, dips the red sun to me,
 Passing as meek as a world-weary child!(2)

The verse is so musical at times that one skims over/

(1) "Phantom Ford", 11,9-16. (2) *ibid.*, 11,1-2.

over the words too easily, without taking in the sense even when it is there. These lines from "The Dream Tree" may be taken as an example:

Shake, shake the Dream-Tree!
Of the blossom would you buy? -
Shut the mind and shut the eye;
Let the Dream-Tree shed its ware
Over quiet brow and hair.
But you buy not as you will:
King or loon or man of skill
Takes his lot in wayward bloom,
Smelling of a Pharaoh's tomb,
Of a temple, meadow, tower, -
Fire and nard and gillyflower; -
Tinted of his true love's hair -
Buried blood-wite, black despair. (1)

And yet, Jessie Mackay's name cannot be omitted from any survey of the verse of the nineties and pre-War era. For one reason, behind her diffuseness, and her allusive and imaginative diction, can be perceived a wide range of reading. Her turgidity is due to a deliberate wish to be "poetic", not to lack of control over words; and it is just because one senses her feeling for words that one is disappointed by her straining after effect and predilection for the far-off times of Scandinavian mythology which she fails to make vivid or real.

Another reason for Jessie Mackay's importance is that, like Eileen Duggan who comes after her, she was inspired by a truly religious spirit. It may find expression in a specifically religious poem like "The Heart of Mary" or the metaphysical "Wind of Paradise", but generally it is expressed by a passionate/

(1) "The Dream-Tree", ll. 27-39.

passionate crusading on behalf of those suffering from wrong and oppression: the Armenians suffering at the hands of the Turks ("The Cry of Armenia"); Scotland, still striving for Home Rule ("Scotland Unfree"); the people of Appin, deported to America in the eighteenth century ("For Love of Appin"); her own ancestors, unsuccessfully striving to retain their lands in Strathnaver ("Strathnaver No More"); and the Serbs defeated again at Kossovo in 1915 ("The Carol of Kossovo"). The contrast between subject and style is jarring, however, when she represents the struggle for the introduction of Prohibition in New Zealand as a major contest between the forces of Good and Evil ("Vigil").

But the third and probably the main reason is that Jessie Mackay, like Reeves in the nineties, felt that a nation had been born, and she triumphantly proclaimed New Zealand's individuality. After the nineties, for the next twenty years, there was a "sentimental twilight" (the phrase belongs to a modern poet)⁽¹⁾ during which the writers of verse in New Zealand became more and more attached to the Britain of their romantic dreams as politically their country moved towards Dominion status. "The Burial of Sir John McKenzie" and "Mother and Child" are both occasional poems, the one expressing grief at the death of an idolised statesman, the other expressing one of the strongest of/

(1) Allen Curnow, A Book of New Zealand Verse 1923-45, op. cit., p.20.

of New Zealand's national feelings, that is, determination to support the mother country in time of trouble - in this case, the Boer War:

"Mother mine, accept my giving; thine they are in
death or living;
Reddest blood and whitest hand - this they drew
from thee - ".(1)

But it is in her loving portrayals of the New Zealand scene that she shows how much this new country has captured her ardent imagination; in her descriptions of the "running rings of fire on the Canterbury hills", (2) of the "mountain-world, subtle and pure", (3) and of the

river bed track
Where the sister lakes are smiling,
And the toi nods by the milky blue
In shimmer of noon's beguiling;
And, bronze and gray, the bluffs array,
Shoulder to burly shoulder; -
Where the kea hides and the river glides
Over the blood-red boulder.(4)

E.H. McCormick says of her that she was one of her own "little gray company before the pioneers".(5) Perhaps it is truer to say that she was one of the pioneers themselves, one of the first to feel a genuine love of New Zealand within them. "Land of the morning" she called her country - "Kiwa's golden daughter".(6) The Utopias she dreamed of have not arrived yet; but her/

(1) "Mother and Child" ll. 25-6. of. C.C. Bowen, "The Battle of the Free" in A Treasury of New Zealand Verse, op. cit. pp.7-13.

(2) "Spring Fires", l.1.

(3) "Phantom Ford", l.18.

(4) "The Call of the Upland Yule", ll.1-8.

(5) E.H. McCormick, Letters and Art in New Zealand (Wellington, 1940) p.109. "The Gray Company", ll.7-8.

(6) "Land of the Morning", l.1, (of stanza prefaced to volume of that name).

her passionate claim, "You, first and last, - my world of Alp and water, -(1) has begun to hold a genuine meaning for an increasing number, perhaps for the great majority, of present-day New Zealanders.

6.

From the remaining writers of verse in this period one stands out, partly because of the topics he chose, and partly because of the length of time he was writing. Arnold Wall, born in 1869 in Ceylon and educated in England, became Professor of English at Canterbury University College in 1899. Before that, in 1894, he had published At the Cross Roads and other Poems (London) and since then was writing verse until at least the forties. He has, therefore, covered a longer period than any other well-known New Zealand poet. It is interesting to examine the verse he wrote before 1914, though it would be unfair to judge him on that alone, for since then he has produced work of a much more sophisticated character.⁽²⁾ Much of his earlier verse was experimental. In At the Cross Roads and other Poems, for instance, there are imitations of the narrative style of Tennyson's Idylls of the King; an episode, "Sodom Destroyed", reminiscent of "Waldhere" in structure if not in theme; a tale in Anglo-Saxon/

(1) *ibid.*, 1,7.

(2) Eight of his poems are included in Allen Curnow's anthology of New Zealand verse, 1923-45, *op. cit.* Other verse publications are: London Lost, and other Poems (London and Auckland, 1923) The Order of Release, and other Poems (London, 1936). Theme and Variations (London, 1937). About our Birds (Wellington, 1943).

Anglo-Saxon measure of heroism and cowardice during a Viking raid ("Bertha"); and an imitation of Chatterton's (or of "Rowley"'s) spelling in "The 'Curlewe': a ballad of Falmouth", with traces of "Sir Patrick Spens" and "The Ancient Mariner" in the style and subject matter. The rest of the volume contains the verse of a young man living in love-longing:

Rather than all the cold gold spires of Fame
Or ruddy glory of high deeds, give me
That blue ~~an~~-cloud-dimmed summer of the mind
That Love lives in. (1)

Love of God, love of a sister, love of the earth, love of woman - yearnings for all of these are expressed in this volume.

Blank Verse Lyrics and other Poems were published in London in 1900, and New Poems in London in 1908. In the latter there is a remarkable diatribe against America, the immediate cause of wrath being that nation's interference with traditional English spelling. But that is only the starting point for a much wider indictment. The U.S.A. would appear to have had very little literature in 1908:

Your art a sham, your literature a moon
To England's sun - two essayists, a buffoon,
A ghost of Thackeray, a crank, a vandal,
Two crazy bardlings and a tinned-meat scandal! (2)

Flapping bugs enthusiastically, he turns and rends their educational system and their politics, and then comes back once more to his original grievance, the American misuse of the English/

(1) "Lines", 11, 11-14.

(2) "Reformed Spelling and America", 11, 25-8.

English language:

Our ancient words of lineage, all our own,
 Growth of our race and clime, bone of our bone,
 You twitch and maul and turn to uses base,
 And utter falsely in the market-place;
 Witness your 'trust', 'boom', 'pull', 'combine', and
 'graft' -
 Fit for your politicians' hateful craft.(1)

It is perhaps unfair to quote these lines in the face of the U.S.A.'s subsequent achievements(2) in literature, which Arnold Wall was probably among the first to welcome. His interest in philology(3) must excuse his petulance.(4)

"The Roadmakers" and "The Parable of an Old Man" teach the lesson that man will find true content only in doing his necessary work in the world as best he can, however humdrum it may be - an echo of that earlier poem, "Lines", (5) in which he/

(1) *ibid.* 11, 64-9.

(2) And of course, its former achievements, which it takes Marcus Cunliffe, for example, over 200 pages to examine in his recently published book in the "Pelican" series, The Literature of the United States (London, 1954).

(3) He has also published a book on the development of the English language in New Zealand: New Zealand English, (Auckland and London, 1939).

(4) A few years previously (1898) John Liddell Kelly, in mock confusion, was moved to exclaim, rather less heatedly than Arnold Wall, against the brashness of the U.S.A.:

Ye Royal Red Republicans
 Twist not the Lion's tail!
 Fling out the Union-Jonathan,
 Whose stars shall never fail.
 St. George for merry Yankland!
 Break fetters from the slaves,
 Free sons of Columbanglia -

Brityankia rules the waves! ("The Anglomurkan National Anthem, 11, 39-46 in Heather and Fern: Songs of Scotland and Maoriland (Wellington, 1902). Events since the Second World War have added to the meaning of these lines.

(5) In At the Cross Roads and other Poems, op. cit.

he abjured the thought of fame so long as he could find Love, no matter how simple or humble the circumstances. And that the young man obtained his heart's desire is shown by his love poetry in New Poems: "Birthday", "Apology", "Consummation", "Consent", and others.

Arnold Wall's next volume, A Century of New Zealand's Praise (Christchurch, 1912), is something of a tour de force, consisting as it does of a hundred sonnets in honour of the poet's adopted country. In so many short poems the quality is bound to be uneven, and, indeed, A Century of New Zealand's Praise shows more of the documentary approach than the highly inspired. Nevertheless, it is interesting to observe what Arnold Wall selects as the highlights of New Zealand life and history, and to note that he has anticipated the essayist, M.H. Holcroft⁽¹⁾ and most of the other present-day poets⁽²⁾ in perceiving the drama of New Zealand's pre-history, when the land lay silent, waiting for human occupation. Thus, his second sonnet is called "The Empty Land"; and its concluding lines run as follows:

This land lies empty, nameless and unknown;
Unseen her shapely beaches curve and sleep;
The cataract chants his solemn monotone
Unheard; unseen the white Alps heavenward leap;
The bird, the wind, the running streams alone
Break with their elfin charm its silence deep.⁽³⁾

(1) M.H. Holcroft, The Waiting Hills, (New Zealand, 1943); The Deepening Stream (Christchurch, 1946).

(2) e.g. Charles Brasch, "The Silent Land", Ursula Bethell, "By Burke's Pass", James K. Baxter, "Prelude N.Z.", "The Mountains", and "O Lands Seen in the Light of an Inhuman Dawn". These poems are in A Book of New Zealand Verse 1923-45, op. cit.

(3) "The Empty Land", ll. 9-14.

Later, in The Order of Release and other Poems (New Zealand, 1934), Wall was to point out the significance of this silent waiting. The land was, if not menacing, then at least indifferent, and man's loose scrabblings on the surface were only incidental and temporary:

And when we go
 (As go we must)
 And all our lordly works lie low,
 Crumbled to dust,
 With what a leisurely and queenly gesture,
 With no unseemly haste,
 But with long centuries in hand to waste,
 She shall resume once more
 The very form she wore,
 Her ancient face and vesture! (1)

7.

Although the work of the foregoing poets does not equal the best that was being written in England during the same period, yet it is the best in the field of New Zealand literature at the time, and each poet contributed something which helped to make New Zealand verse distinct from the great mass of minor verse written not only in Britain but also in the other Dominions and in the U.S.A. In addition to the poets just mentioned there were many others, but they dwelt on similar themes and did not handle them as well. A few of these, however, deserve a passing mention. One, John Liddell Kelly, a journalist, published an/

(1) "Colours of New Zealand, a Prophecy", 11.27-36.

an ode, "Zealandia's Jubilee", in Auckland in 1890, celebrating New Zealand's history in verse, though he did not write as accurately as Arnold Wall in A Century of New Zealand's Praise. The ode is noteworthy for its contemptuous references to the missionaries, its very high praise of Governor Grey, and its highly optimistic, boosting tone, reminiscent of the vociferous indications of civic pride manifested by the inhabitants of Sunnydowns and Gopher Prairie. Kelly obviously felt it necessary to cast a glamour over New Zealand history, a need not experienced by modern poets. It is interesting to compare his vague and idealised description of the arrival of Abel Tasman in 1642 with the relevant extract from Tasman's own log, or with, say, Allen Curnow's "Landfall in Unknown Seas" or the first verse of the same poet's "Unhistoric Story". Whereas Kelly writes of the Dutch sea-captain's beholding "with joy and wonder this sunny Southern shore",⁽¹⁾ both Tasman and Curnow, the one in prose, the other in verse, pinpoint a sudden act of violence in a savage country, an act of murder in a quiet bay, which is seen by the later poet as something intensely dramatic and significant. Kelly's "Anglomurkan National Anthem" has already been mentioned;⁽²⁾ the volume in which it appears, Heather and Fern, contains some extracts from "Pomare", an unfinished light opera in Gilbert and /

(1) "The Coming of the Pakeha", (1642-1769), 1.4, in Zealandia's Jubilee: an Ode, (Auckland, 1890). It is included in Heather and Fern, op. cit., under the title, "Old New Zealand".

(2) See note 4, p.329.

and Sullivan style on a Maori theme; translations of a number of poems from French and German, including a series of thirty-three love lyrics by Heine; and some love poetry of his own, in which there is more than a hint of the battle of the sexes, "Last of all, the Woman" being perhaps the best example. There is a seriousness of purpose in Kelly's poetry that is, however, marred by his lack of any real poetic ability.

In A New Chum's Letter Home and Divers Verses, Dry and Diverse (Christchurch, 1904), by G.P. Williams, a return is made to the light-hearted, smoke-concert, undergraduate type of verse which Williams produced so successfully in partnership with Reeves in Colonial Couplets and In Double Harness - in fact the volume includes the best of his verses (of which the title piece is one) from those two collections. Many of the new pieces are again political - for example, "The History of Mr. and Mrs. Miggs (A Tale of New Zealand Land Laws)" and "Song of the Local Bodies". There is a light skit on the paucity and unimaginativeness of the New Zealand vocabulary in "Wanted - Some Similes", and there are a few poems on the subject of one of New Zealand's most popular sports, horse-racing; but the latter are rough in execution and lacking in the spaciousness and vigour of, say, the Australian "The Man from Snowy River". The punning lines of the sketch, "He Trod on the End of a Plank: an Engineer's End", recall to mind the kind of verse, facetious and topical, that was produced by those New Zealand gentlemen who wrote with ease in the early days of Canterbury settlement, and whose poems/

poems are to be found in the anthology, Canterbury Rhymes. It is, indeed, the chief virtue of A New Chum's Letter Home that it recaptures the happy-go-lucky spirit of those cultured young adventurers who came from the Public Schools and universities of the Old Country to tackle the difficulties of pioneering, and who did so much to lay the foundations of the peculiar English charm of Christchurch to-day.

One of those who escaped into a world of the imagination where all was ordered and stable was Joseph Giles, a Fellow of the University of New Zealand, a physician, and, for a time, Resident Magistrate of the city of Auckland. In his Poems (Christchurch, 1908) the predominant note is classical, there being nothing specifically concerning New Zealand except for two cheerful little pieces - "Mauku Settlers' Song" and "At the Opening of the Mauku Hall" - and a reminder "To A.M.S., about to revisit England" that "When all is said, New Zealand holds thy home"(1) This sentiment was echoed by Dora Wilcox, who found that London was not, after all, the Promised Land:

When I look out on London's teeming streets,
On grim grey houses, and on leaden skies,
My courage fails me, and my heart grows sick,
And I remember that fair heritage
Barter'd by me for what your London gives.(2)

What she remembered and pined for was her valley "opening to the East" where

the lazy tide creeps in
Upon the sands I shall not pace again.(3)

(1) "To A.M.S., about to revisit England", 1, 26.

(2) "In London", 11, 1-5. Treasury of Verse, op. cit.

(3) ibid., 11, 15-16.

In such a place it is easy to recapture that "sense of noiseless sweet escape"⁽¹⁾ whose loss Reeves lamented in his "Passing of the Forest". Another who found peace by the sea and in the bush was Anne Glenny Wilson, who has written some gentle poems about the New Zealand scene, although her imagery belongs to England. She preferred to use words that meant something to an English audience, rather than colonial terms that might grate on an English ear - and on many a New Zealander's ear, too, for they were more used to associating poetry with England than New Zealand. The following stanza from "A Spring Afternoon in New Zealand" has very little national significance; the scene could be in England, or it could be in New Zealand:

I love this narrow, sandy road,
That idly gads o'er hill and vale,
Twisting where once a rivulet flowed,
With as many turns as a gossip's tale.
I love this shaky, creaking bridge,
And the willow leaning from the ridge,
Shaped like some green fountain playing,
And the twinkling windows of the farm,
Just where the woodland throws an arm
To hear what the merry stream is saying.⁽²⁾

There is nothing very abrupt or disturbing in her poetry, and nothing very original, so that it is a little difficult to remember what one has read when the poems are finished. A Book of Verses (London, 1917) contains sixty-four poems, forty of which were carried over from an earlier collection, Themes and Variations (London, 1889). The lyrics expressing moods of/

(1) "The Passing of the Forest", 1, 57.

(2) "A Spring Afternoon in New Zealand", 11, 27-36.

of peace and sunshine are the best. They make New Zealand seem a very pleasant country, with its drowsing gardens, sunnier than that green and shady one of Andrew Marvell's, its pine forests, its soft breezes on grassy hills, and its still bays. Occasionally she catches in a couple of lines the atmosphere of a place like one of those in Devon or Cornwall where you see artists placidly painting in the sunshine: these lines from "Home-Come", for instance:

So we cast anchor where the little town
Idles beside its unfrequented port.⁽¹⁾

There was to be much of this kind of verse in the first quarter of the twentieth century: pleasant, not very urgent, and almost wholly unmemorable.

(1) "Home-Come", 11.15-16.

Chapter V.Conclusion.

By 1914, New Zealand, with its million inhabitants and growing cities, was no longer a new settlement. It had passed through the pioneering stage and had pushed its frontiers to their limits. It remains now to see what were the literary achievements of those seventy-five years of settlement, and to examine the problem of the writer in a new country that is still striving to reach cultural maturity.

Generally speaking, those authors have been considered as belonging to New Zealand who were born there and who spent most of their lives there; and those who were born outside New Zealand but who did most of their creative work in the colony, provided that some or all of their work can be identified with that country. In addition, writing has been included that is of historical or sociological value, such as the journals, memoirs, and letters of navigators, explorers, travellers, and temporary settlers. If a special emphasis appears sometimes to have been laid upon verse which refers to or illuminates social conditions in the colony, it is not because the social test was considered the only, or the most valuable, criterion of a poem's merit, but because, as it happened, that verse which was written to illuminate the specific problems of New Zealanders was frequently the best in any given period. Where that particular intention was lacking the verse of the first seventy-five years had little to /

to distinguish it from that of scores of competent but second-rate poets writing in Britain at the same time.

It must be confessed that, up till 1914, no great work of literature was produced in New Zealand - no great novel, and no great poem or collection of verse, in spite of Domett's heroic attempt in Ranolf and Amohia. Mainly because the colonists did not have the time to cultivate the more reflective and complicated literary forms, there were very few collections of essays and very few plays. Through the poetry of the pioneering years there ran a vein of sadness and longing that bore witness to the pathos of exile. Not so understandably, however, the feeling of nostalgia persisted, in an artificial and derivative way, in the verse of the first, and even the second, generation of New Zealand born poets. Hence, at a time when Australia was coming to maturity with a vigorous literature of the bush and the outback, New Zealand was still tied in spirit to a motherland in Europe. What made it even worse was that there was little or no heartburning among authors over her cultural dependence comparable to that of the Americans in the first half of the nineteenth century. New Zealand was content to be invincibly colonial.

Thus, although by 1914 the colony had achieved a literature of a kind, it was one that was noteworthy for its truly amazing quantity rather than for its quality. There were novels about Maoris and half-castes, about sheep-farmers and their wives and families, about gum-diggers and gold-miners, about remittance /

remittance men, bush-sawyers, Prohibitionists, and crusaders for Women's Rights. Sometimes it seemed as if concessions were deliberately made to the European idea of New Zealand's savagery and wildness, as in H.B.M. Watson's The Web of the Spider and Rolf Boldrewood's New Zealand novel, War to the Knife. The Grub Street of fiction was represented by dozens of cheap novels, like Gilbert Rock's By Passion Driven, Mrs. Baker's The Devil's Half-Acre, and, in contrast, by the "milk-and-water" stories written for the Religious Tract Society. Scores of poems were composed describing New Zealand scenery, or painting a rosy picture of the colony's future greatness. Memoirs and journals abounded, and, even by the fifties, the colony had lived long enough for histories to make their appearance. Nobody could say that the New Zealanders were not great readers, but, unfortunately, the standards of the majority were not very high. Melodramatic novels and the daily papers were usually sufficient to satisfy them. Each of the four main centres - Auckland, Wellington, Christchurch, and Dunedin - had its daily newspapers, one in the morning and one in the evening, and the smaller towns also had their local papers, published either daily or two or three times weekly. Such weekly journals as the Otago Witness and the Auckland Weekly News were just as influential as the dailies - probably more so, for they were read in all parts of the country, and contained articles that were meant to satisfy all tastes. /

tastes.

However, from the welter of prose and slim volumes of verse there do emerge some books, most of them non-fiction, that can be claimed as a genuine New Zealand contribution to the body of English literature. One thinks of Manning's Old New Zealand, Marsden's Letters and Journals, John Logan Campbell's Poenamo, Lady Barker's Station Life in New Zealand, W.P. Reeves's The Long White Cloud, and Satchell's The Greenstone Door, the last being the nearest approach in the period to a great New Zealand novel. It was not a great achievement, but was no worse than that of colonial America before the Revolution or than the literary products of any of the other British colonies in the first seventy-five years of their history. Perhaps one must not expect too much from a new country, even when it is colonised in comparatively modern times. But why should there be so little expectation of a quickly flourishing indigenous culture? That question has been pondered anxiously in many countries of the New World; New Zealand is the smallest and newest of these, and, in recent years, has probably worried the most about the answer.

One of the greatest enemies to a leisured cultivation of the arts is the life of the frontier and its concomitant, the frontier spirit. In New Zealand in the pioneering days it was a point of honour that everybody should work, and there was, and still is, greater admiration for the practical man who could break in new land, run a business, build bridges, or heal human /

human beings, than there was for one who was merely contemplative. There was no room in the colony for a full-time writer, unless he was a journalist - and a glance at the sentimental verse of Thomas Bracken will show the pitfalls of that career in colonial New Zealand. Arthur Adams saved his soul by emigrating to the larger world of Australia and by writing for a paper, the Bulletin, that was unique in Australasia for the pungency of its literary criticism. In New Zealand the colonists were bent on making money to raise their standard of living, and they did not wish to be diverted from that important pursuit. Many of them had known poverty and class-distinction in the Victorian England they had left; and though D.H. Lawrence has said that all colonists remain at the stage of mental and spiritual development that was current in the land of their birth at the time they left it, it does not follow that they will be content with the same material level as that which they had known before. In fact, the materialistic spirit of a new country is always its most noticeable feature, and it continues long after the pioneering period is over.

In New Zealand, the average colonist aspired to a comfortable mediocrity. "Success" meant, not fame, but a bigger house, a carriage - nowadays a car - and a higher social position in a community where wealth soon became the main test of social standing. Hence, if they had time to read at all, the colonists wanted to be entertained, and the standard of their literature did not need to be too high. Colonial authors were thus encouraged to create

create fiction hastily and in bulk, rather than to produce a major work of genius for a few to appreciate. If the themes were stirring or novel enough, it did not matter so much about the style. It was greatly to the credit, therefore, of such writers as Maning, Domett, Reeves, and J.M. Brown that they did obviously care for the manner of their writing just as much as for the matter.

Another factor that tended to discourage good writing in New Zealand was the country's colonialism. Although Europe was so far away, it was still possible to obtain all the important and all the popular books that were being published by contemporary European authors. The New Zealanders were still part of the greater English-speaking world, and there were plenty of writers left behind in Britain to supply them with reading material for their leisure hours, and to prevent them from lapsing into cultural barbarism. Thus the serious New Zealand writers were in competition with all the best thinkers and the most talented novelists and poets of the Victorian era, men and women who were not isolated from the main currents of European thought, like the New Zealanders, but who were right at the centre of the British literary community, and who were using a language that breathed the very spirit of the land where it was being used. One of the gravest cultural problems of the New Zealanders has always been this time-lag in ideas, sometimes amounting to ten or twenty years. Thus the University poets of the nineteen-thirties were writing daring modern poetry /

poetry of The Waste-Land type long after T.S. Eliot had moved towards a more hopeful philosophy. In the matter of language, too, in those early years of settlement, the New Zealanders were faced with the task of using the same vocabulary as that of the English, but in a different setting, and it is no wonder that many of them bungled the task. The literature of the time, especially the poetry, sometimes had a forlorn air about it, as though it were crying out for attention from a very great distance, but crying to no one in particular.

It is difficult to blame the reading public in New Zealand for preferring books that were imported from Britain, but the colonial attitude had a most harmful effect upon the growth of an indigenous literature. While that attitude persisted, New Zealand literature was bound to be second-rate. Sound and honest criticism in the New Zealand papers might have done much to help, but the state of criticism remained uniformly weak for almost a century, consisting in the main of indiscriminating praise. The dilemma of the New Zealanders was, therefore, inescapable, for to cut themselves off from Europe would almost certainly have led, on the one hand to a lowering of standards even by writers of the greatest integrity, and on the other to a short-sighted chauvinism on the part of a public deprived of the literature of the Old World. "In the country of the blind," wrote H.G. Wells, "the one-eyed man is king." /

king".

A third influence acting on the nineteenth century writers in New Zealand was the Puritanism of the early settlers, who had brought with them all the nonconformist prejudices of the lower middle-class and upper working-class societies in which most of them had originated. It was little consolation to New Zealand authors that this same Puritanism was proving irksome to some of the greatest of the contemporary English novelists. Not only did Puritanism put a taboo on certain themes in literature, or, at least, limit what could be said about them, but also it placed heavy restraints upon the language used. Conformity to a rigid moral code in one's writing does not necessarily inhibit the production of great poetry, possibly because great poetry is frequently on a high spiritual plane; joined to genius and a fervent belief in a religious creed, it may even prove, as in the case of John Bunyan, a source of inspiration; but in New Zealand, as in Canada and the U.S.A., its effects have been harmful in fiction, where the novelist's primary task is to portray ordinary human beings in all their imperfections. Puritanism may lead to hypocrisy in literature as well as in real life. It is allied, too, to the frontier spirit in its discouragement of the artistic impulse. It does not believe in aesthetics because it believes so strongly that mankind is meant to suffer because of original sin. It disbelieves, therefore, in the value of literature, of music, and of art. /

art. Puritanism of this negative kind has always been a strong force in New Zealand and it will be a long time before its dead weight is lifted completely.

Thus the main influences acting on New Zealand society in the period 1840 - 1914 were these three - the frontier spirit, colonialism, and Puritanism. It now remains to study their continuation into the post-War era and to see what has happened to New Zealand literature in the last forty years.

First of all, then, it would appear that much of the colour has departed from New Zealand life. It had in fact departed long before 1914, for the really colourful and violent period of New Zealand's history ended with the defeat of the Maoris in 1870. The navigators, the sealers and whalers, the ships' deserters and escaped convicts, the traders, the missionaries, the Maori war-chiefs and the pakeha-Maoris - the activities of these were of the stuff that dreams are made on. Theirs was an eager, shifting, dangerous life, stimulating to all the senses. Then, from 1840 to 1870, the resistance of the Maoris to the white men, the discovery of gold in Otago and Westland, and the adventurous operations of the squatters, analogous to the advance of the pioneers of the American prairies, all lent New Zealand a glamour that has now faded. In one of the most homogeneous societies in the world the pattern of life has become increasingly stereotyped and dull. In the older countries of the world each nation is divided into groups, and, in each group, pressure is exerted on individual members to /

to conform to the habits of the majority; but where there are many groups there is still sufficient diversity of beliefs and customs to make possible a fruitful interchange of ideas. Thus, in Britain, society is still roughly divided into classes, either by occupation or by birth; and in the U.S.A. variety is provided by ethnic groups (Germans, Japanese, Negroes, and so on), or by region (for example, Southerner, Californian, Middle-Westerner).

In New Zealand, however, most of the two million inhabitants belong to one similar group that is strongly resistant to newcomers; and it does not matter much whether a man comes from Auckland or from Westland, or whether he works as a civil servant or a truck driver, there is still very little difference in outlook or in habits. Such a society is bound to appear placid and unexciting, and the novelist has to search hard to find the human passions and tensions that lie beneath its still, one might almost say stagnant, surface.

So, without the blatant patriotism that was fostered deliberately by the Australians, Archibald and Stephens, in the Bulletin, novelists like Frank Sargeson and John Mulgan set themselves in the nineteen-thirties to analyse and portray the New Zealand way of life. The flat, toneless dialogue of Sargeson's I Saw In My Dream, and Mulgan's Man Alone (perhaps the best novel ever written in New Zealand), is a deliberate attempt to capture the monotonous speech rhythms of a people without dialect. Both /

Both writers have succeeded in showing the strains and frustrations of the individual in a country where it is not merely the finer spirits who suffer tortures from the suffocating atmosphere of democratic mediocrity. Sometimes the forces are pent up for too long and they burst out in sudden acts of violence that astound and horrify the whole country. Erik de Mauny has made use of one such episode for his novel The Huntsman in His Career. As John Mulgan has made clear, the New Zealanders are very much men alone.⁽¹⁾ Restless and dissatisfied they go from country to country, seeking escape; and if they return to their own land it is with Curnow's realisation:

Not I, some child, born in a marvellous year,
Will learn the trick of standing upright here.
("Attitudes for a New Zealand
Poet" (iii), ll. 13-14).

There are signs in the newly found maturity of New Zealand poets, novelists, and short-story writers, that their suffering has been good for their art. Behind the seeming casualness of Sargeson's prose, which is more akin to Hemingway's than to any English writer's, there is evidence of painstaking care to put the right word in the right place and so arrive at the very heart of the matter. Not since Katherine Mansfield has a New Zealand short-story writer taken such pains to arrive at the truth; but there are major differences between the two. /

(1) In his autobiographical Report on Experience (Oxford University Press, 1947) and in his novel Man Alone (First published London, 1939; second edition, New Zealand, 1949).

two. In the first place, Katherine Mansfield was an expatriate, and, though she had fled from the country of her birth, unable to endure its stifling atmosphere, special circumstances had caused her to look back with nostalgia to the Bay of her childhood. Sargeson, however, is still there, in New Zealand, in the midst of the sexual obsessions, the hopelessness, and the formlessness, that for him constitute New Zealand life.

Secondly, there is a psychological difference, that may have its root in their different sexes. They both make a study of highly-charged emotions; but in Katherine Mansfield, the half-completed sentences and ejaculations, the eternal probing at the nerve-centres, the never-ending desire to come ever closer in human relationships, the fleeting intuitions and telepathic communications, all are part of an emotional, almost hysterical, nature that is essentially feminine. All her male characters are obviously seen through a woman's eyes, and it is as if she were seeing them at the bottom of a tank of water, clearly enough, but with their outlines slightly distorted. In Sargeson, on the other hand, the emotion is present but it is controlled, and only at the climax of his stories does he lift the veil and allow one to see how his characters are living on their nerves.

Thirdly, there is a linguistic difference between Sargeson and Katherine Mansfield, which has already been partially explained. When the first British settlers arrived in New Zealand, they spoke the different dialects of the regions from which they came. /

came. Their language belonged to the Old World, but it had to be adapted to the New, just as Portuguese and Spanish had required acclimatisation in the colonies of South America. In New Zealand the English language acquired new overtones and new meanings, and came to be used in phrases that would puzzle an Englishman, though he might guess their meaning. It became, in the mouth of the man in the street, a little slangy and slipshod, and the vowels became slightly nasalised. With these changes there also occurred a gradual standardisation of speech over the whole country, so that now the New Zealanders of the third generation speak in much the same way whether they live in the North Island or the South. It is one of the tasks of the modern writer of fiction to reproduce the idiosyncrasies of this New Zealand tongue, and the successful efforts of Sargeson, Gaskell, Davin, Cole, and others, in this direction mark them off from the writers of the earlier generations.

When Katherine Mansfield was growing up, this distinctive New Zealand language was already in the process of formation, but nobody attempted to use it in the literary field. As for Katherine Mansfield, her education in England during her adolescent years, and the fact that she did all her adult writing in Europe, made her language indistinguishable in vocabulary and idiom from that of contemporary authors in Britain. No one could guess, by attending to her language alone, that she was a New Zealander. To be most impressed by the strides made in creating an authentic New Zealand literature, one should compare the language of the so-called "camp-fire yarns" of Colonel /

Colonel G. Hamilton-Browne,⁽¹⁾ or of Bob the shepherd's tale in Lady Barker's "Christmas Day in New Zealand",⁽²⁾ with that of the above-mentioned writers in any of their short stories.⁽³⁾ Colonel Browne's characters, and Lady Barker's, are Englishmen or Irishmen transplanted, and they speak with the accents of their native land, though sometimes the author inserts some picturesque colonial neologisms for the benefit of the British readers. The modern writers, however, have set out to portray the New Zealander against the background of bush, beach, farm, and city, and they have done it realistically, without flamboyance.

In recent years the New Zealand writers have been aided considerably by the publication of their work in such courageous ventures as Phoenix Miscellany, New Zealand New Writing, Tomorrow, Penguin New Writing, Speaking for Ourselves, Book Nine, and Here and Now; but most of all they have been helped by the literary periodical, Landfall. The latter, issued quarterly, is the most important magazine that New Zealand has yet produced. Its publication by the Caxton Press of Christchurch began in March, 1947, and since then, under the editorship of Charles Brasch, it has successfully avoided the common fate of literary magazines even in Britain. It provides a forum for critical discussion of the arts in New Zealand, enabling critics and authors,

(1) With the Lost Legion in New Zealand (London, 1911).

Camp-Fire Yarns of the Lost Legion (London, 1914).

(2) D.M. Davin, ed., New Zealand Short Stories (World's Classics, 1953).

(3) *ibid.*

authors, separated by long distances, to talk to one another. It prints poems and short stories by New Zealand writers and devotes roughly one third of its space to reviews of native literature. The criticism is impartial and well-informed, being written by independent critics, a number of whom are on the staff of the University of New Zealand. To anyone familiar with the publicity paragraphs that passed for book reviewing almost everywhere in New Zealand until the last ten years, this is a startling achievement.

Since the nineteen-twenties the Puritanism of New Zealand society as a whole has not prevented a much greater outspokenness in contemporary literature; but it is doubtful if the modern school is read by more than a small minority of the New Zealand public, and there is a danger, though not yet a grave one, that the younger generation of writers will band together to form a literary clique, with consequent in-breeding of ideas, and then stagnation. An intense interest in the literary and cultural problems of their country, on the part of a few, means only that that country is on the way towards cultural maturity - it has not yet reached its goal. When all New Zealanders begin to believe passionately in their way of life, and to feel an intense love of country inside them, then great literature will be possible. Unfortunately there is no evidence that the New Zealanders are ready for the spiritual awakening that must accompany any advance in a nation's culture. One of the remarkable things about New Zealand's early literature is the scarcity of religious verse /

verse comparable to that of the Victorians in England. Whether one believes with Holcroft that the forests and mountains will have a profound effect upon the unconscious mind of the nation, in the same way, apparently, as they have affected other mountain peoples, or with James Cowan that the New Zealanders turn more to the sunlight and spaces of the bush-cleared hills and the blue, sparkling vistas of the sea depends very much on the part of the country in which one lives: the coast or the plains, the foothills or the mountains. But a return to primitive fear, or an ecstatic pantheism, is no substitute for an established religion, actively believed in, and the responsibility is on the churches to find a solution.

Quite apart from the psychological factors, the smallness of New Zealand's population, its thinness when spread over the country, the absence of a recognized literary centre such as London, and the inadequacy of the economic reward all combine to make the full-time author's position practically untenable. What then is he to do? He might emigrate to the U.S.A. or Europe, but, if he does, he soon loses contact with the life of his own land, and finds himself unable to interpret it for others. At the same time he rarely feels himself at home in the country of his exile. Because of the greater distances involved he is not in the fortunate position of the modern British and American authors, who can shuttle back and forth across the Atlantic at comparatively little expense - although it is worth pointing out that many New Zealand writers have in fact made the round trip to /

to Europe and back. They prefer on the whole to visit Britain rather than the U.S.A., which is only three weeks away by sea. The New Zealand poets and novelists have, however, much to learn from the Americans, whose early literature has many striking similarities to their own, and it is probable that the trip to the U.S.A. will soon come to be recognized as having as much value as the pilgrimage to Europe.

If the New Zealand writer elects to remain in his country, he may try to make a living by writing for a British or American public and only incidentally for a New Zealand one. His books would be published overseas and have their greatest sales there. The disadvantage is that he would tend, like the nineteenth century writers, to seize upon those aspects of New Zealand life that are unusual and strange to overseas readers; or that he would portray the typical at the expense of the individual - that is, instead of writing about life in Wellington he would describe life in a typical New Zealand city. That would be of interest to the British or Americans, perhaps, but would not be of any great value to the New Zealanders, who should be more concerned with the differences between cities and people than with their similarities.

The third course open to the New Zealand writer is one that has been widely adopted: to seek other employment, either in some non-intellectual sphere, or else, perhaps, on the fringe of the literary world - in libraries, in the National Broadcasting Company, in teaching, or in journalism - and to write in his /

his spare time. It is possible to produce good fiction and verse in this way, though probably not the greatest; and as it is difficult even for an author in Britain to make a living by letters alone, perhaps the New Zealander should not complain.

There is a fourth course, but it is one that becomes possible only when a country is more than moderately prosperous - that is, to accept patronage by the State or by the universities. Now that taxation is taking so much from author, publisher, retailer, and reader, it would seem as if institutions must take over the responsibility of patronage from the public, who had previously released the author from his dependence on the great. In America the universities and private foundations have provided writers with leisure and the opportunity to travel. Something of that has been done in New Zealand, but it is capable of development. An important step was made in 1947 when the State established a Literary Fund with an annual grant of £2,000, the main purpose of the Fund being to aid authors in the publication of their books. The comparatively new Caxton Press and Pegasus Press, both of Christchurch, have regularly published modern verse and fiction, taking this responsibility to a large extent off the shoulders of the older and larger firm of Whitcombe and Tombs. Now all New Zealand publishers can apply for a subsidy for the publication of books by New Zealand authors, the amount of the subsidy being decided by an Advisory Committee to the Fund. Since the establishment of the Fund it is doubtful if any author whose work is of good quality has been unable to get it published./

published. Reprints have been issued, too, of such New Zealand classics as Lady Barker's Station Life in New Zealand, John Logan Campbell's Poenamo, and, more recently, John Mulgan's Man Alone. As, however, the Fund has not always spent the total amount of its grant of £2,000, it could perhaps provide an annual award for fiction, or establish a fellowship for writers.

To turn to drama for a moment, it would appear that one of the reasons for the scarcity of plays by New Zealanders has been the absence of a professional theatre that could afford to purchase the scripts of unknown playwrights and run the risk of performing them. The place of a professional stage has been taken by scores of dramatic societies in schools, small town, cities, and university colleges. Some of these are very good - one thinks of Ngaio Marsh's Canterbury University players, and the societies, such as Wellington Repertory, associated with the four main centres - but even the best do not provide that perfection of standards in acting, costuming, and scenery that has to be attained by a professional group, if - as is the case in Britain - it is to continue in competition with a number of first-rate companies in a country where the highest standards have long been established. Brief and tantalising glimpses of great acting and fine production were provided by the Stratford-on-Avon and Old Vic companies during their recent tours; but visits by English groups are no substitute for a flourishing professional stage of one's own. It is significant /

significant that in New Zealand the expression, "going to the theatre", means that one is going to the cinema. A few abortive attempts have been made to establish professional groups, but it is only since 1953, when Richard and Edith Campion's New Zealand Players commenced their first season, that the experiment has looked as if it might be successful. Previous companies made the mistake of selecting for performance third-rate plays that were expected to have a wide popular appeal. The New Zealand Players, however, were more adventurous, and, as it turned out, more discerning, for their production, in their second season, of Anouilh's Ring Round the Moon and a play in verse and prose, Ned Kelly, by the New Zealander, Douglas Stewart, met with a very favourable reception from the critics. But the outlook for a New Zealand playwright is not, at present, very bright. In drama, more than in the other arts, the New Zealanders distrust their own products and wish to have them approved overseas before accepting them at home. Therefore, if a New Zealand dramatist wishes to earn money with his plays, he is compelled to write with an eye on the London, New York, or Sydney markets. There are opportunities, of course, in radio, but that is not quite the same thing as writing for the stage; in any case, the National Broadcasting Company pays very little for scripts of any kind by local authors, unless they have achieved distinction outside New Zealand.

A word should be added concerning the present position of the Maoris in New Zealand society. The decrease in their numbers was arrested in the nineties, after which the Maori /

Maori population has more than doubled, and is still increasing. However, it would appear that, as a race, the Maori is dying out, for the percentage of mixed-bloods is becoming increasingly greater than that of full-bloods. If this trend continues, as seems most likely, there will eventually emerge a completely hybridized race compounded of European and Maori; and then, finally, this race will be absorbed entirely by the Europeans. It will be a very long time, though, - possibly several centuries - before the process is completed, and in the meantime the Maoris are clinging fast, in certain areas, to their Maoritanga, their sense of nationality. Both European and Maori leaders are anxious to ensure that they do not become merely the equivalent of poor whites as an economic group; and the complete political and, in theory, social equality between the two races does at least give the most intelligent and adaptable of the natives a chance to rise to the top in free competition with the white men. That this opportunity has not been neglected could be proved by the recitation of a long list of Maoris who have made their mark both within and outside New Zealand.

Nevertheless, there is a Maori problem, that is due chiefly to the difficulties of adaptation to a complex technological culture that makes very different demands from those of the old Polynesian culture. Poor health and poor housing are only surface symptoms, though related ones, of the deeper malaise. The obvious solution would seem to be to put the Maoris back on /

on the land and to give them greater opportunities for vocational training, especially in trades. Among the Ngatiporou of the East Coast there have been some strikingly successful experiments in modern scientific farming, carried out by the Maoris themselves; but the Maori population is too large for them all to be settled on the land. Considerable numbers have made their way to the cities, where they generally succeed in gaining employment but where they lose touch almost completely with the already disintegrating social life of their tribes. Under these circumstances it is little wonder that there is a certain amount of delinquency among city Maoris; but their plight calls more for pity than their crimes do for condemnation. In a country where the humanitarian principle is so active, one would expect that the grave problems of adaptation confronting the Maori race would be the subject of the greatest public solicitude. Unfortunately, this does not appear to be so. As with literature, the Maori problem is the eager and anxious concern of an interested and sympathetic minority; the great bulk of the white population is apathetic, even ignorant that such a problem exists.

It is in literature, however, that the two races are able to be of mutual benefit; for the poets and the novelists, by writing understandingly of the modern Maori, have considerable power to sway public opinion in their favour. Every short story like those of Roderick Finlayson which shows that the brown man has a burden at least as heavy as the white man's will foster both admiration and compassion for a people that /

that has made a truly desperate effort to emerge from the stone age and adapt itself to modern western civilisation. In return, by preserving in himself certain elements of his Polynesian culture - his hospitality to the stranger, his generous impulse to help those in distress, his ability and desire to work in groups, his easy good fellowship, his refusal to be obsessed by time, his loving identification of himself with the land, his enthusiasm in religion, and his lack of interest in accumulating money and property - the Maori presents the Europeans with a scale of spiritual values that is in some respects different from their own, and with the spectacle of a way of life that provides one contrasting strand in the otherwise drab uniformity of the New Zealand social pattern.

Is there, then, a distinctive New Zealand culture, and is there such a person as a New Zealander, belonging to a recognisable type, like the English and the French? If this culture and this type exist, and there seems no reason to doubt that they are, in fact, taking shape, then it is the task of the writer to define them, for once this has been done New Zealand will be a nation and no longer a colony; her literature will have an individuality of its own and will assume international as well as local importance. Through their novelists, short story writers and poets, the New Zealanders will gradually be able to form some sort of picture of themselves, and whether it is an attractive one or not does not matter, so long as it is truthful. For the last twenty-five years, ever since the

the economic depression of the thirties, which was a landmark in New Zealand's spiritual history, New Zealand writing has been markedly introspective, as the authors have attempted to come to terms with themselves as well as with their environment. If the emphasis appears to have been laid upon the aridity of life in New Zealand, at least it shows that the artists are concerned with presenting an honest rather than an idealised interpretation of society. Love of their country will come in time, just as it came to the Australians and found expression in their literature about sixty years ago.

There can be little uncertainty, then, concerning the immediate aims and purposes of literature in New Zealand: the authors must write for, and about, New Zealanders, whether their characters be types or individuals. But where are they to find the typical New Zealander - in the cities or in the countryside? In Australia, although her five largest cities contain more than half the population, those novelists and balladists are right who turn to the bush and the outback to find their essential Australianness. In New Zealand, however, the dividing line is not so clearly defined. There is an immense difference between Sydney life and that of the interior; but not much between that of the small town, the typical New Zealand unit, and the surrounding countryside, of which it is an integral part. From the North Cape to the Bluff there is an inescapably suburban atmosphere, that is both comfortable and dull. Besides, New Zealanders, like the Americans, are great travellers within their own country, /

country, and, also like the Americans, are much given to changing their place of residence in search of a better job. Thus they are all familiar from childhood with city, township, beaches, hills and bush, and this is another reason why there is little difference, physically or mentally, in the background of experience of town or country dwellers.

The task of the interpretative writer in New Zealand is therefore different from that of the Australian, for where the latter can find in the hinterland of his island continent scenery and a way of life that are unique, the former, deprived of dramatic contrast between the life of the cities and that of the country, will find his typical New Zealander everywhere. But once the type has been defined, and this is being done in the stories of Sargeson, Gaskell, Mason, Davin and others, then the interest will lie, as in older countries, in the careful delineation of characters as individuals. To a writer of genius the surface uniformity of the New Zealand character should prove no obstacle, for a novelist of the depth of Jane Austen or Thomas Hardy would be able to write a profound book about a few apparently ordinary people. Even if some of the characters were, in fact, completely ingenuous and uncomplicated, such a writer would still penetrate to the truth behind them, arriving at the universal through his own experience. Some of this deep insight into human nature has already been shown by Jane Mander in her regional novel, The Story of a New Zealand River (London, 1920), by John Mulgan in his novel of the Depression, /

Depression, Man Alone (London, 1939), and, most of all, by Katherine Mansfield in her short stories.

New Zealand literature is now at an interesting stage of its development. By the end of the First World War it had almost passed through the period of expatriate verse and picaresque novels; and from the thirties there has been evident a new vitality and purpose as the poets, novelists, and short-story writers have set about their common task of interpreting the New Zealand character. It is possible now to refer to a New Zealand school of writing, one that is expressing an awakening consciousness of nationality, and that is carrying on the work of Reeves, Jessie Mackay, and Arthur Henry Adams. It is realistic and serious, greatly concerned with the problems of the New Zealander in a transplanted society that is at last putting down its roots. If anything is lacking, it is the spirit of joy that one would expect at the beginning of a new era; but there is little that is joyous in contemporary European literature either, and New Zealand still has its contacts with the older cultures. The kind of short story that is being written in New Zealand to-day - the episode with no beginning and no end, but only a middle that seems significant to the writer and that is capable of being extended by the reader's imagination into the past and the future - is perhaps symptomatic of the sickness of modern European civilisation, where people have lost the feeling that they know all the answers to the problems of everyday life. /

life. New Zealand, however, is a new country, sharing with Australia and the U.S.A. a vital interest in the Pacific, where a new kind of Briton is being evolved, his character subtly modified by climate and environment. As the population grows and the country becomes more heavily industrialised, it is almost certain that the New Zealanders will acquire the confidence and vigour that are now so characteristic of the Australians and the Americans. For twenty years the New Zealand poets have addressed their countrymen in terms of expostulation, exhortation, indignation and despair; but now there is creeping into their verse a note of acceptance and hope. When New Zealand society becomes adequate spiritually as well as materially, the great writers will emerge, and the transplantation of a culture from the Old World to the New will have been successfully accomplished.

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For full details see Scholefield, G.H. edit., A Union Catalogue of New Zealand Newspapers, Wellington, 1938.

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New Zealand Herald. Est. Nov.13, 1863. Daily.

The Weekly News. Est. May 2, 1861, as The Aucklander. Weekly.

Christchurch.

The Christchurch Star-Sun. Est. May 14, 1868, as The Star. Daily.

The Press. Est. May 25, 1861, as a weekly. Daily in Mar., 1863.

Dunedin.

The Evening Star. Est. May 1, 1863. Daily.

Otago Daily Times. Est. Nov. 15, 1861. Daily.

Wellington.

The Dominion. Est. Sep. 26, 1907. Daily.

Evening Post. Est. Feb. 5, 1865. Daily.

New Zealand Free Lance. Est. July 7, 1900. Weekly.

London.

The Australian and New Zealand Gazette. Est. Oct. 19, 1850.
Fortnightly; 1853, Weekly. Ceased, 1882.

Australian Times and Anglo-New Zealander. Est. Aug. 1, 1884.
Fortnightly.

British Australian and New Zealander. Est. Oct. 2, 1884. Weekly.

Colonial Gazette. Est. Dec. 1, 1838. Weekly. Ceased June 16, 1847.

The New Zealand Journal. Est. Feb. 8, 1840. Fortnightly.
Ceased Nov. 6, 1852, when incorporated in
Australian and New Zealand Gazette.

In the following list of early New Zealand newspapers those mentioned by A.S. Thomson as existing in 1842 (see above, p.70) are marked with an asterisk :

Auckland.

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Bi-weekly. Ceased 1845.

Auckland Standard. Est. April 18(?), 1842. Weekly. Ceased
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*The Auckland Times. Est. Aug. 29, 1842. Weekly. Ceased
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*The New Zealand Herald and Auckland Gazette. Est. July 10, 1841.
Weekly; then bi-weekly. Ceased April 6,
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A Maori paper : * Te Karere o Nui Tireni. Est. Jan. 1, 1842.
Monthly. Ceased Jan. 15, 1846.

Bay of Islands.

*Bay of Islands Observer. Est. Feb. 24, 1842. Weekly.
Ceased Oct. 27, 1842.

The New Zealand Advertiser and Bay of Islands Gazette.
Est. June 15, 1840. Weekly. Ceased
Dec. 10, 1840.

*The New Zealand (Government) Gazette. Est. Dec. 30, 1840
(at Paihia). Irregular. Ceased
July 8, 1841.

Nelson.

*Nelson Examiner and New Zealand Chronicle. Est. March 12,
1842 as a weekly; then bi-weekly; then
daily July, 1873. Ceased Jan. 15, 1874.

Wellington.

*New Zealand Colonist and Port Nicholson Advertiser.
Est. Aug. 2, 1842. Bi-weekly. Ceased
Aug. 2, 1843.

*The New Zealand Gazette and Britannia Spectator. Est. Aug.
21, 1839 (No. 1 published in London; a
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at Wellington from April 18, 1840; title
changed Nov. 28, 1840 to The New Zealand
Gazette and Wellington Spectator). Weekly.
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Guardian was established Oct. 12, 1844, and
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Times, June 1, 1874, which ceased Jan. 22, 1927.